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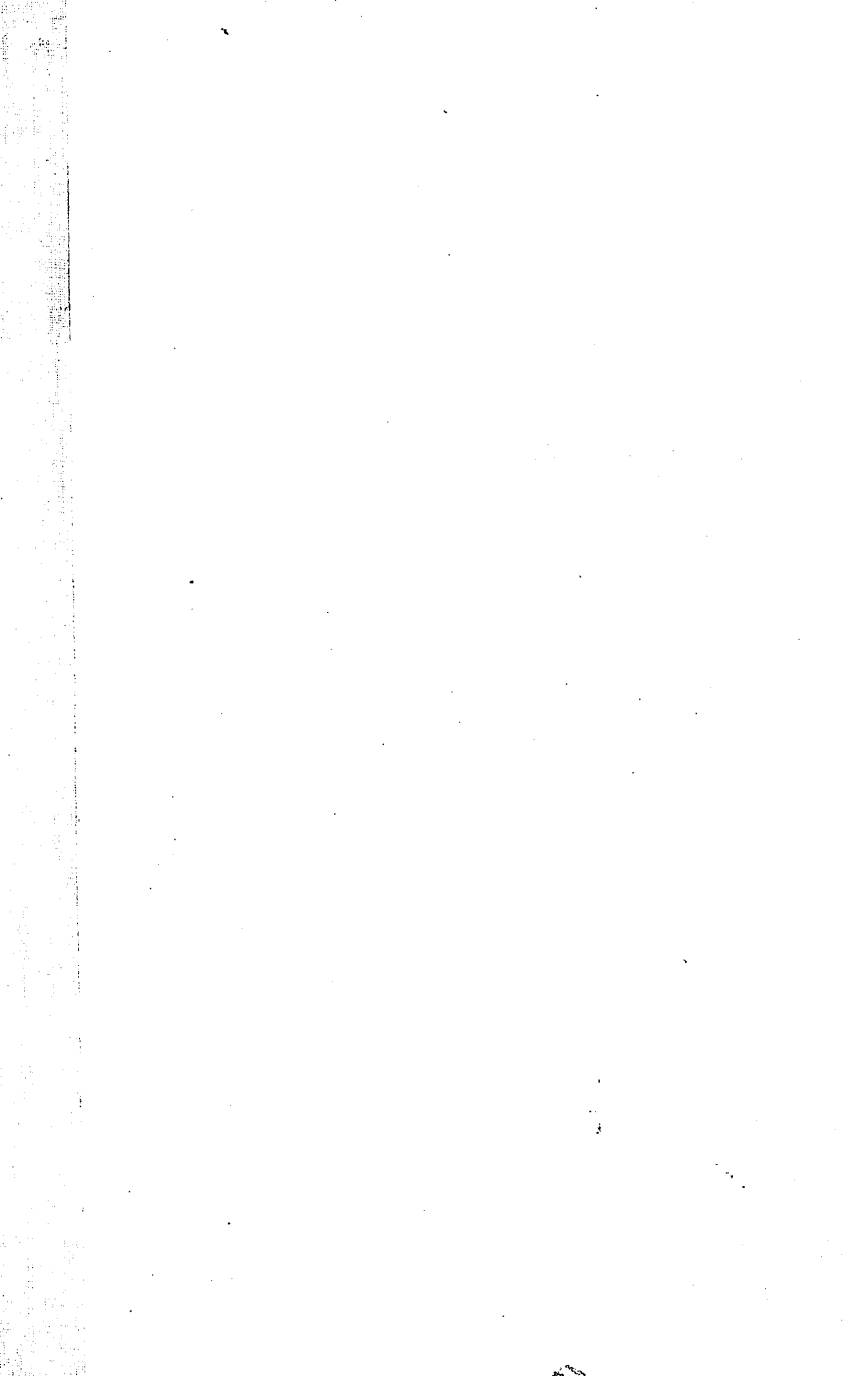
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THE BOYS' LIFE OF CHRIST



From the painting by J. M. H. Hofmann
THE BOY CHRIST

THE BOYS' LIFE OF CHRIST

By
WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

Author of "The Boy Problem," "The Travel
Lessons on the Life of Jesus,"
etc.

WITH EIGHT HALF-TONE
ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION



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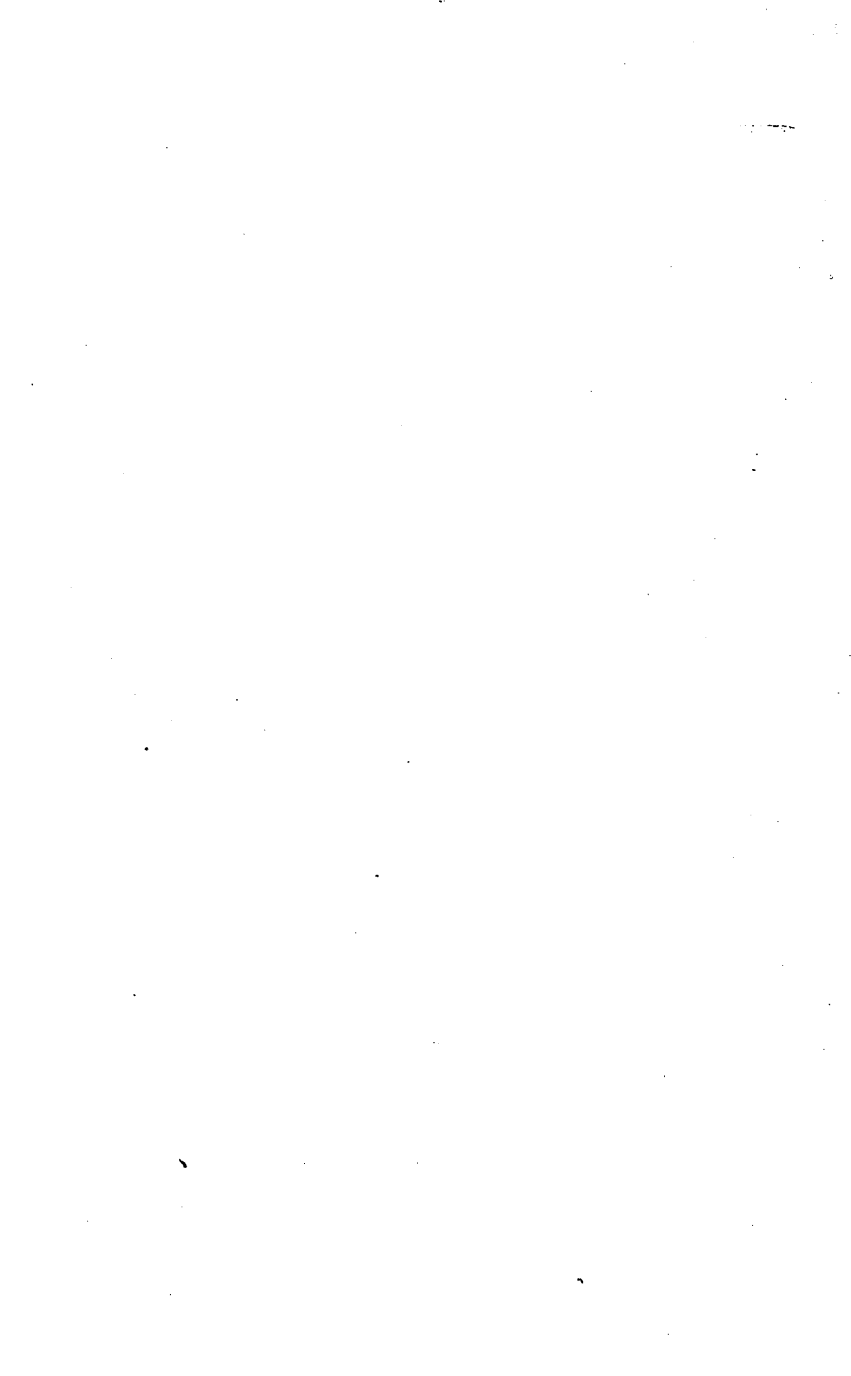
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TO MY THREE BOYS



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**“If we lose Him as a Brother, we
cannot feel Him as a Savior.”**

Frederick W. Robertson

A WORD TO BOYS

WHEN you pick up this book your first thought may be: "Oh, I know all this: I have been taught it ever since I was a child."

But stop! Do you really know all about Jesus Christ? Do you know what he did when he was your age and what kind of home he had? Do you know how he lived when he spent all his time out of doors with his twelve friends, what were his habits and his pleasures, and what was the plan of his life? You know some of these things about Napoleon and Washington and Lincoln. Do you know them about Jesus?

Then, too, while you have heard that Jesus Christ is the greatest Figure in history, do you know this of your own knowledge? You have read of heroes in Grecian history, in English history, in the history of our own country. Have you ever thought of Jesus as a hero,—the greatest of all heroes? Do you know just why *He* was a hero?

This book deals simply with Jesus as the boy's hero.

If you like the story of Jesus' life as told in this book, you will surely be interested in another story of the same life. It was written, nearly 2,000 years ago, by one who had it from the lips of one of Jesus' closest friends,

the Apostle Peter. The author's name is John Mark, and his story of the life is called "The Gospel according to Saint Mark." Let me suggest that you do something that probably you have never tried: sit down and read Saint Mark's story of the life of Jesus. It is not very long. You can do it at one sitting in less than an hour. I am sure you will be repaid by it.

A WORD TO OLDER PEOPLE

THIS book is a painting, rather than a photograph. That is, it has both background and foreground. What is left in the background is put there not for concealment, but only so that the high lights may seem more intense.

There are many things therefore which this book does not try to do. It does not try to tell everything Jesus said and did. It does not touch the theology or the philosophy of Jesus' life. It does endeavor to show the manly, heroic, chivalric, intensely real and vigorously active qualities of Jesus in a way to appeal to boys. This is why it begins with the boyhood rather than with the babyhood of Jesus. Boys do not care for his teachings in detail. Of all their heroes they ask: "What did he *do*?" The miraculous is not emphasized, because it is more helpful to boys to think how much Jesus resembles themselves than how much he differs from them. Even with these limitations, I hope that this portrait is not without its halo. The purpose has been to make the readers see not only "the highest, holiest manhood," but also the "strong Son of God, immortal Love."

The book was not easy to write. There was little opportunity for the element of surprise. The time and place are so far away that it

was hard to make the book real and readable. It has not seemed best to introduce to any extent the element of fiction. The treatment of some of the events is imaginative, though founded on careful Oriental study, and remarks are introduced in the dialog of the people surrounding Jesus, which were the substance of the talk of the time. This is a harmless literary device. The words attributed to Jesus, however, are in almost every case those that have been recorded in the Gospels. And every act of Jesus is one related in the New Testament, except that in the opening chapters the silence of the Gospels upon his boyhood is supplemented by a description of the childhood life of the time from the most trustworthy sources. In this Jesus appears, I trust, in a character harmonious with our later knowledge of him. The pretty little incident at the close of the first chapter is from the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy. Altho not every event of Jesus' life is mentioned, there is an endeavor to show its plan and order, a knowledge of which many of our children, with all our Sunday-school teaching, never attain. There is also a careful attempt to show, as far as my readers would care to know, how Jesus developed from boyhood to manhood.

The book is designed for home reading by boys who are old enough to be thoughtful and intelligent. If Doctor Hale is right in saying

that all girls like boys' books, while no boys like girls' books, this boys' book will, perhaps, prove as interesting to girls as to boys. I have also thought it might be used for supplementary reading in the Sunday-school and young people's society.

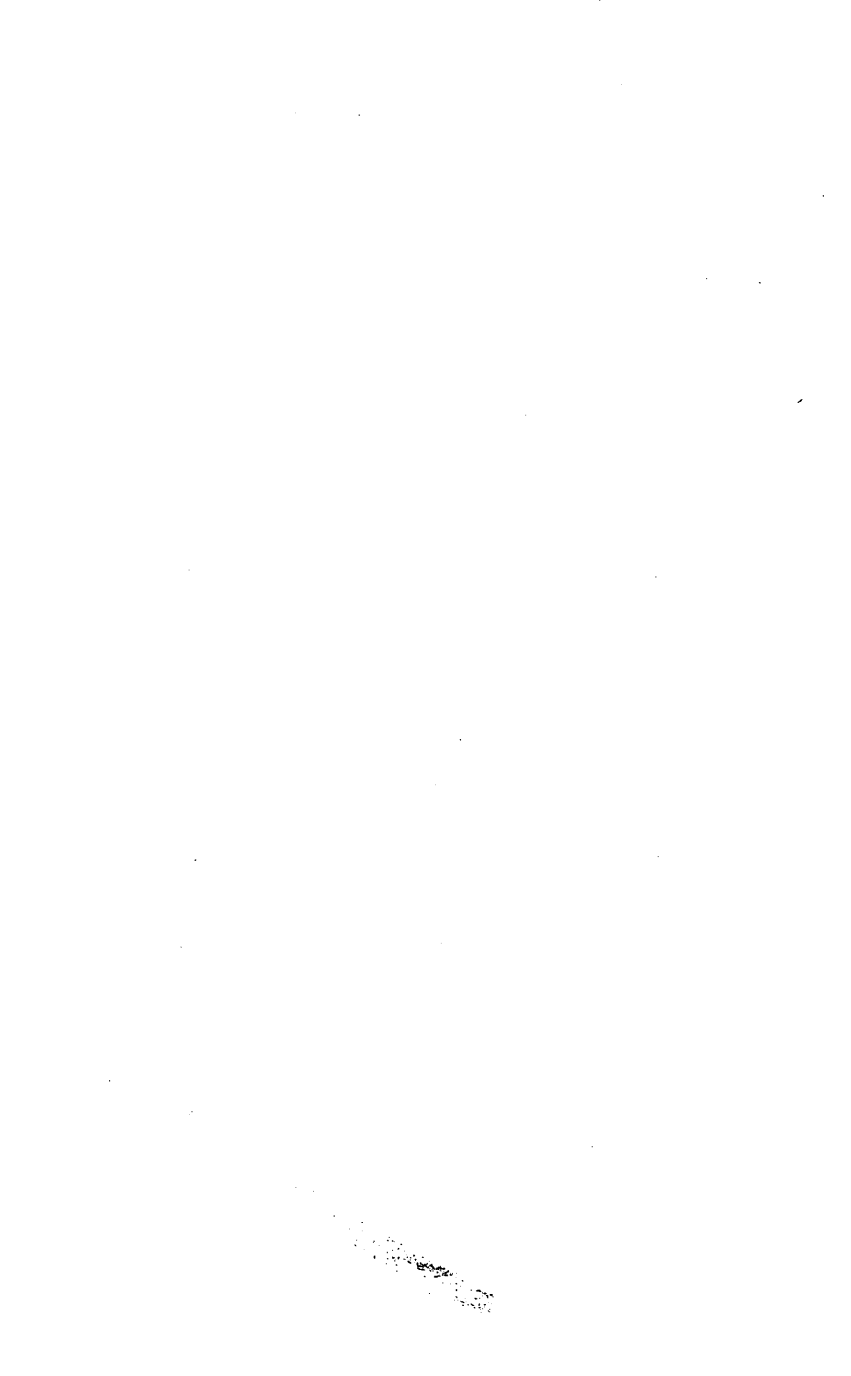
For the latter purpose it may be accompanied by my "Travel Lessons on the Life of Jesus." With this use in mind, the book is furnished with notes,* describing the scenes of the life of Jesus as they appear to-day and as they are illustrated in the "Travel Lessons."

While the reading of many books has contributed to the preparation of this one, it has not seemed wise in a story-book to burden the pages with footnote acknowledgments. The author has been especially indebted in the general plan to Burton and Mathews, Stevens and Burton, Stalker and Sanday, and in interpretation and picturesqueness of detail, in various measure, to Dawson, Brough, Bosworth, Fairbairn, Rénan, Farrar, and Edersheim. "The Twentieth Century New Testament" and "The New Testament in Braid Scots," by Wm. Wye Smith, have been found helpful in attempts to state the thought of Jesus in modern English.

WM. BYRON FORBUSH.

*The Madison Avenue Reformed Church,
New York.*

* See Note 1.



THE BOYS' LIFE OF CHRIST

I

A BOY FROM NOWHERE

"Let's play 'Wedding'!"

"Oh, no."

"We'll be the pipers."

"No, we don't want to dance."

"Well, then, let's play 'Funeral,' and you may be the chief mourners."

"We won't do it."

It was a group of boys and girls, barefooted, but dressed in bright colors.

They lived in a far Eastern land.

They were standing about idly, near the fountain, in the small square of a lonely little mountain village.*

It was a holiday. The springtime sun was shining brightly. The square was a lively scene. Women in colored gowns, with jingling strings of coins around their foreheads and cheeks, were carrying their water-jars to the fountain. They were jostled by long-legged street dogs and by donkeys loaded with huge grain bags that hung across their backs. Men were chaffering loudly near by in the cattle market.

The day was before the children, but, altho

*See Note 5.

weddings and funerals were about all the events that ever varied the life of their quiet town, this hot morning they all seemed to feel too lazy or too cross to begin to play.

Just then the children heard a clear boyish soprano in the distance, and all turned eagerly in that direction. A slender but sturdy lad of about twelve, coming down the hill, walked singing around the corner. He was dressed in a long, close-fitting, striped blouse of brown and white, and he carried an empty water-jar on top of his white turban, beneath which tossed his curly locks. Flashing dark were his eyes. His smile was ever ready.

As he bent over to fill his jar at the wide fountain that gushed out of the hill, he called to one of the lads, and asked him why they were not playing.

"The boys are too disagreeable," broke in a black-eyed girl before the one addressed had time to answer.

"Are the groomsmen still in mourning now that their bridegroom is with them?" laughed the boy at the well. For he was recognized as the leader of their play.

Then lifting the full jar easily to the top of his head, he called out, "Come with me."

They followed his vigorous steps in a chattering line up the narrow street to his small white-walled home, where he left the water-jar inside the door in the shade, dropping a green branch in it to keep it cool.

Doves were cooing in the eaves and chickens were feeding in front of the house. The father, a bearded man, stood in the doorway planing an ox-yoke, and the mother sat in the shaded porch holding a baby in her arms and watching another little boy who was playing with his oldest brother's pet lamb. She was singing softly to the baby as he frolicked upon her knee.

When he told his mother where he was going, she addressed him as "Joshua." The name was a heroic one, for it had been borne by the great commander who had led his forefathers out of the desert and by the priest who had been their champion when they returned from exile. In the Latin language the name is, Jesus.

"Where are we going?" asked the last of the flying troop as they started in another direction down the hill once more.

"To the threshing floor, of course," shouted back the leaders.

It was a flat, open space beside a dry creek-bed, pounded hard so the grain would not be trampled into it. In the summer the goats were driven around it to beat the grain from the husks with their hoofs. But the rest of the year it was the children's playground.

First, they played "Wedding." This was the girls' favorite. The boy of the water-jar gaily took his place as the bridegroom, and taking out his flute, led off a jolly, prancing

procession consisting of the other boys, who represented the groomsmen or "the sons of the bride-chamber." In another place the girls gathered around the one they had chosen as bride and carried make-believe torches, waved myrtle boughs over her head, and noisily pretended to beat drums and play on pipes. Advancing, with singing and dancing, the bridesmaids escorted the bride to her future home.

This did not give exercise enough to suit the boys, and soon they insisted on playing "Funeral." Marching more slowly, boys and girls together, they crooned a dirge, they howled and beat their breasts, as they had seen their elders do, for an Eastern funeral is very noisy. And some of the boys rolled on the ground and threw dust over their heads, as the rest climbed up toward the old tombs in the crags near the hilltop.

When they had come to the summit, nearly breathless, they found sitting there, clothed in his loose brown robe and leaning upon his staff, the old minister of the village. He was also their school-teacher, and they all loved him.

Jesus and the others saluted him respectfully and sat down beside him.

Pretty soon the youngest said boldly, "Tell us a story, Father Jacob."

"A true story, if you please," said a boy named Hosea.

So they gathered around the old man on the hillcrest, while the sheep grazed around them, and occasionally a gray eagle floated with stately sweep above their heads.

From the spot where they were sitting one could see a glorious prospect.* Down below, the little village was perched on the edge of the eastward hillslope like a great white wasp's nest. Its flat roofs lay among terraced gardens full of dark, wide-branched fig trees, gray olives and feathery palms. But beyond, on every side but one, was a sea of mountains. Only one town could be seen, a city on a hilltop, far to the northwest.

It would be worth while for you to turn to the map in the back of the book and pick out some of the famous places that would be seen from this town where our hero was brought up.

The white-bearded story-teller stood up, and with a smile pointed his staff inquiringly northward. Beyond a mountainous plateau they could see the snowy shoulder of Mount Hermon, the highest peak and the northern boundary of their native land. At its foot was the summer palace of their foreign monarch.

But nobody wanted to hear about Mount Hermon.

He pointed to the east. In the break of the eastern hills they could see the chasm in

* See Note 4.

which flowed a river, and far beyond it the steep dark walls of a noble tableland.

"Oh, tell us about the mountains of Gilead!" shouted one of the boys. "Tell us of Jephthah the great hunter."

"No," said one of the girls, "it is too sad. My mother told me about the death of his little daughter and it made me cry."

"Then tell about Gideon's victory, and how he chased our country's enemies over there across the Jordan into the underwoods, and then whipped the cowards of Succoth with their own briar bushes."

But not all could agree to hear even this merry story, so he turned about and pointed westward.

They saw a range of low hills and beyond them a long, purple mountain, and still beyond that the blue sea.

"Let us hear about the desert prophet, and of how he conquered the priests of Baal with the lightnings," cried another boy.

"Yes, tell us of Elijah," said a third eagerly. But no, the rest had often heard the well-known story of Elijah's testing of the gods of evil Queen Jezebel.

And so he pointed to the south. There the hills drop down to a long, wine-colored plain, a great triangle of waving grain and grass, one of the most spacious and historic valleys in the world. The story-teller's eyes flashed as he looked.

Instantly all rose and shouted and clapped their hands.

"Yes! Yes! tell us of Jezreel! Tell us of our country's battle-ground!"

And so the children gathered around him and he told them splendid stories of their nation's history, pointing as he talked toward one hilltop or another, for every one of those memorable places could be picked out from where they were sitting. Yonder, southeast, behind Mount Gilboa, he made them seem to see intrepid Gideon testing the courage of his volunteers at the water springs, and then, the next night, executing that skilful strategy by which he routed an enormous army with no weapons but lamps and water pitchers. Across this very valley below drove famous King Jehu to kill wretched Jezebel, the enemy of his people. Yonder, too, died the boy-king Josiah in a daring but vain endeavor to stem the power of Egypt, the mightiest monarchy in the world.

"Do you see yonder roadway?" he interrupted.

And now the children watched eagerly as he traced through the grain fields the royal highway, down which they could even now dimly see camel trains moving. It is the oldest road in the world, the bridge between Asia and Africa.

He told them how, many hundred years before, a warrior named Sisera, with his fierce

army in iron chariots, had come marching toward their home, along this very road, from yonder distant pass in the mountains at the south. Then he pointed southeastward to the round dome of Tabor, where a brave woman, a mother in Israel, with a young man, hardly more than a boy, to help her, had gathered Israel's untrained but eager minutemen to the defense of their country. Into that field of blood rushed down this little band of gallant patriots. Then the skies suddenly darkened, the rain fell in torrents, the plain became a sea of mud and the chariot wheels of the enemy could not move. With desperate courage Israel's heroes fought among the horses and war cars against tremendous odds, and won. Back along that rain-drenched road the enemy fled on foot. Many were swept away in yonder flooded stream, beneath the site of Elijah's altar. But Sisera, their chief, pressed doggedly eastward.

"Is there any more?" some one asked breathlessly.

The children turned their faces again toward the Jordan, and the speaker's voice fell as he related the dread tragedy of the victory. He told how the wife of Heber, of the kinsmen of the Hebrews, received the spent warrior kindly into her tent. Then he recited the old war-song of Deborah and Barak. It told how when he was drowsy, because of her love for downtrodden Israel.

"She brought him butter in a lordly dish,
She put her hand to the nail,
And her right hand to the workman's hammer.

Yea, she pierced and struck through his temples.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay;

At her feet he fell:

Where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

He chanted the dirge by Sisera's mother
and then sang the closing words of triumph:

"So let thine enemies perish, O Lord;

But let them that love him be as the sun when
he goeth forth in his might."

It was by such tales as these that the schoolmasters of Israel caused their children to hate the sins that since those brave days had made their nation weak and the enemies who had brought them low.

Then he told them the finest story of all, of the great shepherd-king who had carried Israel on his heart, David, once the boy of Bethlehem in Judah. Of his fight with the lion and the bear on the lonely hilltops of his father's pastures, of his duel with the giant Goliath, and of his perilous life with King Saul, the sad, wild monarch who both loved and hated him so well, he spoke. "And who ever won hearts as did he? The mighty Three who broke through an army to quench their hero's thirst, the fearless Benaiah who

leapt down and slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day, and prince Jonathan—oh! the world well knows how their souls were knit together.”

He paused, as if in thought. They could scarce wait for him to continue.

Then he told how David with his dauntless clan subsisted in the deserts as an exile, while the prince went out to fight by his father's side, and how when the long day of battle had turned against them, those brave heroes, noble father and tender son, lay down together in death on yonder summit.

“There it stands!” the old man exclaimed, as he pointed beyond rounded Tabor to gray Gilboa in the far southeast.

And in thrilling tones he recited the famous “Song of the Bow,” which David, now king of all Israel, sang, as he led the mourning nation down the mountain.

“Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places.

How are the mighty fallen!

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant
in their lives,

And in their death they were not divided.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.

Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.”

The children drew a long breath when this story was done. The encircling hills seemed still to shelter the watching spirits of these heroes of the past. One of the lads, stretching himself to his utmost and shaking his right arm toward that funeral mountain, shouted:

“Hail to you, mighty kings of old, and hail to you, O David, great Shepherd of Israel.”

Jesus clasped his playmate's hand with a look of delight at such enthusiasm, for he was himself of the family of their hero.

As the children went down the hill they spoke with gleeful voices of those great days when God had made their nation so famous through the deeds of its noble sons and daughters.

“And he will do it again!” said one of the older boys stoutly. “He will do it again! What does the prophet say?

“‘Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness . . .

And a man shall be as a covert from the tempest: . . .

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’”

The teacher was pleased to note the bright boy's ready memory.

“When will our king come, Father Jacob?”

asked one of the girls wearily. "My father says it has been very long."

"He is coming, my child," said the old man, laying his hand on her glossy head. "He is coming. Out of Bethlehem, David's city, the prophet has said our Deliverer shall appear."

Jesus had fallen back beside the rabbi.

"How shall the Messiah be known?" he asked.

"It is written of him," the master answered, "'I delight to do thy will, O God.'"

The boy walked on a moment in silence, then as they came to a steep place, he gave the venerable man his strong shoulder and helped him down to his home.

The brows of the little patriots had darkened as they thought of their long-suffering land and the hated yoke of the proud Romans. But, when they reached the threshing-floor again and had parted from the good rabbi with hearty farewells, their spirits grew brighter and they all wanted one more game before dinner.

"We'll play 'Kingdom,'" cried one. "That is the best game of all."

"Who will be king?"

"I!"

"No, I!"

"And I!"

"No, Jesus shall be our king," said Jesus' chum, the boy who had quoted from the old prophet. "He is the strongest. He is the

one who leads our games and makes peace when we quarrel. Let Jesus be our king!"

And, with one accord, before he had a chance to protest, they had seated the dark-eyed lad on a knoll, and were crowning him with blossoms. They put a palm branch in his hand and spread their cloaks before him, and two boys, one at his right and one at his left, stationed themselves as his attendants, while the rest stopped the good-natured passers-by, old and young, and merrily forced them to approach, saying, "Come here and adore our king, and afterward go on your way in peace."

And then they all went home, tired, to their dinners.

In a few moments Jesus had reached his father's door. It was open toward the east. The family were just sitting down on the floor around the low stand which they used as their table. As soon as the chattering little ones were still, Jesus, as the oldest son, stood and asked the blessing. He sat by his mother's side and told all the adventures of the merry morning. His mother, whose name was Mary, was especially pleased when he described how the boys had crowned him king.

After Jesus had helped his mother with her work the family rested for an hour or two through the hot midday. Then the boy walked out to the vineyards with his chum and talked with the vine-dressers. When

night came he saw that the chickens were in their shelter, and after he had eaten his supper, he fed his lamb. Then his father shut the house door and before the color had faded out of the west the whole family was asleep.

II

SCHOOL DAYS LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

Would you like to take a look into Jesus' schoolhouse?

It is a low, square stone building near the village fountain.

Over the door is an ornamental carving of a bunch of grapes or a pot of manna.

Entering beneath a gallery in the rear you find yourself facing a low platform, in the center of which is a curtained chest.

It looks like a country church in New England.

It is a church, for the schools of these days were held in the meeting-houses, and, as I have said, the ministers were the school-teachers.

If you should look inside, though, when school was in session, it would not remind you much of an American schoolhouse. You think of a group of boys and girls seated at their desks, studying their lessons in perfect silence. But in Jesus' village you would know as soon as you were anywhere near the schoolhouse by the noise that came from it, and if you looked through the door or window you would see all the scholars seated in a circle on the

floor around their teacher, who was seated there, too, studying their lessons at the top of their voices!

What kind of text-books did they have? Arithmetics? Geographies? Spelling-books? Did each boy carry an armful of books as schoolboys do in America?

There was but one text-book, and only one copy of that. It was a queer-looking volume, laid when not in use behind the curtains on yonder platform. Written on a leather roll from right to left, it was wound around two metal staves and kept in a silk case.

It was the Old Testament.

Do you think that would be an interesting school-book? It surely was to Jesus. The stories of his country's heroes, the history of his nation's wars, the words of its best and greatest men are all found in its pages. It was spelling-book, reader, geography, history, language-lessons, poetry, lessons in behaviour—all bound in one volume.

Jesus began to study it when he was a child at home. Perhaps his mother taught him first a birthday-verse, beginning with or containing the same letters as his name. Then he learned a few of the shorter psalms, especially those used in the feast-day processions.

When he went to school his first lessons were in the book of Leviticus.

Every lesson was a memory-lesson. How patiently the old teacher drilled, drilled,

drilled his scholars day after day. Those shrill voices uplifted in concert were reciting over and over, first the olden laws, then the stories, and finally the Prophets and the Psalms, until the children knew by heart, so that they never could forget, thousands of verses from their nation's book.

Not until Jesus was ten or twelve did he begin to be taught the explanations of what he had learned. Those ancient schoolmasters believed in rote first, then reason.

School days in Galilee were not tiresome. There were no lessons in the middle of the day or in hot weather. About one day in four was a holiday, and children did not go to school much after they were twelve or fourteen years old.

To-day we study many subjects in school; drawing and painting and cooking and carpentering. In these days the homes did this part of the school teaching. Every boy, no matter how wealthy his parents, must learn a trade. It was usually taught him by his father. So Jesus learned from Joseph how to handle the saw, the plane and the mason's trowel, while his little sisters, Salome and Mary, were learning from their mother how to sew and keep house.

If the school-teacher taught Jesus to recite the psalms, probably it was his mother who taught him to sing them. She herself had

composed songs, one of which is still sung to-day in all our churches.

In all countries those who become great owe a great debt to their mothers. This was especially so in Israel. Motherhood was the best thing Israel had. "God could not be everywhere," was one of their sayings, "and so he made mothers." Jesus owed much to his mother. She taught him many things that the village master did not know. The rabbi knew what Abraham and Moses and David did. But she could tell her boy what they hoped and felt and suffered. The rabbi lived in the past, but she, like that other peasant girl, Joan of Arc, had visions of the future. She did not, like the maid of Orleans, expect to wield a sword. Her weapon for victory over wrong was her boy.

No wonder that the greatest painters have tried to portray her loving, thoughtful face. No wonder that the whole world honors Mary, who lived only that she might give the world its king.

It seems as if all Nazareth were a school-house. The view from the hilltop was a course in history. The birds and flowers, the trees, vineyards and meadows taught nature-study. At the village fountain travelers brought accounts of the geography of other lands. It was even possible to learn a little of their strange languages.

Then in one sense all the grown people of

Nazareth were teachers. For everybody in those days took the deepest interest in children. They often talked with them, they answered their questions and they taught them all sorts of wise sayings. In every village there were men who spent much of their time thus conversing with young people, and in one of the common sayings of the day children were encouraged to learn from such men. The saying was: "Stay close by the seller of perfumes if you want to keep fragrant."

III

A CAMPING TOUR IN THE MOUNTAINS

ON the night of the holiday, which I spoke of in the first chapter, the village went to bed early, for the next day was to be a notable one.

Before the sun was up everybody had gathered at the fountain. The fathers and mothers and the older children were going to leave for a ten days' tour. They were going to the capital for the great annual feast, to celebrate the nation's birthday.

Donkeys were being loaded by the men with baggage, the mothers were saying good-by to their little children, who were left in their grandparents' charge, and the children whom we met yesterday were under the donkeys' feet and in everybody's way, having a glad time in prospect of the holiday. For a town with nobody in it but grandparents and children must be a very jolly one.

Soon the cavalcade started, the old rabbi and the chief men with the village banner riding ahead, surrounded by a crowd of boys, among whom was Jesus. The rest followed, all except the women on foot.

Jesus parted with reluctance from his

younger playmates and his little brothers and sisters. Even when the pilgrims could be faintly heard by the villagers left behind, singing their marching song from the hilltop, he was seen waving his hand to them in farewell. But then his eyes turned eagerly to the pathway before him.

For this was Jesus' first journey from home.†

The procession straggled down the Nazareth hills to the great plain of Esdraelon. As soon as it entered the old royal road it joined a great throng of travelers, some their countrymen living in foreign lands, others Romans, Greeks, and even Ethiopians, coming for trade or curiosity, to the feast. Here were stately camels and gray mules covered with gay saddle cloths, bearing bales of silks and clothing and bundles of spices and merchandise. And as they traveled slowly on through the grain fields, dotted with wild flowers of blue and purple and scarlet, they were to the shepherd boys watching their sheep beside the placid river, and to the farmers and their wives, standing knee deep in the yellow grain, a vision of wonder. The distant hills had a delicate veil of green after the recent rains and the air was sweet with the breath of wild thyme.

They crossed the Kishon River,* now at full springtime flood. Jesus looked with interest

† See Note 7.

* See Note 6.

at Shunem, where Elisha gave the little boy back to his mother, saw the weird caves of gloomy Endor, where the old witch used to live, and gazed in silent wonder at the huge broken sculptures of ruined Jezreel, Jezebel's old summer home. Toward night they reached a sheltered spot between grassy Mount Carmel and barren Gilboa, where the road begins to climb the tableland, which was the route of their to-morrow's journey. A part of the caravan had already turned away into a sandy pass through Carmel toward the sea, on the long way to Egypt.

Their camping spot was close to a fountain and near a cluster of gardens. Jesus helped his father fasten their beast and gathered sticks for a fire, so that his mother might cook their pottage. After supper they two made a couch and shelter of branches for the mother, while they themselves prepared to sleep on the ground under the stars. But sleep was not to be thought of at once. In the distance they could hear the marching songs of other pilgrims who were approaching. Near by, a great camp-fire was a center of attraction. Jesus and the other boys were soon standing in its blaze. Already a group of men had gathered, some to exchange greetings and news with new-found friends, some to tell stories, and some to argue excitedly and endlessly about religion. Above, the young paschal moon was shining, making the wooded

slopes of the encircling hills as distant against the sky as in the day. Much did the boys hear that evening, and these three full days, of the strange languages and ideas of other lands and still more of the glories of their own.

The next day their way was through the highlands. The region belonged to the fanatic Samaritans, who thrust their tongues out at them in hatred as they passed. Had it not been the feast time they would have taken a long roundabout course to avoid the unpleasantness and danger of passing through this region. But perhaps the slight risk added a delightful element of excitement to the younger pilgrims. They passed in sight of the well where Joseph was left by his envious brothers, and told each other again the splendid tale of the trials and triumphs of that princely youth, and soon they came to the city of Samaria, which was the new political capital, as Jerusalem was the ancient religious capital, of the nation.

It must have seemed to the boys almost a fairy town. The white houses in their green foliage climbed up the hill to the king's marble palace at the top, and from its walls and gardens one could look northward to a curve of noble forest-crowned hills, westward to the blue sea, and southward down the greenest valley in all the land. They hurried down this valley, for tho it was a beautiful, it was not a friendly, city. On every side were olive

and lemon groves, fragrant as spice, and the nightingales were already beginning to sing in the branches.

A little beyond Shechem they found their second camping place. If an American boy would rejoice to retrace the old battle route from Boston to Concord Bridge, he may imagine how this lad enjoyed this historic journey. Turn to your map again and follow the boys of Nazareth as they climb along the backbone of Palestine.

The halt was made in a narrow valley between two mountains.

"This," said Jesus' father, pointing to the bleak northern peak, "is Ebal, the mount of cursing."

He did not need to be told that the more fertile cone was Gerizim, the mountain of blessing, or that it was on these two hillslopes that his great namesake, Joshua, had gathered the nation in two bands and addressed them after the conquest.

Close by was a low, whitewashed tomb.

Did his heart not throb when his father said reverently,

"The grave of Joseph."

Here lay the body of that spotless prince, Israel's King Arthur, after its long travels. The whole nation had escorted it to its rest.

"This spot of ground," the speaker continued, "was won by Jacob with his sword." He also told how the great father of the na-

tion, Abraham himself, had come hither with his flocks when he was seeking a safe home in these rocky pastures.

A few moments later Jesus was looking down into a deep well, from which in an instant was drawn a bucket of ice-cold water. He needed no one to tell him that it was that oldest of memorials, the well of Jacob.

One more night was spent in camp after a day of pleasant travel, enlivened by the glad-some beat of drums and timbrels, and through places equally memorable for their glorious names.

By this time the children had learned to guess which interesting town would look out from the next hilltop, and merrily they answered to one another:

“Bethel—”

“Where homesick Jacob fell asleep his first night away from home on the stones of his grandfather’s altar.”

“Gibeah?”

“No. Ramah.”

“Where Samuel, the king-maker lived.”

“Here is Gibeah, then.”

“Yes, the birthplace of King Saul.”

This country was not, like Samaria, green and watered and fertile, but it was gray, stony and bare. It looked like the hills of New England. Yet it was more dear, for the highlanders of Judea had always been the nation’s defenders.

The next morning there was a great shaking and smoothing out of clothes and a putting on of adornments, because by noontime the eighty-mile journey would be nearly over, and the Holy City, the goal of their pilgrimage, would be in sight. The travelers this morning began to sing:

“I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the House of the Lord,”

and other ancient songs that had been composed on purpose for this journey.

Tho long awaited, the first sight of the city* was unexpected. They climbed a hill-ock, and lo! it was all spread before them. The great stone castles of the Romans were on the right, the old gray wall was around it, and the hills were its guardians, but there at the left before them was the Temple Hill with its snowy terraces of marble and its roofs of gleaming gold! A burst of song arose as the Holy House flashed into view. Then the whole company knelt in thanksgiving.

Down through the fig and olive trees they hastened, past the villas of the wealthy, meeting now a band of iron-armored Roman legionaries, now a group of silken-gowned doctors of the law, until they entered the city gate.

There was no question of paying for enter-

* See Note 8.

tainment. All Jerusalem was keeping open house. But the city was already crowded with hundreds of thousands of people. If there was a curtain hanging over any entrance it meant, "Still there is room." But if there was no room left, belated travelers encamped cheerfully in the orchards outside the gates.

Too eager to rest, too grateful to sleep, the pilgrims from Nazareth, taking a hasty meal and greeting many of their distant kinsmen, hurried to join the great throng in the temple courts, and there they were found even until midnight waiting in the moonlight their turn to present their free-will gifts.

IV

THREE DAYS AT COLLEGE

THEY took but a few hours of sleep.

It was the edge of the dawn. Far aloft a silver trumpet blew three times, and ere it ceased the priest who had slept all night at the portal beside the golden keys sprang to his feet, kissed the master-key and swung open the massive temple doors.

Before daylight the other priests had been awake within, and had inspected the dark corridors in procession by torchlight. The fire was rekindled on the altars, the sacrifice was laid upon the coals, and when the worshipers began to crowd in, the Holy House was ready for the services of the day.

Jesus stood, in the early morning light, with his parents in the Jewish Court. Proudly he looked outside to the larger courtyard where foreigners gathered curiously and looked up and read the stone tablet, which warned them of death if they ventured farther. But he was one of "the Chosen People;" "the Sons of God," they called themselves. And so, when the strange washings and bowings and recitatives went on, he watched eagerly, for

this service belonged to him; when the odor of incense was diffused he knelt with the thousands; as he watched it overflow the curtains it seemed like the rising prayers of his nation; and as the officiating priest, with tinkling bells on the border of his gown, walked here and there beyond that rainbow-colored curtain, he could tell by the music at what part of the service he was engaged.

A little later he saw a company of priests coming up from the valley beyond the walls waving the bundle of grain, which they had cut with a golden sickle. It was the first-fruits of the harvest. And he saw them bringing the golden pitcher of water from the sacred wells.

Meantime, back in the home village of Jesus, the old grandames and the little children were searching their dark houses with candles for any scraps of raised bread, and were making the flat, white, tasteless loaves which were the only bread they ate during the whole feast.

The Passover was Israel's New Year's Day, Fourth of July and Easter, all in one. But how strangely different from ours were their celebrations!

When the great day of the feast came, Joseph, the father of the family, carried up the choice yearling lamb which he had brought for the sacrifice. When the priest had slain

it, Mary roasted it upon a cross of pomegranate wood.

Away from the crowd, in an upper room, Joseph and his wife and their boy ate the sacred meal. Every part of it was a story told in picture and action. There lay the lamb upon the board, to remind them that redemption always is at the cost of life. Here were the bitter herbs, type of the bitterness of slavery, and a paste of fruits, emblem of the mortar used by their fathers when they were forced to make bricks in Egypt. They ate standing and in haste, as if just fleeing from bondage. Solemn thanksgivings were offered and old songs were sung.

Then came the child's hour. In every home in Israel the youngest was taught to ask this question:

“What do you mean by this service?”

Jesus asked the question.

Then Joseph told the story of the Exodus again.

“Many years ago we were a nation of slaves. God stretched out his hand and saved us from those who had laid tasks upon us, making us their brickmakers and burden-bearers. There came a night of darkness and death. The pestilence was on the whole land, even in the king's palace. Moses told us to sprinkle lamb's blood on our door-posts, to bind up our garments and to prepare for flight. God looked through the darkness, and

where the blood was, there he passed over and left men alive. He led us out through the storm, and the divided seas, and the next morning we were free upon a stranger's shore. Since that day we have always kept the sacrifice with a slain lamb, and we call it the Passover."

So, by action and story, this service, centuries old, was meant to teach the children of God's salvation, so that it might never be forgotten.

Go into any Jewish home to-day at Passover, in the spring, and you will see how well they remember. You will find the family conducting this very service just as they did two or three thousand years ago.

There was much to see in the city after the feast was over, and among the busy shops encroaching even on the holy shrine, the stalwart garrison and the child musicians in the temple, the Nazareth boys roamed together. But Jesus went most often alone to the broad terrace below the marble house, where on sunny feast-day afternoons the teachers of the sacred law sat, and talked genially with any, even lads like himself, who might care to meet them. It was a sort of people's college. They were the wisest, and some of them were the best people of their time: Hillel the Great and Hanan and Caiaphas and Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea—some of whom were to

kill him in hate, some of whom were to bury him with generous love.

Every boy has his questions, "Who am I?" "What am I good for?" "What shall I live for?" To answer such questions a boy needs help. Jesus, too, felt that he needed help.

He talked about these things to the elders. They were amazed at the quick understanding with which he met their counsels and, when they interested themselves to ask questions of him, at his answers.

Every day he came. His parents were visiting their many friends. The city, tho crowded, was perfectly safe. Boys in that time were allowed great freedom. The weather was warm, and Jesus could sleep with his young comrades anywhere, in safety. Jesus had never caused his mother the slightest anxiety. But as a lad he had always been fond of play and adventure. He wore out clothes just as other boys do. So she felt sure he had found new playmates among the companies that had first moved homeward, and so, on the day appointed for their return, she started from the city without even looking him up.

A few miles north of the capital they halted for the night, at the first stage for caravans. Here they expected to find him waiting, or thought that if they tarried, they could meet him if he came later, easier than in the thronged town. But no. They stayed over

night and he had not come and was not to be found.

Meantime Jesus was all day at the temple. Here where the kings of his people had walked, where the prophets had preached, where the martyrs had died, he came. What a world opened to this lad from Nowhere on this first stay at the great city! He had arrived, a boy; he was becoming a man.

He felt that he could not go until his great questions were answered. The greatest of all was, What was he to do with his life? He thought much about those brave men of old who had lived for others. He thought how sorely his downtrodden people needed a deliverer now. What could he do? What was he, all alone? Then he thought of God. It was God helping Israel that had made Israel strong. It was the men who had done God's will who had saved their nation. What if he were to try perfectly to do the will of God?

In a quiet corner of the great church the noble boy knelt by himself, and perhaps his only prayer was this: "That I may do my Father's will."

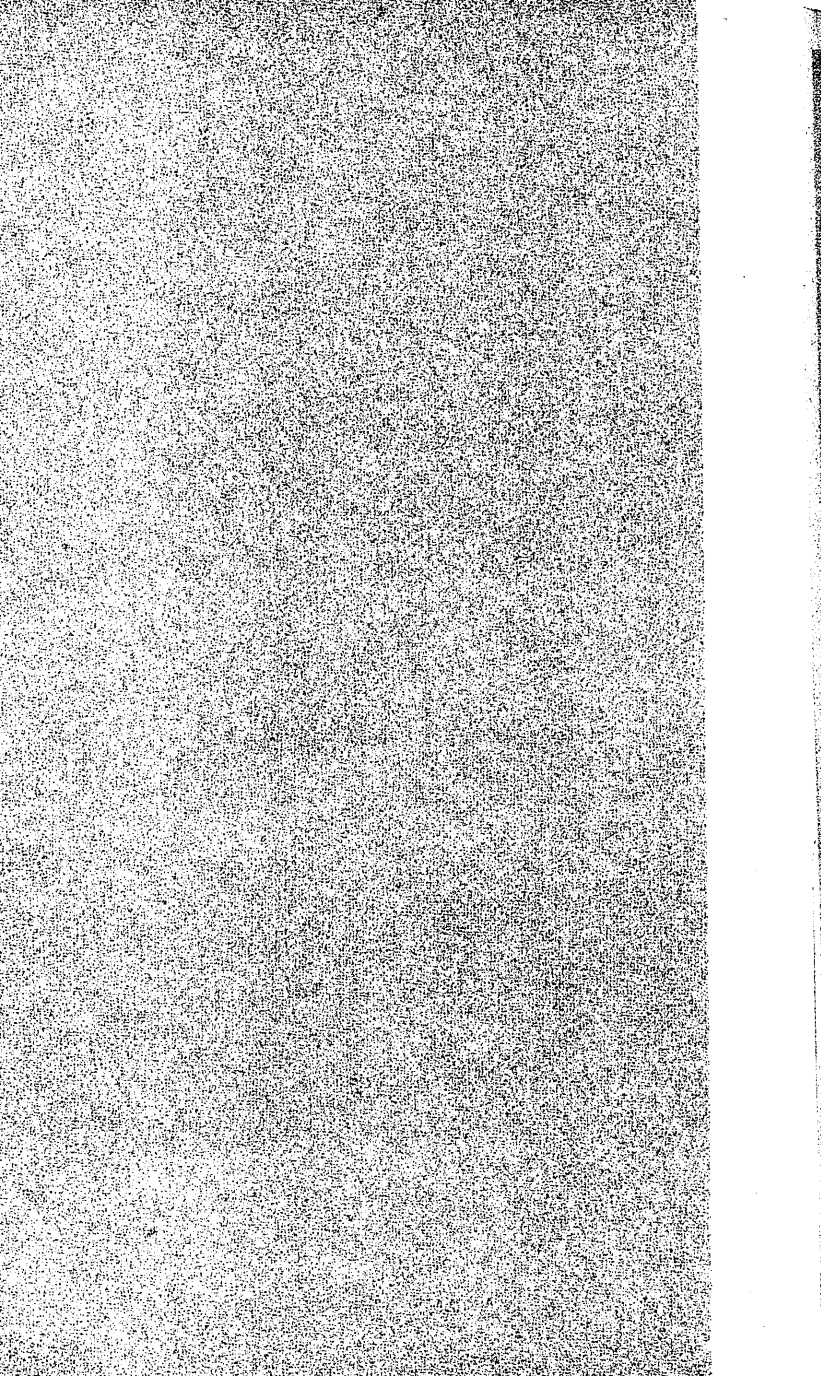
It was while he was brooding over these things that the anxious mother broke through the silken company of doctors seated on that grassy terrace in the evening light and threw her arms about her boy, crying, "Child, why have you dealt so with us? Your father and I have sought you in great distress."

You will understand me when I say that Jesus had a right to have forgotten all about his mother just then. True, she was anxious, but he was not a child now. His father needed him in Nazareth, but the All-Father in Heaven wanted his whole life. And he had this great life question which he needed all the help he could get to solve, and he had to solve it, as all boys do when they begin to be men, alone.

So he looked, like one awaking, wonderingly into her face and answered, "How is it that you are searching for me?"

Up to this time his mother had been in the habit of saying gently to him, "You must," and he had obeyed her. Now and henceforth he felt a Voice within which said "*I must.*" That Voice, God's Voice, must hereafter be obeyed. So he answered, "Did you not know that *I must* be about my Father's work?"

She did not understand what he meant, altho she thought of these words many times later.





From the painting by Holman Hunt

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOR IN THE TEMPLE

V

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER

WHAT did the boy mean?

It may be the first thought that he had was, that if he was to be the deliverer his nation wanted he would probably need to remain in the city and study and serve about the temple.

Many a boy feels that way. He has decided upon some noble calling. "Let me begin it at once" is his cry. But he forgets his need of knowledge and wisdom and experience, and that just at present the most important thing he has to do is to get ready.

So, back again up that steep pathway from Esdraelon to forsaken Nazareth he went, to obey, to love, to serve, and the wise men of Jerusalem entirely forgot him.

His school-days were soon over. No doubt the village teacher remained his friend, but it was not long before he had taught him all he knew. Probably he borrowed the great roll of the holy writings in the village church and read them over and over, for when he became a man he knew them by heart. Like our own Lincoln, he became a man of one book.

At once he went to work. His father was a

builder. The house was now full of little ones, and the oldest boy was as busy as his father in providing for their wants. Had you lived in Nazareth then you would have seen him standing among the shavings in the house door, holding firmly the timber for his father to saw, helping carry the finished work through the street or tramping off beside Joseph with his kit of tools to do work in some neighboring village.

And he did not have many holidays. The sacred festivals and the short rainy season and the Sabbaths were his only days of rest.

Like every true boy, he was fond of the water, and when work was dull he sometimes walked down to the lake, fifteen miles away, where he could fish with hook and net or learn to handle the stout boats that sailed its treacherous waters. At seamanship, like everything else that he tried, he seemed to be a little more capable than anybody else.

As he stooped over the saw or pushed the plane, do you suppose, like other boys, he ever longed to get away and begin to be a man and have his own future? If he ever did, his dreams were soon broken, for even while he was a boy his father died and he was left with the care of his mother and all the younger children upon his own strong shoulders. Joseph had been a kind father. He must have been, for many of Jesus' best stories later were about kind fathers. And he was glad

to try to take his place, to think for his mother, who had always thought for him.

But it is not an easy thing for a boy to support a family of eight. Did you ever think that he had to do that? Fortunately, people did not need to have so many things as they do to-day. Their regular meal consisted of bread, a hot gravy, or eggs, or occasionally a stew of meat, a simple relish, vegetables, and sometimes milk or curds. The climate was so mild that they lived mostly out-of-doors, and about all the furniture they had was a table, a small kitchen furnace for charcoal, a few leather bottles, some wooden bowls, one or two water-jars, some goblets, a wooden chest, and some thick quilts for beds, which they unrolled and laid out on the floor at night. Of course, Jesus, being a carpenter, made his mother any conveniences she needed. But her housework was very simple, and after she had tended her chickens and her vines she had plenty of time with her boy.

Can you seem to see the curly-haired lad working at his bench in the doorway as Joseph used to do? He is now so strong that he can handle the heavier tools and do a man's work. He makes plows and fits them with iron shares, and spades and forks and ax-hafts and ox-goads and heavy wooden harrows.

It would seem to us a hard and uninteresting life, but the Nazarenes would not have

said so. "Why!" I can hear one of them exclaim, "Everybody in the village has to come to his shop, farmers, vine-dressers, shepherds, drovers, merchants from near and far, and he is always among the first to learn the news. He it is who hears of sudden sorrow or great joy, and he has a chance to know from travelers a little what their wide world beyond the hills is thinking and doing, and to practise the language of other peoples."

There was much repairing and rebuilding for him to do, for he was a mason as well as a carpenter, and the houses were built of mud or stone. And then he went to every house to carry benches and chests, so that he knew everybody. And in every home the young workman, so willing and cheerful, so fond of good stories and friendly talk, was a great favorite. Of course, all the children liked him.

After Jesus had come home from the city Mary began slowly to realize that her son was now becoming a man. It was time to tell him a secret, which belonged to her and to him.

One day they were alone.

Then she told him the story of his babyhood. 'Before he was born there had come to her a vision that she was to be the mother of a king. On the night of his birth, in Bethlehem of Judea,* shepherds who had received the same message came to his birth-

* See Notes 2 and 3.

place to pay him homage. And a few days later astrologers from distant lands, of foreign speech, came riding on camels to bring him gifts and bow at his feet. Then the jealous Roman king, learning where he had been born, had sought his life, lest his friends should seize the throne for him. His parents, making use of the astrologers' gold, had hurried him to Egypt, and there remained with him until that king was dead.' These things she told him with eager face, and she showed him a golden ornament that remained after their exile, as a sign that these words were true. "You will be a king some day," she whispered, with shining eyes, but how or when she did not know.

You have read of other princes in exile—Bonny Prince Charlie and the Black Prince and Richard of the Lion Heart. You have perhaps thought of how they felt—waiting, watching, making ready.

Think what such words as Mary spoke would mean to you if they were told you by your own mother. Would there be a day when you would not be saying: "I am going to be a king. I shall save my people! How shall I be worthy of my kingdom?"

Training for kingliness—this sums up the boyhood of Jesus.

The companions of Jesus' boyhood were already at work in the fields and vineyards. But every evening they all met at the village

fountain and talked over the day's work and the latest news from the great world that lay beyond the hilltops.

They had much to talk of. Theirs was a conquered country. It was ruled by Rome, much as India is to-day by England. But the people hated their rulers. They felt toward them much as our forefathers did before the Revolution toward King George III. There had been occasional uprisings of the people against Rome, but most of them were waiting for some one to spring from amongst themselves, who would become their king and deliverer. They had read even in their school-book, our Old Testament, that a "Messiah" or "Christ" (the words mean, Consecrated One) was to come, and "he," they thought, "would make their kingdom as glorious again as his own ancestor, David, had made it."

How eagerly must the young carpenter have listened to their talk! Was not his mother often by his side to whisper: "They are speaking of *you*, my son!" But he did not say much in answer.

Did his neighbors think it strange that the young man, who claimed to belong to the family of David, should seem to care so little for his country? Did they ever say: "Why is Jesus always reading the sacred books in his shop and in his home? He never offers to read them aloud in the meeting-house service and he never takes part in the debates, that

follow the reading, about 'the Kingdom to come?' "

Surely these discussions did not lack in interest. There were almost as many ideas as there were talkers. But after all they sifted down to two parties. Most thought the kingdom would come suddenly, like a comet's flash, with war and victory and triumphs. A few expected it to come quietly, like the day-break, and gradually to cover the whole earth.

But Jesus kept listening and reading. He walked alone a great deal among the hills, he worked hard and gave his money to his mother, and he taught his brothers their trade.

So Jesus worked away for nearly twenty years, and it looked as if he would work on so as long as he lived.

Did he get impatient now? When he was twenty years' old, when he was twenty-five, did he become restless for other cities and foreign lands? Those years between twenty and thirty, those fiery, tireless years—we think them the most precious in life. This future king spent them in a dingy shop in that little hamlet in Nowhere. Once a year there was a precious week at the festival in Jerusalem. Then the fog of dull, gray duty shut down about him again and he was lost from sight.

Always busy, never in a hurry—that was Jesus' way. He did not begin his work until he was ready. He never hurried, no matter who summoned him. But when his work was

over, he was able to say of it, "I have *finished* the work Thou gavest me to do."

One day a man stopped at Jesus' door who had just come up from the capital. He brought great news. The whole family of Jesus gathered to hear it, and their neighbors joined them.

"The prophet has come!" was his message.

Some believed that their deliverer was going to be another father of his country like Moses. Others thought he would be a fearless orator like Elijah.

"Who is he?"

"He wears a hair cloak and a leather girdle, he came from the* desert and his food is rock honey and—"

"It is our Elijah!" the people said excitedly.

"What does he say? Tell us."

"He says, 'I am not He. I am a voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way'—"

"For the king?"

"He says, 'The kingdom draws near!'"

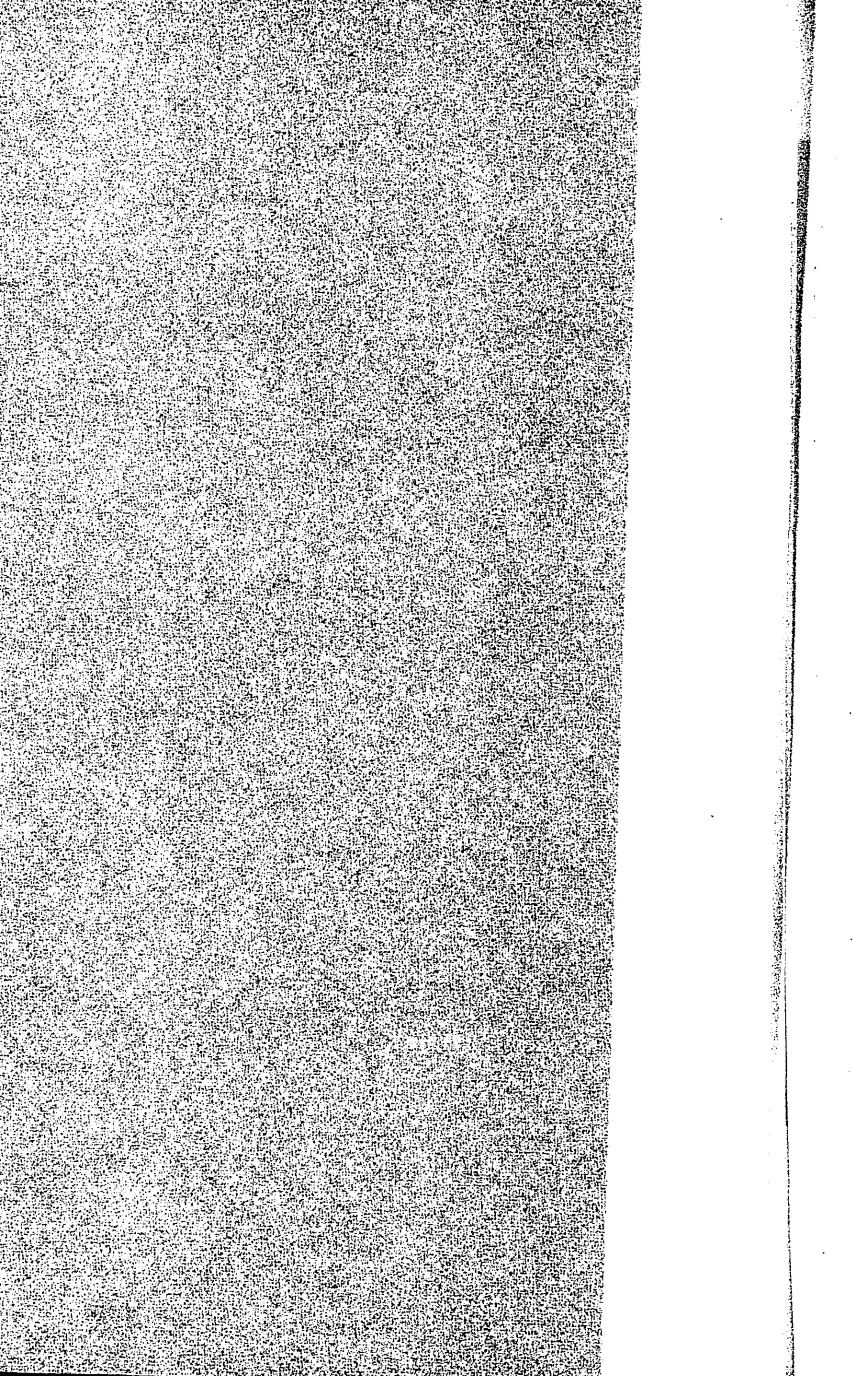
"Hallelujah!" they cried. "Where is he?"

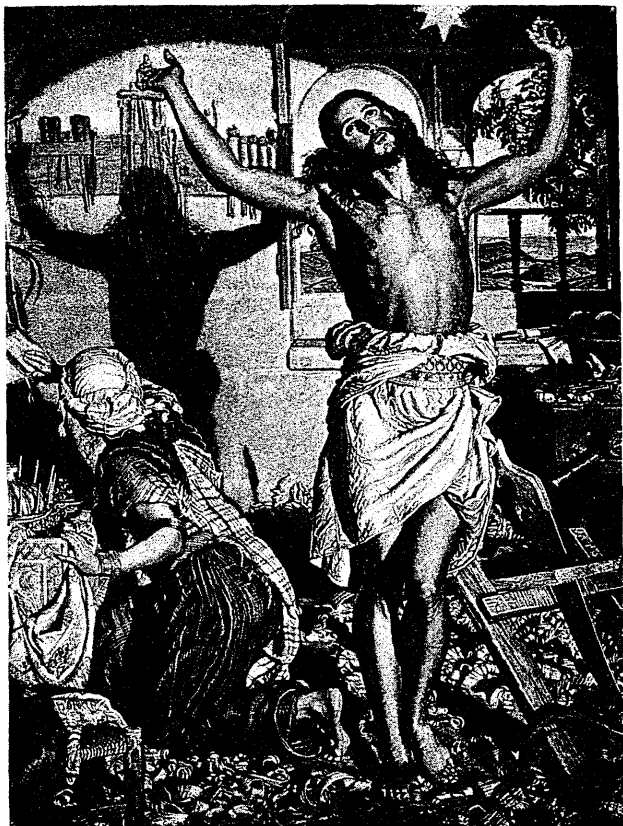
"He has come from the desert, and he is now beside the Jordan. He is baptizing the people."

"Are there many with him?"

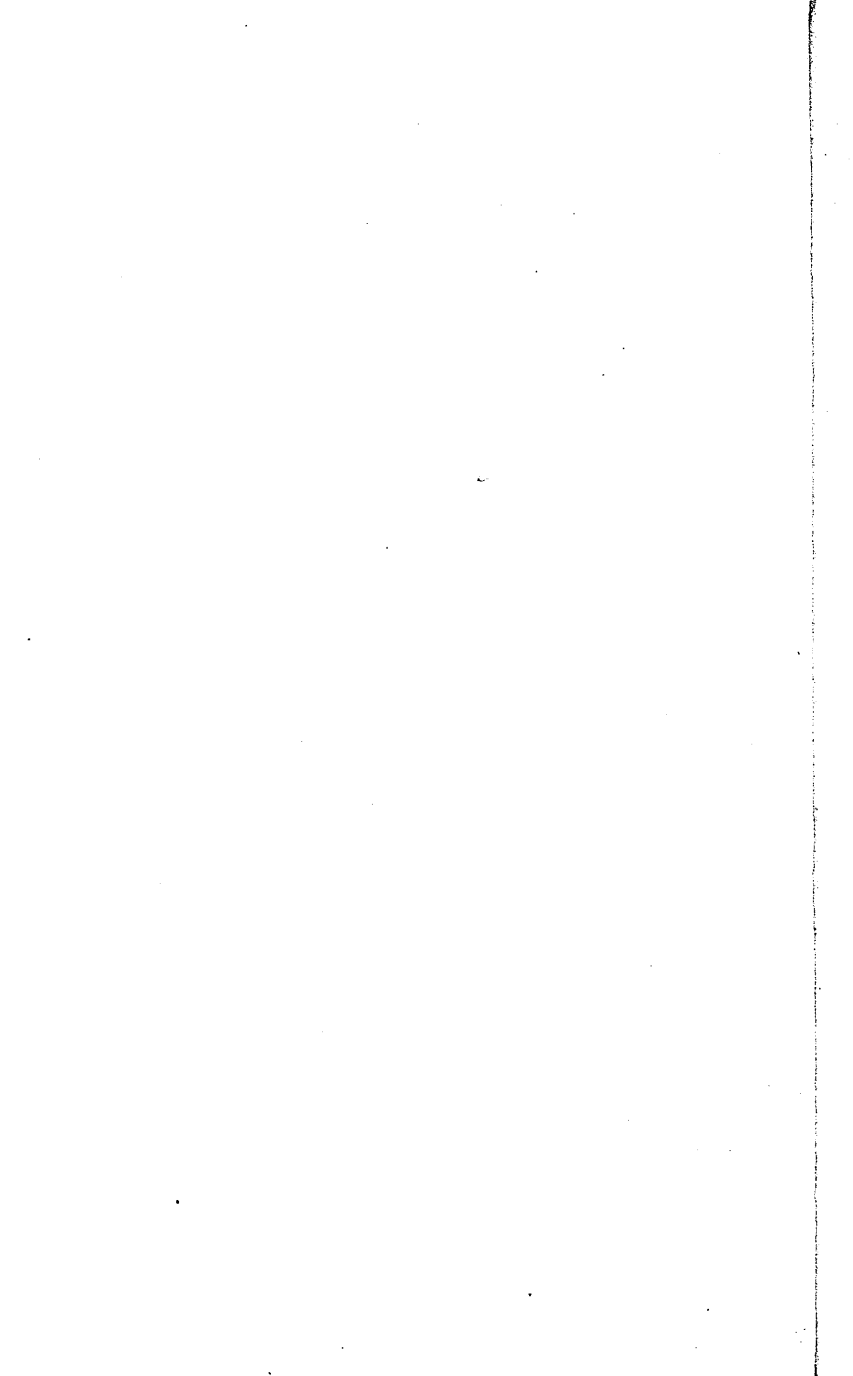
"Multitudes. All the people are hurrying to him."

See Note 9.





From the painting by Holman Hunt
THE SHADOW OF DEATH



There was at once great excitement in Nazareth. Many believed that this was the call to a revolution. Some were sure that, in answer to their hopes, the Messiah was getting ready to ride as a conqueror from the Jordan up the road that leads over the Mount of Olives, and thence appear suddenly in the city and the temple. The new herald, then, must be gathering an army to prepare the road before his triumphal procession.

"The fishermen of Capernaum have left their nets to follow him," was another startling bit of news, which set many to crying out, "Let us go, too. Let us rally and show our loyalty to the kingdom!"

And that very evening a considerable number of young men, a few of them armed, went southward by the valley road down the Jordan. Glance at the map, if you will, and trace the route of their journey.

As they passed the home of Jesus they shouted to him to "come on and fight for the kingdom," and when he smiled and shook his head, one of them hotly exclaimed, "Don't be a coward. Come on now and do something to save your country."

The Jordan plunges from the mountains down into the deepest hollow in the earth's surface. It rushes from its green shrubbery into the awful Dead Sea, where bare and frowning mountain peaks rise from its broad valley like tomb walls for a giant's sepulcher.

Here, where the first Elijah had left the earth, the second Elijah had appeared.

A day or two later Jesus quietly laid away his tools, took off his workman's apron, said good-by to his mother and his brothers, and went alone to the Jordan valley.

VI

A VOICE FROM THE DESERT

THE men from Nazareth found the prophet in the midst of a throng of people. Most of them were Judeans from Jerusalem and about there. A few had come down from the Galilean lake.

He was about six months older than Jesus. Dressed in a rough shepherd's coat of black and white camel's hair, fastened at the waist by a girdle of lion's skin, he stood by the bank of the river.* He had a fierce face. His hair hung over his eyes, which were deep and alert. He did not utter orations or sermons, and he did not say even pleasant things to win the people. He spoke with a coarse mountain dialect and a voice of thunder. "You descendants of vipers! What are you here for?" he was heard to roar, when a very respectable company of gentlemen approached him: "Who told you to come here to take refuge from the coming judgment? You say Abraham is your forefather. I tell you God can make better descendants for Abraham out of these pebbles."

* See Note 10.

"Who are you?" asked a delegate from the old temple teachers.

"I am not the Christ, not I."

"Are you Elijah?"

"I am not."

"Are you the expected prophet?"

"No!"

"Who are you, then? Tell us, for we must carry word back to those that sent us. What can you say for yourself?"

The hermit paused a moment, as if in thought, and then answered them humbly but solemnly by a passage from their ancient writings:

"I am a Voice of one who cries loudly in the desert:

'Prepare the way of Jehovah.

Every chasm must be filled up,

Every hill must be levelled.

The winding ways must be made straight,

And the stony pathways smooth,

And all mankind shall see Salvation from
God.'"

"He is a crazy fellow," said his questioner to his companion with a sneer. "He can do no harm."

But the multitude, moved by his words about the coming deliverance, pressed nearer.

The first to speak was a despised tax-collector.

"What shall I do for the kingdom?" asked he.

"Extort no more than the law allows," said the hermit.

The crowd laughed, but some one said:

"The kingdom will surely be here, when the taxman does no more than that."

"And we. What shall we do?" asked a burly Roman soldier.

"Use no violence to any one. Exact nothing by false accusations. And be content with your pay."

"And I? And I?" asked several of the fishermen.

"If you have two cloaks," was the practical reply, "give one to your neighbor. If you have food, share that also."

"A good answer," said several.

Then suddenly, as a group of people came down into the water to be baptized, they heard him shout:

"Repent ye! Repent ye! For the kingdom of Heaven draws near. I, for my part, baptize you with water. But there is one more powerful than I coming, and I am not of enough consequence even to unlace his shoes. He will baptize you in the holy spirit and in fire."

These strange doings went on day after day. The hermit said nothing new. He seemed to be a man of one idea. But more people kept crowding in to hear the prophet. The sultry plain became a great camp-meeting. A few returned home to do as he said, but most re-

mained in curiosity to see what more would happen. And each day the excitement of the multitude kept growing. Nothing had been said yet about taking up arms, and no leader but the rough-clad exhorter had appeared, and the prophet seemed to be looking with ever more anxious face for his appearance.

On the third day the Galileans heard the hermit suddenly shout:

“See! God’s Lamb, who takes away the world’s sin!”

The Passover and its sacrifice were in the prophet’s mind as he spoke.

There was a rush toward the river. Nothing remarkable appeared to be happening. They looked toward the sky and across to the mountains of Moab. Down in the water stood the skin-clad prophet, a long file of people was passing him for the holy rite, but they were all common people. As he spoke he had come face to face with a young man, and he appeared to hesitate about performing the ceremony. The youth said something and he hesitated no longer, but looked up into heaven with the first smile on his face that men had ever seen.

All the people were hushed in silence as the young man turned to come out of the water. Were they now to behold their Messiah?

The Galileans were dumb with amazement. It was the carpenter of Nazareth.

Certain at last that he could become the Deliverer toward whom the centuries were pointing, Jesus had come among his people, to give his whole life to his Father's work.

VII

A BATTLE ROYAL

THE men from Galilee went back home disappointed.

They believed that John the Baptizer was insane. As for their fellow townsman, whom he had so strangely pointed out as their Messiah, he had immediately disappeared.

The next day the prophet went on up the river, the multitude gradually dispersed and the Nazareth men went home. They were not only disgusted but angry, for they knew what ridicule they might expect in their native town to come home so tamely after so brave a departure.

Was the prophet surprised to discover in Jesus the deliverer of whom he had dreamed?

The carpenter was John's own cousin. The clan spirit was mighty in Israel. More than that, their mothers were loving friends. The story has come down how Mary once went a hundred miles on foot to visit her noble kinswoman.

We may be sure the two young men had often met as boys; played together no doubt, tested each other's strength, talked as they

grew older of the great things they would like to do, planned perhaps how they would do them, like brothers, together.

Since they had become men grown they had seldom met. Jesus was a workingman, John became a hermit. Jesus went every year to the temple. John never went. There was no post in those days, so they could not write.

But men do not soon forget the dreams of their boyhood. Neither had forgotten their noble plans or their covenant to help each other.

Jesus was John's hero. And John? Jesus knew of his brave, lonely days in the desert. He longed to help him, now that he stood alone. He even longed to be like him. Jesus wished to leave his own safe, comfortable home, and take lessons of this sturdy teacher. Into John's desert, where none live but wild beasts, he would go. Jesus was by nature retiring and gentle. He would there learn the courage and the straight, clear speech that this prophet had.

It had been easy up in the pleasant, quiet mountain village to dream of living a splendid life. But to come down here among the noisy, careless crowds was like stepping into a cold flood. To be baptized, with his fellow countrymen, by the dauntless prophet had been like the touch of knighthood. But would that consecration hold if he were left alone?

Back into the bleak deserts whence John

had come he went in the strength of God to meet the thoughts that were trying to tear him from the unselfish life to which he had pledged his soul.

He had made a rude shelter in a cave and, according to an ancient custom of those preparing for noble devotion, denied himself food, so that his brain might be clear to think.

Picture yourself, no matter how brave, removed from neighbors and the joyous face of nature, and shut up in a narrow, deep chasm,* with no sights but sand and rocks and grim shadows and the prowling forms of lions and jackals, and no sounds but their cries of cruelty and of terror. It was like the cañons of New Mexico. Live thus for six weeks, through the cheerless days and the bleak nights, and where would be your pluck and cheer?

Jesus' thoughts at the end of this fast must have been like these:

"I am already forgotten. I am not a prophet. Nobody cares for my life. Why, I am even starving!"

Jesus was not a hermit. He was a hearty young workingman. He suddenly found himself faint and famished, with scarcely strength or time to seek human succor.

Then a voice seemed to say: "If you are a prophet, oh, if you are God's son—if you are—command this stone to become a loaf."

He saw all about him the smooth loaf-

* See Note 9.

shaped stones of the desert. He knew that since his baptism a mighty power had come upon him. He could save men from sickness and death. He could save others. Why not save himself?

It was a little thing. It seemed harmless. Why not? Life was dear. Must God's last prophet die without speaking his message? Would that help the world any? Was it anywhere written that the conquering Messiah must be starved to death?

But stop. "Would he so soon distrust that he was God's child because of the pangs of hunger? He was going to teach men about a kingdom. Was that kingdom going to consist only of help for men's bodies? Was it going to begin with his looking after his own comfort? And could not the king master even his own body? Better die than yield!"

So he quietly said, as though in a dialog with an unseen foe, the first word he had spoken aloud for many days: "It is written: Man shall not live by bread alone."

Perhaps he found his way up the steep and dangerous path from the desert to the nearest village, and was given food. But he was not ready to go from the desert. There was another thing to settle. How would he do his work?

Did he come to Jerusalem now, or was this a vision? It seemed that he was walking upon

the broad roof of the new portico,* that looked sheer down into the Kedron chasm, when another battle met him. Hundreds of feet below, in the roadways that lead from the mountain into the city, great numbers of people were returning from the Jordan. Behind him was the temple area where the priests were sacrificing, full of worshipers from many lands.

Was not the old prophecy fulfilled: "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." Was it not just here among the crowds that every one expected the appearance of the long-awaited Messiah? Was not He that High Priest?

A voice seemed to shout in his ear: "Leap down! Claim your kingdom at one blow. The ancient Scripture foretells that if you are the Son of God, angels shall always protect you. In an instant the people will welcome you with shouts of joy."

The idea was a fantastic one. But the suggestion behind the idea was reasonable. How could he lead men unless they believed in him? Could he persuade them any too soon? What was the use of waiting? And how could he do it better than here and now? The people were already excited to anticipation by John's teaching. Everybody expected that the Messiah would declare himself by some sensational, even extravagant, action. One act of

* See Note 12.

personal valor—only one—and victory! And if he failed, then better death. What brave youth would refuse such a challenge?

“Ah, you are God’s son, are you, and you have not a single sign of his protection or power,” the voice kept saying.

When he thought of himself, such a magic test seemed right. But when he thought of God, it was all wrong. To degrade God’s majesty by the test of foolhardiness, no matter how brave? No!

“Thou shalt not test the Lord thy God—so it is written.”

He seemed to find himself ere long at the border of the desert on a mountain summit that overlooks the Jordan at the place of his baptism.

It is a wonderful view*. The whole world seems spread out beneath. There is Jerusalem on the west; far beyond those eastern cliffs is Babylon; the desert at the south stretches clear to Egypt. And down below shone Herod’s marble palace, the emblem of Rome, beside the old pilgrim road that had been trodden by the armies of every conquering race since the dawn of history. And yonder danced the Jordan to its grave in the Dead Sea, an emblem of life, so bright, so brief. He remembered his mother’s song and dreams: “You will be a king some day.” He saw the world. He saw himself, a man of **might and destiny.**

* See Note 11.

“Quick!” said the voice once more. “If you are the Son of God—and surely you do not doubt it now—take the throne of the world to-day. You can have it! It is mine, it is yours, for it is your own voice you hear. Go forth and save the world.”

Yes, it was true. He could become a Cæsar.

And the Jews expected it. They believed their king would not only restore the kingdom to Israel and make Jerusalem again the city of the Great King, but they believed he would possess all kingdoms and the glory of them. Were they to be utterly disappointed? Was there to be no revenge for all their sorrows? Were the kingdoms of this world to be kept forever by cruel tyrants, and were men to suffer forever without a deliverer? What was his kingdom, anyway?

Ah, he knew. Men looked for a Cæsar, but they needed a Savior. The only kingdom that could help them was the kingdom of heaven, that is, of love. He could do without men's crowns; he would bear men's crosses.

“Conquer and succeed!” the voice shouted still louder. “Refuse and be forgotten.”

Forgotten? Yes, it looked so. To be despised and rejected of men would be his lot. But, like a soldier who can not see anything but danger and duty, he dared it all, and silenced the tempting voice by this last rebuke to his own tempest-tossed heart:

“Get hence, you tempter! God alone is

king. Only to him shall you give homage; him only shall you, him only will I, serve."

And so the greatest of all battles was won.

Did some lonely shepherd watch him as he walked pale, calm, triumphant out of the desert?

If so, little did he know that here came a king, mighty tho lone, a captain whose sword was henceforth, as an olden writer says, "bathed in Heaven."

VIII

NEW COMRADES

FISHERMEN make famous comrades.

They are strong, willing, patient, hopeful, and they live out doors most gladsomely.

Jesus' desert life was over. Unlike John, he was to be no solitary hermit, but the world's friend. He needed a company of friends to help him. And John knew that the fishermen whom he had himself gathered and trained were just the men Jesus wanted.

It was hard for John to let them go. John was a young man with his life before him. He had his fight, too. To let another step into your place, to hear him praised instead of yourself, to watch him doing the work you want to do—is there anything harder than that?

But John did not flinch. He believed in Jesus' greatness. He was true to his clan and to his hero.

And he not only did it—he did it cheerfully.

“He must increase. I must decrease,” this unselfish man said. “You heard me say that

I am not the Messiah." Then he added this beautiful sentence: "It is the groom, who leads home the bride, but it makes the groom's friend happy just to listen and hear the bridegroom's voice."

So he told the fishermen to prepare to go with Jesus.

He was talking one day with two of them. The name of one was Andrew, of the other, John. They were both young men. John you will find particularly worth noticing. He was the first to follow Jesus. He became Jesus' dearest friend. He was the only one who stood by him to the last. As he outlived all the twelve, he was for years the only living comrade of Jesus on earth.

He was probably the youngest of them all. He was a fiery, obstinate, ambitious, but lovable fellow. He spent his last days, an exile, because he was true to Jesus, at work in the mines on a lonely island in the Mediterranean. When he was too old to remember anything else, it is said that he was accustomed to quote to everybody one sentence of Jesus: "Love each other." "Why do you keep saying that?" they asked him. "Because if you will do that," he answered, "nothing else is necessary." So he is known as the Apostle of Love.

As the three talked, they saw some one passing them near the river. He was dressed in the common, striped garments of brown and

white, worn by the peasants of upper Galilee. The fishermen were startled to hear the prophet suddenly exclaim, as he had at the baptism, "See! God's Lamb!"

Then in a lower voice he said. "Go to him."

It was Jesus.

The two had met Jesus before, fishing by the lake and down beside the river, but then he was a carpenter. Now he was a rabbi. They felt timid.

"What shall we say?" whispered Andrew.

The young man solved their difficulty by turning around and asking courteously, "What are you looking for?"

"Sir," said John, "where are you living?"

"Just come and see," he said with a smile.

They followed him, and he went, not toward a village but toward the hills, and there they found a smoldering fire beside a running brook, evidently the stranger's camping-place. Their fear of him was soon gone when they found him living as they themselves often did in the fishing season.

It was then about four in the afternoon. They spent the day with Jesus, and at night walked on to their own homes* beside the lake.

Andrew had a favorite brother. The next morning, being the Sabbath, he persuaded him to walk out and call on the new teacher.

"The Messiah is here!" he told him.

* See Note 13.

"Where is he from?" asked incredulous Simon.

"From Nazareth."

"No prophet is coming from that place."

"You come and see him," urged Andrew.

He was a splendid fellow, this brother, straightforward and sturdy and with a shaggy head. He had a laughing eye and a ready speech, and his mouth, if not firm, was not unkindly. He came slowly up to Jesus, who was seated beside the camp-fire preparing dinner. Jesus rose to meet him.

The world knows how Jesus looked. The fisherman John has told us. His body was unusually tall and straight and strong, his hands were hard from toil, his feet were scorched by the desert, but it was his face that ennobled him. His hazel eyes were like a flame of fire, searching, eager, loving, and his whole countenance was radiant with health and joy, and his voice was as strong and musical as the sound of falling waters. No man could look him in the eye whose heart was not clean, but a child would have run to him at once.

The two men faced each other. Simon looked at Jesus and was satisfied. Jesus looked at Simon and measured him. He saw what you and I see now: the Giant among the followers of Jesus. Only a fisherman, unlettered and inexperienced, impulsive and narrow-minded. But here was the man who

would lead all the others, be their spokesman and guide, and when the wall of the new temple of the kingdom was being built, his life would be the first great stone laid upon the Foundation, Christ himself.

"You are Simon," Jesus said at length. "You will be called, 'Peter,' the Man of Rock."

Jesus was not giving him a new name. He was foretelling his character. Tell a man not what he is, but what he can be, and you win him. That sentence pleased the warm-hearted fisherman greatly. He gave Jesus his hand, and with it his heart.

Young fishermen, one after another, kept coming out to Jesus' camp, until there were five. They all took to him. And as they sat and heard him tell stories by the camp-fire under the stars they thought him the finest comrade they had ever met.

The trouble with the hermit prophet had been that after he had told his listeners to stop doing wrong, he had no other message for them.

"That is all very well," said Peter and John, "but we are not hermits. We are fishermen with homes and nets to attend to. After we have repented and stopped cheating and given away our extra garments, what comes next?"

The prophet could not tell them.

Jesus saw their difficulty. They needed to

see how to do God's will as the lonely hermit had never tried to do it, right where they lived, in the tasks and pleasures of every day. How could he make this plain?

Just then all five were invited with Jesus to a wedding!

What! A world to save and its Savior off to a wedding?

Why not?

For it is a world in which homes and marriages and children and living with each other are the constant things and the chief things.

Jesus saved the world, by laying his life alongside men's lives, in their gladness just as much as in their grief.

John would have been an uncomfortable guest at such a place, and he would have made everybody else uncomfortable, too. The first step in the education of John's friends was for them to learn that to be happy and to make others happy was the very life of the new kingdom.

It was perhaps two days' tramp from the deep Jordan valley up across the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Here they called for Mary, the mother of Jesus, and then all walked on together to a little village on the tablelands beyond. The bride was probably a relative of Jesus, perhaps his sister.

It was nearly night when they arrived. They had hardly refreshed themselves with

food when it was time for the bridal* procession to start. It reminded him of the play-time of his boyhood. They seized torches, like the rest, and hastened with songs to escort the bride and her group of damsels to her future home. As soon as the night had fallen she emerged from her chamber in her fairest robes, decked with flowers and covered with a flowing veil.

The song of compliment grew louder.

“Ah, ha! her red cheeks are her own,
Her hair hangs waving as it grew,”

the bridesmaids carolled. Wine and oil were shared by the older people at this moment, and nuts were scattered among the children.

It was a weird but merry sight when the little company came out from the cottage and passed down the narrow street, the torches flaring and throwing up gigantic shadows on every side, the flute and drum marking a dancing step, and all, old and young, singing the bridal song.

When they were near the bridegroom's house he and his young friends came out to meet them, and both bands melted into one, as they crossed his threshold to the feast.

It was not a ceremony in high life, but they were just as happy as anybody could have been in kings' palaces.

The next day, while the feast continued,

* See Note 14.

something very embarrassing occurred. The wine gave out.

The groom in making his purchases had not counted on the five Capernaum fishermen who had so unexpectedly joined the company.

The mother of Jesus, who was in charge in the kitchen, first noticed the impending difficulty. She did not want to tell the guests or the host. What could she do?

She would tell her son. She had not leaned on him for twenty years in vain. She remembered the promise that she had awaited so long. She knew his strange powers, and that since he had given his whole life to God in the Jordan they were now ready to be used. What better place to claim his kingdom than among his own proud kinsmen? Thus would she share his fame.

But how foolish she was! The kingdom from which Jesus would not borrow a loaf for his hunger was not intended to be used to open the mouths of his family with wonder.

And yet it was because of his own companions that the wine had failed.

What would he do?

She called him away from the company, among whom none was more happy than he, and said, "Jesus, they have no more wine."

And he, seeing the fond and ambitious look in her eyes, answered her in the pleasant, respectful fashion with which sons used to address their mothers, "My lady, why must that

be a care to you and to me?" And then he added, "My time is not yet come."

Mary was perfectly relieved, altho she had no idea what he meant or what he would do, and she said to the two little serving maids who were trudging from kitchen to banquet room and back again, "Whatever he says to you, do it."

You know what he did. So delicately that no one but these children knew it, he supplied the lack in such a bountiful way that the groom was even praised for his generosity. And John and the other fishermen did not learn what had happened until Mary told them on the way home.

When the festivities were over, Jesus and his mother and the fishermen walked back together clear to Capernaum. It was the last time Jesus would see his mother for a year. The purpose of bringing her to the lakeside village was to let her choose a new home, for Jesus saw that for his kind of life this larger and more central town would be a better place for him to live than the village where he was brought up.

You will find Capernaum on your maps marked as being on the northwest shore of the beautiful harp-shaped Lake of Galilee. But it has entirely disappeared, and nobody to-day is sure just where it was. But at that time Capernaum was a beautiful place. John had lived alone in the lonely wastes near the

Dead Sea waters, and made the people come out to find him, but Jesus went to live amongst men and chose his home in a bright and busy city. Its white walls were reflected in a limpid lake, which lay deep among yellow hills, a sapphire sea in a cup of gold. It lay along a shining beach. Its gardens, its trees and its flowers were everywhere famous. The little lake upon which it fronted was five hundred feet below the level of the sea, and consequently it had a hot and fertile climate. There were many other lively towns by its shore, too, in the largest of which stood the new Golden House, a palace of their Roman king.

It was rather early for the fishing season, and in a few days Jesus and his new friends were off on another long tramp together. They were going to the capital to the Pass-over.

They passed down the Jordan valley, walking two by two upon the narrow footpath. Can you not imagine their eager conversation as they reached one historic spot after another, their songs on the way, their meetings with old friends, and the good times beside the camp-fire? It was on this journey that Jesus probably saw John, the baptizer, for the last time in his life.

Jesus was going to the feast, as all the men of his nation went, to do honor to the ancient custom, but as he sometimes walked alone

ahead of the others, he was thinking of what he might do at that feast that would help his people.

He did not have to wait to find out.

You know how he loved the temple. He always spoke of it tenderly as his "Father's house." Every true Israelite so loved it. It was not only the central house of prayer to the Jews in all the world, but it was to them all that our Capitol at Washington, our White House, our national library, our noble old universities, are, all in one.

Now at this feast Jews coming from all the world brought their gifts in foreign coin, which must be changed into Jewish money. All who came must also purchase victims for the sacrifices. So the little shops of money-brokers and enclosures of those who sold cattle, sheep and doves had gradually filled the narrow streets below the temple, and of late had crept up into the very temple courts themselves. These courts, which were very broad and which had always been reserved for foreigners who came to learn of the Hebrews' God, were now so filled with cattle that even these worshipers were crowded out. Somebody, of course, was making money out of these privileges. Some say the high priest himself. And the worst of the wretched business was that the people were helpless. If they bought their lambs down in the city shops, the priests, who decided whether the

animals were clean for sacrifice or not, might refuse to accept them, so that they were forced to buy in the temple at a double price.

All the way to the capital the people were telling Jesus these facts. All the time he was considering how he could stand up for them in their wrongs.

As soon as he reached the city he hurried to the temple that he might see for himself.

You can picture the disgraceful scene: the stench of the animals steaming in the warm April sun, the lowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the rustling of frightened doves, the clink of money and the loud protests of trade, drowning out the prayers of the priests and the chant of the temple children in the House of God!

Jesus pushed his way through this throng and stood on the steps above, surrounded by the five fishermen. Nobody knew him. The whole power of the priests and of the Roman city police was behind these merchants. The people had gotten so accustomed to the sight that they were indifferent.

It is not easy, is it, to speak out against what everybody accepts as right? Especially when those who are doing the wrong are successful, well protected, and well thought of? It is not pleasant to be called "singular." It was particularly hard for Jesus, for he was a quiet body, not a bully or a braggart. And

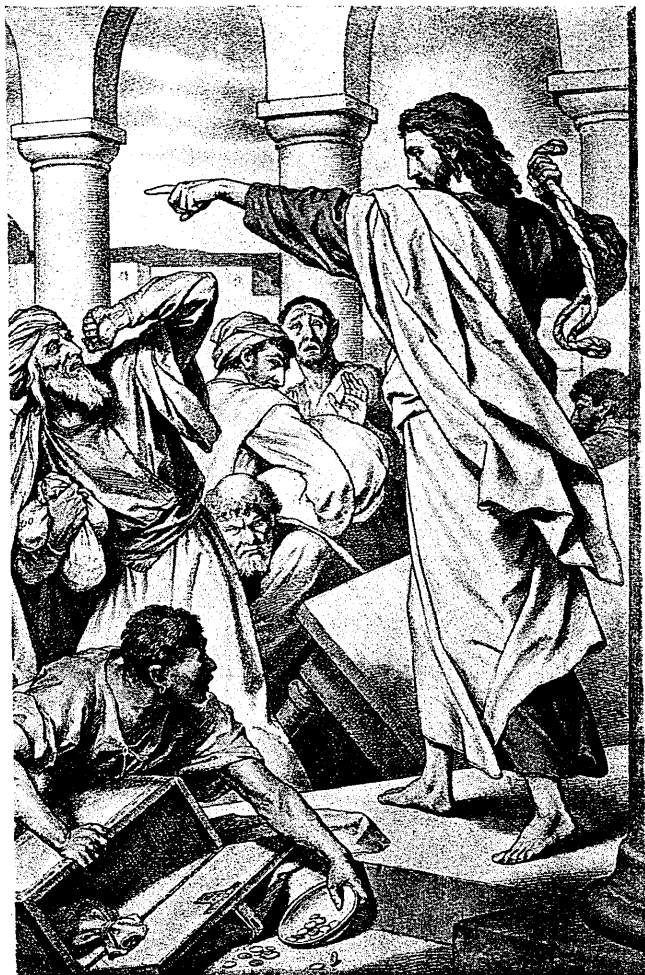
one would hesitate before risking his life for his own opinion in a case like this.

But that is just what Jesus did. He did not wait until he had gathered an armed company. He did not even ask the help of those he had. He just grasped up from the floor a bunch of the rushes with which it was carpeted and, armed with this apology for a whip, secured the attention of all by a shout.

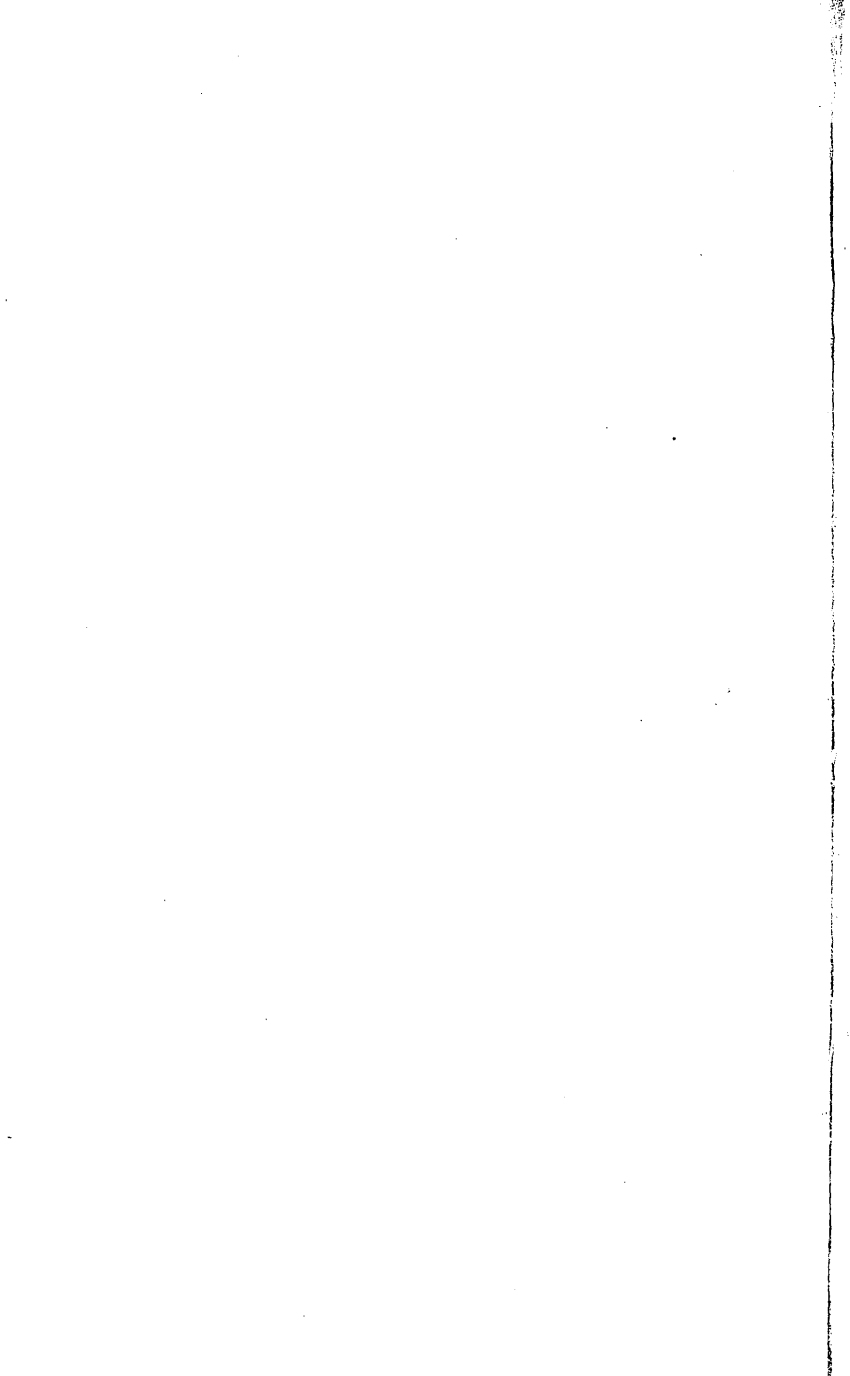
We can imagine some spectator telling what follows:

“With towering figure and majestic step he advanced, flaming-eyed, first upon the cattle dealers, and drove their beasts and the low crowd of attendants from the doors and down the broad steps. He upset the tables of money. Even to those who sold doves he came; there he hesitated, gently, lest the innocent birds should be injured. He then said sternly, ‘Take them from this place. Do not turn my Father’s house into a market place.’

“The news of this courageous act spread at once through the thousands that thronged the city. The Passover had always been anticipated by us as the time for seizing our independence. But this deed did not, as the fishermen expected, bring Jesus great crowds of volunteers. We were too frightened to act. He had delivered us from injustice, but he had gone no farther. He was alone. He had raised no army. He had issued no proclamations. He had acted like a prophet rather



From the drawing by J. M. H. Hofmann
JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE



than as king. Would not our real king send the Roman soldiers to destroy this usurper of authority?"

The teachers of religion were in session on the sunny porch where Jesus as a boy, twenty years before, had asked them questions, when this startling news came to them. They should have been delighted. They were simply dumbfounded. They sent a committee at once to Jesus, who was still in the temple.

"What sign can you show us, to prove that you have a right to act in this way?" they demanded sternly.

The people of the East are fond of puzzles. These wise men liked to give puzzle-answers. Jesus remembered some of the puzzles these same men had told him as a boy to bewilder him when he was seeking the truth. So he gave them another, to think upon.

"Destroy this temple," he answered with a smile, pointing to his own body, "and in three days I will raise it up."

"But," stammered an old man who was looking about him at the temple—one of the wonders of the world—and had not noticed the meaning of the gesture of Jesus, "But this temple has been fully forty-six years building (indeed it was still unfinished), and how are you going to raise it up again in three days?"

Jesus left them to think it over.

Many years later John and the others

solved the puzzle. Brick and stone do not make a temple. This marble building jammed with cattle was no longer a temple. The best temple of God is a man.

The priests could not forget Jesus' words. Three years after this these same men brought these words up against Jesus as evidence when they tried him for his life.

As the fishermen were walking out that evening to their camp on the hill, talking excitedly of this exploit of their young leader, who was a guest in John's city house that night, one of them named Nathaniel, said to the others:

"Well, it was a fine deed! And do you know he brought to my mind that old saying, 'Zeal for Thy house shall even devour me.' For the sake of our holy faith I believe our master would give his very life."

As the result of this brave act only one man came to believe in the Nazarene. It was Nicodemus, one of this college of the wise men, and even he did not dare stand up for his faith until it was too late to be of any use.

So after all, it was to a sad bed that Jesus went that Passover night.

IX

A WELLSIDE DIALOG

WHAT was the plan of Jesus' life?

He was to become a king, was he not?

But he had not yet won his kingdom.

Did you ever realize that he had a plan of campaign just as much as did Napoleon or Cæsar?

I can show you something of his purpose by a story.

He had decided to begin his work by helping John the Baptizer. And so into gray, stony Judea he went, baptizing as John had done, and teaching the words of John.

After several months' stay he left Judea and came one hot summer day at about noon to a well in the land of Samaria, that region of half-pagan country between the capital and his home. It is possible that he took this route because it was no longer safe to go by the Jordan way, where the king had just seized upon John and put him in jail.

This well* was that famous one, dug by Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, when he was a shepherd-chief in this valley. He had often passed it and he always stopped beside it to

* See Notes 15 and 16.

rest. It stood alone in the midst of a broad, fertile meadow, and here Jesus, exhausted, threw himself down in the grassy shade, while the hungry fishermen were foraging for food.

The Samaritans were, as I have told you, a mongrel lot, like the dogs in their streets, and the Jews would no more think of speaking to them than to a dog. Yet they had the same hopes and dreams as did the Jew. Perhaps there was something good in them. The young man at the well proposed to find out.

His drowse was interrupted by the rustle of some one approaching, and when he saw that it was a woman with a water pitcher he rose to his feet.

She was a n'er-do-well from the near-by village, a silly, sinful woman. She told herself that she came out here at this uncomfortable hour because of her reverence for this sacred water, but the fact was that the other women who came to the well in the village would have nothing to do with her.

She had quickened her pace when she saw that there was a man at the well, but stood still when she saw that he was a Jew and a rabbi.

So they faced each other. If lives are like books, his was a heroic history in a golden binding, hers was a paper-covered novel.

Surely he would ignore her. In those days a rabbi would not address a woman, much less a Samaritan one.

An hour later a wild-eyed woman in the village square was saying in an awed yet eager voice to all she met:

“Come! come! See the man who has told me all that ever I did!”

What had happened?

This was her story.

She told of going out to the well and meeting a Jewish rabbi.

“I had just let down my water pot into the well, when, with a start, I heard him say, ‘Will you give me a drink?’”

“I filled my water jar slowly, saying with a smile, ‘You must be very thirsty if you, who are a Jew, will ask a drink of me, a Samaria woman.’”

“‘If you knew God’s free gift,’ the stranger answered gently, ‘and who it is that asks you for a drink, you would have asked him for Water of Life—and he would have given it to you.’”

“I set my jar down by the well and looked up saucily at him.

“‘You can not be a greater man,’ said I, ‘than our forefather Jacob, who gave us this well and drank here himself with all his sons and his cattle?’”

“‘But if anyone drinks of this water they will become thirsty again,’ said this strange man, ‘while, if they drink that water that I can give, they will be thirsty nevermore.’”

“‘Ah, me!’ said I (with lazy mockery), ‘let

me have this water, so that I shall not thirst and not need to come clear out here to draw.'

" 'Go,' said the young rabbi sternly, 'and call your husband and come here with him.'

"I had gone too far.

" 'I haven't any husband,' I said with downcast head.

" 'Very true,' answered he, and he told me what you all know of my wretched history. I confess I was not just then so much ashamed to hear it as perplexed to see how he had found it all out.

" 'I see, sir,' I answered more respectfully, 'that you must be a sort of a prophet.' It was a good chance to change the subject. 'Now our fathers have always worshiped on this hilltop,' and I pointed to our temple on the mountain. 'But in Jerusalem is where you say people ought to worship.'

" 'For the first time the Jew used the title of respectful address. 'Woman,' he said, 'believe me, a time must come when neither here nor there will true worshipers worship the Father. Men will then worship Him everywhere, in Spirit and truth. For God is a spirit and it is in spirit that men must worship him.'

(He was trying to tell her what he had said to the doctors: the true temple of God is man.)

" 'But I am no thinker, and I yawned:

" 'Ah, well, I suppose that some time the

Messiah is coming. When he comes he will explain everything to us.'

"The rabbi towered above me.

" 'I am he—I who speak to you!' he said.

"At this moment the fishermen, his companions, came up. I was overcome by these fearful words, and frightened by the suspicious looks of those strangers. I forgot my pitcher and hurried back."

When she reached the village gate she was only able to sob out to the few curious people who were sitting in the square this strange story and to repeat:

"Come—oh, come—see a man—who told me all—that ever I did. *Who is he?*"

Her neighbors would go a good way to see anybody who could do that.

"Rabbi, will you not eat?" said Peter coldly, displeased that Jesus should have had any conversation with such a person.

"I have had meat to eat that you do not know about," answered Jesus with a smile.

"Who has given him any food?" asked John.

"It is meat to me," said Jesus simply, "to do my Father's will." And taking up the woman's water pitcher, he led the way toward the village. The rest trailed on in discomfiture.

"Four months, you say?" he turned and replied, as he heard one of them comment on the lateness of the spring, "before harvest

comes? Look!" He pointed to a group of people that was pouring out of the village gate. "Look on the fields. They are whitening for harvest even now."

Three days later he left a happy village behind him. And some of her old neighbors were overheard saying to the woman, "Now we believe in him—but not because of anything you said. But we have heard for ourselves and we believe that He is the Savior of the world."

This story is a sample of his first campaign. He did not wait for crowds, and he did not organize crusaders. He started with the common people, anybody he happened to meet, and he just gave them all the best he had. His business was helpfulness. If he could get men to do like him he would have a whole Kingdom of Helpers, he would reap his harvest, he could save the world.

X

A SUMMER OF SUNSHINE

FINDING that he was becoming so popular in Judea that the friends of John were getting jealous of him, Jesus decided not to allow himself to be the slightest hindrance to the great leader, and he at once turned north to Galilee.

The Galileans had heard of his exploit at the Passover, and exaggerated stories of his marvelous powers had reached them. These patriots, unlike the people of the city, welcomed him with open arms.

On a day before the Sabbath, in early May, he arrived at Nazareth. The fishermen had now all gone back home and his mother had moved down to Capernaum. As soon as he came into the village he went about to see his brothers and his old friends and playmates. But he found that, even during his short absence, they had changed toward him. No longer did they meet him with the same frank friendship, and, while they were evidently all longing to watch him perform some wonder in the village square, they were plainly jealous and suspicious of him.

He went to church the next morning, and for the first time he accepted the invitation to ascend the platform and take the roll of the sacred writings in his hand to read and explain.

The women were in the rear gallery behind a screen, so that the audience that was in sight was an audience of men. Some were old schoolmates, others, younger men, were of those who had been down to the Jordan and had come back disgruntled. There were even boys crowded close to the platform and against the wall. All awaited him with eager curiosity.

It had now been nearly a year since his attendance at the village wedding near by. There he had first shown his generous kindness, in far-off Jerusalem he had proclaimed himself as a leader, and in the other Galilean towns, and even in despised Samaria he had lingered. But in Nazareth he had never spoken a public word nor done a deed of power. Now surely he was going to exhibit his prophetic might and make Nazareth the center of all his work.

It was a warm springtime day. The doors were opened so that those who could not crowd in could hear. The blossoms sent their fragrance within, a grape-vine shaded the doorway and the house-doves could be heard cooing in the eaves. It was a Sabbath of rest and peace.

The Jewish service consisted, like ours, of praise and prayer and address. But there was no regular preacher. Any one might teach and anybody else might interrupt by question or debate.

Jesus' text was from Isaiah, a chapter about Israel's coming Deliverer. He read a few words, then closed the roll and gave it to the attendant and sat down to speak. Every eye was upon him.

"To-day," he began, "has this Scripture been fulfilled in your hearing."

He went on to show how, just as the prophet had described, he himself was teaching good tidings to the poor, release to captives, sight to blind men, and freedom to everybody.

"Where did he get his book-learning?" asked one, half aloud. "He has had no other schooling than ours."

"Yes," one whispered to another, "he is only the carpenter, our Joseph's son."

And still another said, "We all know who Mary, his mother, is, and his brothers James and Judas and Simon."

"Yes, and his sisters live here now."

"Listen," said another. "He is going to make Nazareth a glorious place. What works of power he has done with his hands elsewhere!"

Soon all forgot everything but the comforting words he was saying about the kingdom of help and love which was to come. It was

not preaching. It was conversation. He told them apt stories, stories from their own work and play; at which they smiled or looked thoughtful; he used the homely proverbs which were their common coin of speech. They could understand every word he said.

Then he took up plainly their complaint because he had removed his mother's home to Capernaum and had done his public work in places so far from his bringing up. Boldly he answered that they themselves had already driven him to this step. Did he not love Nazareth? Did he not long to do glorious deeds in her streets? For was not this the place where he had studied the holy books? Was not Joseph sleeping here in the village burying ground?

"But," he said, "a prophet is never wanting honors except in his own country and among his own folk." And he reminded them how even their own Elijah was forced to leave his own land to work in Tyre, and Elisha had never healed anybody but a foreigner, and he a leper.

A growl of anger had been heard while he was saying these words, which, when he began to appeal to his audience for witness to the truth of what he was saying, grew into a roar of rage. The disappointed Nazarenes could stand this no longer. "Did the carpenter's son think they were less worthy than Assyrian lepers? Were they to be scorned and ignored

by such as he, a son of their own streets?" The congregation became a mob.

The younger men were the leaders, the older ones who had been Jesus' playmates were so excited that they did not restrain them, and the hot-headed crowd seized the speaker and dragged him outdoors and up past his old home to the hillside where he had played as a boy.

But when they came to its precipice*, and would have murdered him, he turned and faced them. He was not afraid. He did not use his power to smite them dead. He looked them through and through. What happened next? All they knew was that they found themselves in a huddled group watching him walk quietly down the hill and down the path to the valley, until he was out of sight.

This was the only shadow upon a bright summer. Henceforth he gave himself with passionate love to Galilee, but Nazareth knew him no more.

He went directly to Capernaum to his mother's house. And now began his cloudless days by the lake shore. Everybody loved him here. It seemed as if all the love that he had won as a boy had followed down here to the lake to bless him as a man.

The very next morning he went out to meet his new neighbors. Not in the cool, quiet church or the neat village square, but down by the shore, where the smell of fish was

* See Note 4.

everywhere and where the bare-legged fishermen were pushing out their stout boats and the women were cleaning fish in the shade of those drawn up on the sand.

As he began to speak the good-natured crowd jostled him, so that he smiled and paused, and laying his hand on the rail of a boat that was grounded on the beach, he leapt upon it and sat on the stern seat.

It happened to be Simon's, and as he glanced down and saw its owner washing out his nets he gave him a friendly nod, and then talked on, the boat rocking beneath him in the blue ripples sparkling in the sun.

When he was through speaking he came down where Simon was and said, "Come, push out into deep water and you all throw out the nets for a haul."

"We have been hard at work all night, sir," said Simon, "and have not caught anything. But, as you say so, I will throw the nets out."

Simon and Andrew and their father Jonas launched the boat, and soon they enclosed such a school of fish that the nets began to break. They had to signal to John and James, their mates in another boat, to come and help them. And they filled both boats so full of fish that they were almost sinking.

It was only a deed of kindness, a sort of payment for the use of his boat, but Simon was overwhelmed by the generosity of his friend.

As soon as he got ashore he threw himself at Jesus' knees and exclaimed:

"Master, leave me, for I am a wicked man!"

Jesus grasped his hand as he had on the first day they met, and cried heartily:

"Don't lose heart! From to-day you shall catch living men. Follow me now," he said to the other four young fishers who had been with him at Jerusalem, "and I will make you fishers for men." As soon as they had brought their boats in and hung up their nets, they obtained permission of their parents, said good-by to their friends, and followed Jesus everywhere.

It was wonderful the way he would win strong men to himself. A man would be at work in his business, thoroughly intent on his own work and his money. Suddenly he was gone. He would be heard of miles away, trudging over the hillpaths or camping in the woods, tired, penniless, but perfectly happy. And when he was asked why he went or what he was seeking, he would simply point joyously to Jesus. It was *He*, the great Companion, the Man with the singing heart, more than what he said or did, that had charmed the man from all he used to love.

One of those who felt the magic spell of Jesus has told how he came to follow him. His story of that great day in his own life is also a picture of the whole plan of this new

Galilean campaign. You have all read his written story, but when he told it aloud perhaps it was like this:

“The night before I came to Jesus, he, finding that the crowd would not give him time even to sleep, had crossed the lake in a boat and, tired out, took his rest on the hard wooden bench in the stern.

“Suddenly one of our unexpected storms from the cold mountains above swept down upon them. The starry heavens grew dark in a moment, a sheet of fog swept over them, the waves rose and tossed, and whenever the mist lifted the fishermen saw the white foam rush along the taffrail and dash over, even to Jesus' feet. Their sail was well furled and they bent to their huge oars to keep the boat steady, but in vain. Helpless in the grip of the tempest, they became frantic with fear.

“The nearest shook Jesus by the arm and roused him.

“‘Wake, captain!’ he yelled hoarsely. ‘We are sinking.’

“Jesus leaped to his feet.

“‘Cowards!’ he shouted. ‘Pull hard! Take heart!’

“And in the noise of the gale they could hear him shout as if he would also challenge even the wild waves.

“Their courage came back, and as the wind dropped and the waters grew still, one of the

sailors whispered to another, looking from his oar to the fearless face of his captain:

“ ‘Can he give orders even to the winds and the waters?’ ”

“At the other side there came out from a cave-tomb down to the wharf to meet him a giant maniac. He was a most fearsome sight. He was foul and naked, and upon his mighty arms and legs were broken pieces of the chains with which men had tried in vain to hold him. Here he lived in the rocks, shouting and yelling and gashing his body in his periods of rage with the sharp flint, and nobody now ever dared come near him. The fishermen quailed before this fiend as he loomed over them in the moonlight at the landing.

“But Jesus stepped quietly out and faced him.

“Would not the wild man tear him in pieces?

“No. He fell humbly at his knees and embraced them, crying out in a shrill, piteous voice:

“ ‘What is there between thee and me, Jesus? Son of God most high! I adjure thee, torment me not.’ ”

“For Jesus was saying gently, ‘Come forth, thou foul spirit.’ ”

“An hour later some of the simple shepherds of the region ventured around the shadowed crags, and there they saw Jesus

seated beside the giant, who was now clothed and in sound mind.

“They were so superstitious that they were alarmed at the power Jesus had shown over this mighty man, and they made signs at him, entreating him to leave their coast. As Jesus went toward his boat to do so, the healed giant followed him, still talking reverently with him. And when he understood that Jesus was now going away he was heard by the fishermen to beg eagerly: .

“ ‘Let me be with you, Jesus. Let me, too, be one of those who follow after you.’

“ ‘Go back to your own home,’ said Jesus gently, ‘go to your old friends, and tell them what great things God has done for you.’

“And through all that region, known as the League of the Ten Cities, did the giant tell of the majesty of the mercy of God.

“Driven from this hostile shore, Jesus and his friends spent the rest of the night in the tossing boat anchored close to the land.

“At earliest daylight they recrossed the lake to Capernaum, and Jesus went to his home. The people were already waiting for him.

“This* house where Jesus and Mary lived had a flat roof. In the center was a courtyard, and around the second story of this ran a covered gallery. Here sat Jesus, and spoke to the people who filled the gallery and the

* See Note 18.

upper rooms and the courtyard below. I was among them. As always, he began by saying, 'The waiting-time is over! The Kingdom of God has come! Turn now and trust the Joyful Message!'

"That morning a group of young men had gone to the outskirts of the town to make a call upon a friend of theirs who was paralyzed. The unfortunate fellow had no use of his limbs whatever, and he lay all day helpless upon his couch.

"While they were going they talked about this Healer who was living in their home town, and they were wishing that he could be brought to visit their friend. This seemed presumptuous to expect. For, like most of the people of their time, they believed that this visitation of sickness was because of some sin which their friend had committed.

" 'Well, then, let's take him to the Healer, if the Healer can't be brought to him,' cried the most energetic of the quartet.

"They were full of this idea when they entered the sick man's house.

"But the sufferer, discouraged and peevish because of his complaint, would have nothing to do with the plan.

" 'It will do no good. It would kill me to be lifted, and I should come back worse off than before,' he replied.

"Then they all argued with him, and as they discussed they grew more confident.

They became insistent. Finally they fairly overwhelmed the helpless man with their talk and, still against his will, they proceeded at once to carry him into the town.

“He was resting upon a light, narrow pallet, such as poor people use, and it was not difficult to lift it by the four corners with the paralytic upon it.

“With infinite care, not to jostle or disturb, they broke step and conducted him to the home of Jesus.

“Jesus was in the very midst of his discourse when we heard a commotion below, loud talking without and angry replies within. Then there was silence.

“A little later we could hear people scrambling up the stairway that ran outside the house wall, and when they found they could not get in even to the crowded upper rooms, they kept clambering on up to the roof.*

“Pretty soon there was a tearing sound, then we were nearly suffocated with dust, and then there came an opening to the sunlight. These people were pulling off the clay cover and ripping up the round rails that constituted the roof.

“What were they about?

“It was impossible for Jesus to speak or for us to listen in such confusion. But Jesus sat in patience, and before long we saw four

*See Note 19.

flushed and anxious faces peering over the broken edge above.

“‘All right!’ a voice exclaimed. In an instant a mattress was gently lowered by two ropes, until it touched the floor, we all made way, and the sick man was laid before Jesus.

“‘With all the loving care of his friends he had been considerably shaken up by his journey. He was still more disturbed inwardly at the shock of his removal, and that he should be thus unceremoniously exposed before a crowd of people, convinced as he was that it would amount to nothing but his own humiliation.

“‘The only persons who believed in his cure were those four excited fellows who were gently handling the ropes that had held up the pallet of straw. It was certainly an embarrassing and vexing interruption to the sermon.

“‘But Jesus looked up and could not forbear a smile at the eager and painstaking trust of the four youths. So he turned to the sick man, who lay white and with closed eyes on the floor, and said gravely to him: ‘Child, your sins are forgiven.’

This unexpected remark was very startling to the delegates from the Jerusalem teachers of the sacred law, sent to keep watch of Jesus, who sat close by, and it set them to buzzing among themselves.

“‘Well, which is easier,’ said Jesus, ‘to say, “Your sins are forgiven,” or “Rise up

and walk?" But in order that you may know that the Son of Man has authority on earth even to forgive sins, I say to you,' he added, turning again to the palsied one, 'Rise and roll up your pallet and walk home.'

"And at once the man got up! He took up what he had been lying on and, when he found that he could really walk, he went out, thanking Jesus and praising God, to his own house.

"The four young men on the roof were apparently even more grateful and happy than he, and the words of praise with which Jesus continued his address were a sufficient reward to them for their unselfish faith.

"At noon people in the East generally take a nap, but Jesus, unlike his countrymen, often kept busy all day.

"He left his home later—was it to get lumber to make the needed repairs?—and went down to the beach. There by the gate that covered the highway between Damascus and the capital I sat at my tax-collecting booth, figuring up my accounts.

"You all know what is thought of men of my class. Partly because we are often dishonest, partly because we represent the hated foreigners, we are ranked with assassins and highway robbers.

" 'Matthew, follow me,' said Jesus.

"Without a word, I got up and followed him, leaving my business forever.

"I was so touched at being thus honored

that I at once invited Jesus to my house to dinner.

"It was a thoughtless and hasty idea of mine. For it was one thing to talk in the street with a man who had been a publican and it was another thing to go to his home and be his guest.

"But my Master never flinched. He stood by me.

"He turned to some curious passers who overheard.

" 'It isn't the strong and well that need a doctor,' he said to them boldly. 'It is those that are sick. It is not the pious, but the godless that I have come to win.' "

Matthew was not only an educated man, but he was a thoughtful one. He seems always to be listening, seldom speaking. And it was to no little advantage that he listened and remembered so well. For when Jesus was gone and the world was eager not to forget his words, Matthew, the only educated man among Jesus' friends, was one of the first, not only to tell, but to write down the story of his life.

In the midst of his dinner Jesus was interrupted again. A village councillor rushed in through the open door, sobbing with grief.

"O Master!" he cried. "My little daughter is even now dead. But come, place your hand upon her and she will be restored to life."

Jesus got up and hastened after him.

The crowd followed.

On the way a poor woman who was ill pressed her lips to the fluttering fringe of his garment and was cured.

In the street in front of the ruler's house the paid mourners were already chanting the sorrow of the house to the loud strains of flutes.

Within were the wailing mother and sisters.

A messenger met them to say that the child had just breathed her last. Why trouble the teacher more?

"Be of good heart," whispered Jesus with his hand in the councillor's. "Only have faith."

At the door he hushed the singers to silence.

"Why all this confusion?" he said cheerily. "The little one is not dead. She is only asleep."

Shrilly they laughed him to scorn.

He beckoned to Simon, John and James to follow him, and sent the rest away.

Together with the father and mother they came into the sick-room.

He lifted the white sheet from the closed eyes and raven hair. He took the tiny, cold hand in his.

"Little lassie!" he called, "*I am speaking to you. It is time to get up.*"

And opening her eyes as if waking in the

morning, she smiled in the face of the teacher she loved and flew to her mother's arms.

Jesus insisted that not a word of this should go farther, and then told the happy mother to be sure and give her a good supper.

Finally, evening came. The people went up on their house roofs and rested in the coolness after the sultry day. It was pleasant to hear, borne by the breeze, the sound of the surf and the songs of the fishers as they sailed home from the deep. In the usually dark and silent streets there were flashings of lanterns, the soft patter of many sandals and the sound of many voices.

For Jesus was sitting in his house door, and people came crowding to him from other places, lame and blind and epileptic. He told them also about the kingdom as he helped them all. In this work he was busy until late that night.

This was the way he planned to spend his time in Galilee.

To be to men a Friend, as God is our Friend, was his motto. X

If he could help by teaching, he would do that. If he could help by healing, then he would do that. For, indeed, his healing was only another way of teaching God's love.

So every day he gave his very best. Whatever he determined to do, even if it seemed an impossible thing, he did it with all his might.

And everywhere he was trying to find others who would love God enough and men enough to follow him and try to help do what he was doing.

Soon he began to think of these friends, as they joined him one by one, as a sort of Family of Brothers. His own brothers, now young men, were jealous of him, and, forgetting his patient care of them in their boyhood, with the rest of the Nazareth people, had turned against him.

At times they pretended to think he was crazy, and talked of having him shut up. Again they slandered him because, they said, he was keeping bad company.

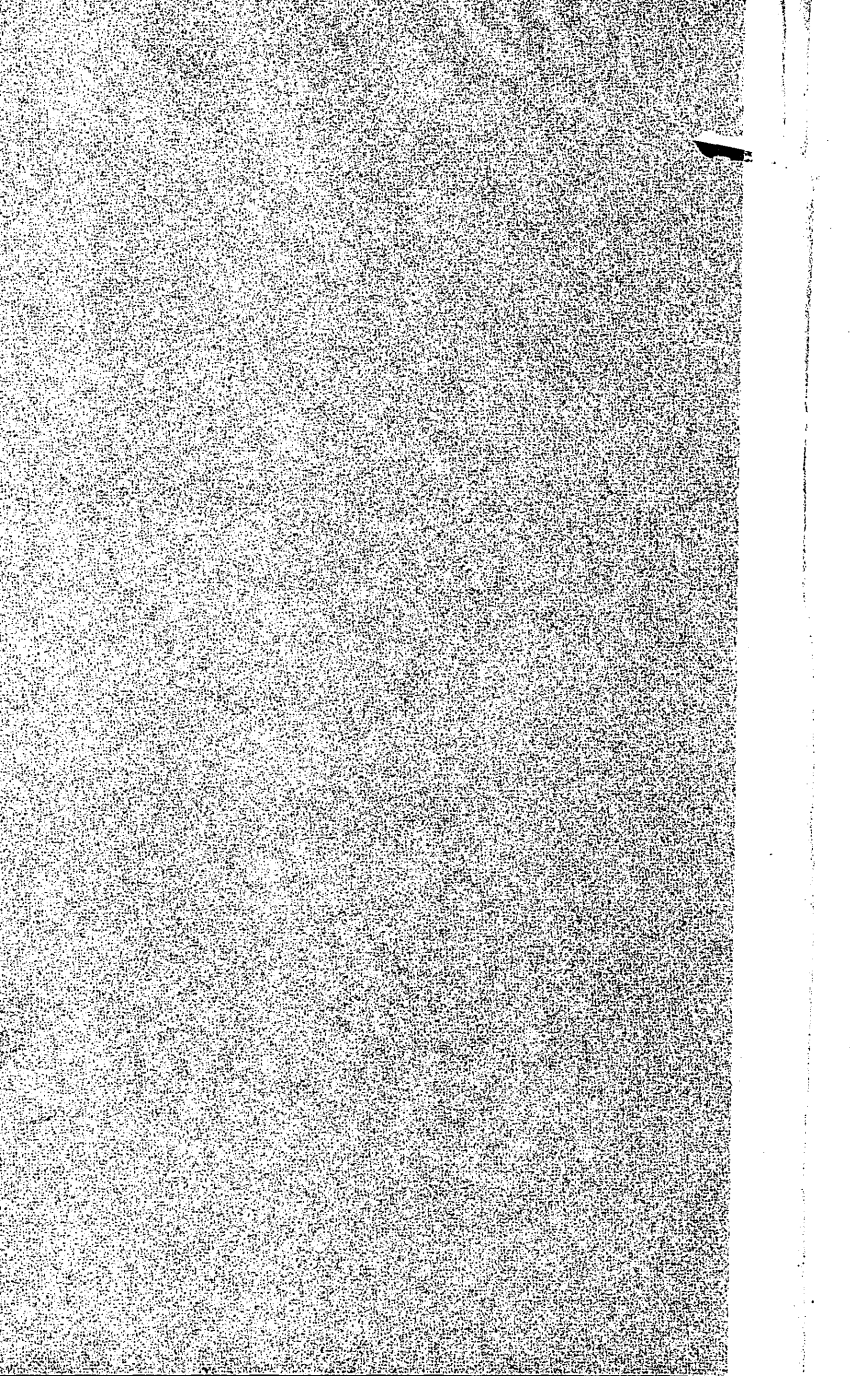
One day they came with his mother, for we know not what mean purpose.

Somebody in the crowd said, "Sir, your mother and your brothers are trying to get a chance to speak to you."

What could he do? Would he expose their meanness in public? No, he must be true to them, even if they were not true to him. Besides, his mother was there, and tho she might be deceived, she meant him nothing but good.

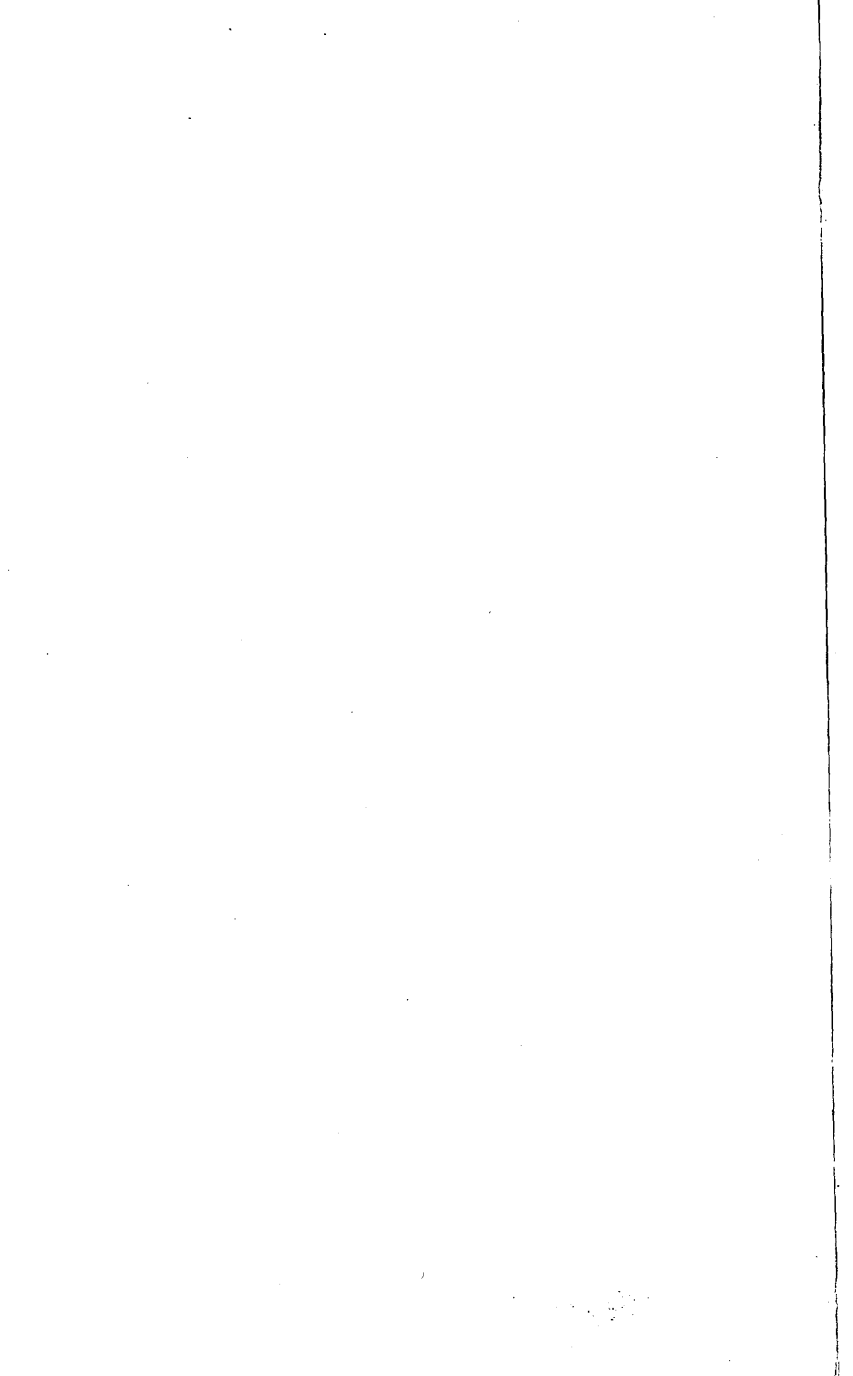
He laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder and said to him fondly, as he swept the other hand over the whole circle: "Who is a mother to me and who are brothers of mine? Here are my mother and my brothers! These that listen to God's word and do it."

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From the painting by Albert Zimmermann
CHRIST HEALING THE SICK



XI

A FAMILY OF BROTHERS

WHOM should he choose?

There is a saddle-shaped mountain* about ten miles southwest of Capernaum, where Jesus was fond of going whenever he could get a chance to be alone. Here climbing up in the cool evening, he could gather apples on the slope, drink from the brooklet that dashed down the side, and watch the birds fly home to their nests. After the sun had gone down into the great sea, he sat wrapped in his cloak, in a shelter on the eastern summit, and looked down on the quiet lake, whose waters and villages were his parish.

Here he planned how he could help this one and that one, how he might most wisely answer the hostile questions that the doctors from Jerusalem were beginning to send committees to ask him, how he could better build his kingdom. Then for a long time he would lift his heart into the atmosphere of heaven and, having received from God peace and wisdom, would fall asleep.

But this summer night he could not sleep.

* See Note 20.

All night long he was thinking over the names of the picked men of Galilee. He selected eleven.

And who should there be from Judea and Jerusalem? You know how little came of those busy weeks in that part of the country when he was helping John. The Judeans also despised the men of Galilee. Yet there must be twelve and at least one from Judea or else the new brotherhood would not stand for the whole nation, the Twelve Tribes.

A man had lately joined him who came to Capernaum clear from the southern border of the country. He was a business man, and he had said to Jesus earnestly: "*Sir, I will follow you wherever you go.*"

He was keen, ambitious, full of enthusiasm. Jesus put Judas down as the twelfth and last.

And now as early morning began to redden in the east he washed his face in the cool brook and ate his frugal breakfast of bread and broiled fish. Even while he was eating he could see a long line of people filing toward him across the valley below from the shore, and before the sun was high their bright-colored garments dotted the hillside like blossoms.

When they had all come together and had sat down, Jesus called the young men whom he had chosen, and one by one they came and stood around him.

"Simon, the Rock-Man."

The proud face of the fisherman glowed to hear himself called first.

"Here, sir."

"James and John, the Thunderers."

This was Jesus' nicknames for the two brothers, because they were so quick-tempered.

"Andrew."

This was Peter's brother.

They were all neighbors. Most of them were old-time friends. At least four of them were Jesus' own cousins. There were three pair of brothers. So they were twined and intertwined together by ties of blood and neighborhood and clan—all but Judas of Kerioth, the Judean.

There was applause from the company, varying according to the popularity of each, as one followed another to the side of Jesus. They were proud to think that the captains of their deliverer's new army were all but one to be Galileans.

When they had all been called, Jesus laid his hands upon each one and kissed him on the cheek, while the multitude bowed in prayer.

Then he sat down, his twelve friends close to him, and all the rest came near to hear what he would say.

Do you remember how the great chieftain Moses once went up on a barren mountain

and amidst its wild thunder tempests heard the law of duty?

The people must have thought of that day as they sat on this grassy hill together and heard the law of love.

While they were settling down to listen, a wild figure crept up stealthily behind them and crouched as near as he dared, close to a rock.

He was dressed in a long, tattered and dirty cloak, a soiled cloth was across his mouth, and his hair was hanging over his face, which was blotched and swollen. He was a leper.* Once he had been as strong and happy as other men, but suddenly this terrible disease had appeared like a wound upon his arm and then had spread to his whole body. He was driven forth from among men and he lived in empty tombs in the rocks. His wife left his food at the cave door every morning, but she could never come near him and he never drank from any well that touched the lips of man. His was a hopeless, living death.

He leaned over eagerly and bent his ear to hear what Jesus would say.

The subject of his talk was suggested by the joyous faces of the Twelve: "Who the Happy Are."

He said: "Happy are the people who are

* See Note 17.

teachable. They shall have the kingdom of heaven.

“Happy are the people who sorrow. They will have comforting.

“Happy are the gentle. They shall inherit the earth.”

And so he went on unto the close of those shining words which we call the Beatitudes, or “the Blessings,” closing by saying, especially to the Twelve,

“Yes, *you* are happy ones, whenever people abuse you and persecute you and say everything bad to you—untruly, and on my account. Be happy! Be glad! Because your repayment above will be exceeding great.”

One by one Jesus taught these sentences to his listeners, who thought them very strange. His way to happiness seemed a hard one.

But over behind the rock the poor leper was shedding tears of gladness. It was such as he who could realize what Jesus meant.

When the lesson was over, all the people began to stir about. The Twelve, who were hereafter known by him as “Disciples,” or Learners, and “Apostles,” or Messengers, led the way down the steep path.

As they turned a corner they saw a figure crouching by the way.

A horrible, broken voice moaned, “Unclean! Unclean!”

It was the leper.

He was obliged by law to warn people of his presence. The Twelve stepped nimbly over on the grass to go around him. But Jesus saw that his being in the pathway meant that he was waiting for him.

Jesus went clear up to him.

"My son," he said kindly, "what would you like of me?"

"Sir," answered the leper in a whisper, "if you are willing, you are able to heal me."

Jesus was touched with pity at the wretchedness of the sufferer. The Twelve were horrified to see Jesus put his hands on the leper's shoulders and cry out, "I will! Be thou clean."

Such acts as these perplexed everyone. After touching such men Jesus was always obliged to remain in quarantine for several days. Nobody could understand why he did not cure the wretches from a distance. But to him it seemed that such people, who were entirely forsaken and abhorred by all men, could not feel that God had come near them in any other way quite so well as to have the touch of the hand of a friend.

After this hilltop talk the Twelve lived with Jesus. James and John had little opportunity to fish any more, and they gave their fishing boats over to their father, Simon and Andrew used theirs as a sort of ferry for Jesus in his tours about the lake, Matthew and Judas had left their account books to their

successors and, instead, Judas was made treasurer of the small savings of the Twelve.

Fancy one of the Twelve describing those days later:

“Sometimes we all went together, Jesus walking ahead with Simon Peter or John or James, and the rest of us following along the footpath behind. In such a case we shared together the pot-luck of the day, sometimes buying food, sometimes catching it with hook or net, oftener being the guests of various people, who were glad to have such a noted rabbi as their guest. Jesus had one singular rule: He never refused an invitation. It might be a nobleman, a doctor of laws, or a man or woman who was very poor—never mind; if that person wanted Jesus, Jesus wanted him. He was even at times the guest of thieves and villains.

“He was not always teaching the people. Sometimes he would rest for several days in some quiet nook beside the lake and engage in friendly talk with us, or help us discuss the next week’s work. Often he would change his plans entirely when some needy person called on him for help, or, again, he would lead us suddenly, without any apparent cause, to some far-off, lonely village, like Nain,* or Cana, where it would always strangely turn out that somebody was in sore trouble.

“There was also a company of good women

* See Note 21.

down by the lake, including the wife of the king's butler, the mother of the little girl whom he had healed and one Mary of Magdala, a noblewoman whom he had cured of insanity, who supplied our company with food and mended our clothes. When the weather was pleasant and the distances were not too great, some of our kinswomen, such as Simon Peter's wife, and Salome, the mother of John and James, and Mary, the mother of Jude and the other James, would walk with us, and at times young people would follow along. For they liked to hear his stories, and he was ready, as the teachers of the law had been when he was a boy, to answer their questions.

"We began now also to go out in pairs. This matter Jesus managed with much skill. He sent us two by two, so that we might cheer each other up and so that one might succeed if the other failed. The three pairs of brothers he sent together. To doubtful Thomas he gave as a helper reliable Matthew, and he gave to Judas of Kerioth, or Iscariot, to strengthen his loyalty, Simon the Zealot, a member of a hot-headed party that was working for a bloody revolution.

" 'Don't you go to foreigners. Don't go into Samaria. Just go to the lost sheep of Israel's fold,' he said to us.

" 'Remember, I am sending you out like sheep amongst wolves. They may bring you into court and flog you. Every man may hate

you. But those who persevere to the end will succeed. And before you have gone through the towns of Israel I shall come to meet you.'

"So we started. We went in light marching order. No extra shoes or overcoats, not even a walking-stick. When we came to a town we inquired for a God-fearing man, engaged hospitality with him and lodged at his house until we left town. If a man would not take us in or the people of a village would not listen to us, we quietly went to the next. We said to everybody, 'The Kingdom is drawing near!' We told people everywhere the stories we had heard Jesus tell, we taught the Blessings to those who would listen, and we anointed sick folk with oil and prayed beside them, as Jesus had showed us how to do.

"It was quite different to try to interest or attract strangers when Jesus was not present. It was winter when we started. We waded through the snows and faced the fierce winds of the highlands. We plodded through the thick mud of Esdraelon. We were often hungry, shelterless, abused. But we kept on, telling the Good News and comforting those who were in trouble, because the Master had told us to do so and because we hoped that in some way, we did not know how, all this was going to help bring in the Kingdom.

"And it all came out just as Jesus had said. As a matter of fact, we were not arrested on this journey. Whenever one of us was in

perplexity, Jesus would manage to be near. Often we all came back to him to tell our adventures. And when it was all over we saw that it had been the happiest springtime of our lives, for we had been helping our people to love our Hero and our Friend."

XII

THE MARTYRED HERO

WHILE these sunny days are passing, we must not forget John the prophet.

In the Roman king's stone prison on those far-off crags east of the Dead Sea his heart was breaking.

The way of his imprisonment was this:

The whole family of these kings, the Herods, was a bad lot. This especial one, Herod Antipas, was both weak and wicked. He had deserted his wife and stolen off with Herodias, the wife of his brother, who was also his niece.

John never minced matters. When people asked him what he thought of this adulterous act, he said, "It is a sin for him to have her!" Herodias heard of what he had been saying, and she persuaded her husband that John was getting ready to start revolt and that he would be safer in jail.

The king was very anxious to meet his famous prisoner, and when he saw the gigantic hermit he was much taken with him.

Night after night, when the noisy revelries of the palace were still, he called him into his

council room and had long talks with him, and it became a sort of dreary comfort to John to find that the king often accepted his advice.

But the news that came to John of the doings of Jesus perplexed and discouraged him, and the thought of his own helplessness made him pace his cell as a lion does his cage.

"Why doesn't Jesus announce the kingdom? Why doesn't he gather an army to my rescue? Why does he forsake Judea and spend his time at ease among those worthless Galileans? Is he really the Christ, anyway?"

John was allowed to have a few visitors, and one day when two of his old followers were with him, he ordered them to go to Jesus and ask him what he was about.

When they found Jesus, the contrast between John's prison cell and the freedom and joy that accompanied Jesus was surely startling. They determined to stay with him for a few days, so as to report all he did.

One occurrence especially impressed them.

Jesus and his friends were invited to a dinner at the house of a man named Simon, who was a member of a sect of stern Puritans, who called themselves Separatists or Pharisees. These men, like the law teachers, were getting more and more suspicious of Jesus.

The dinner was an elaborate one, but Jesus had been invited as an exhibit for Simon's guests, and Simon offered him none of the

customary courtesies. More than that, he tried to discredit him.

It was a Roman custom to send female slaves around the room to anoint the hair and feet of the guests as they reclined on the long couches.

These slaves were living lives of shame. "If Jesus is a real prophet," thought Simon to himself, "he will know what kind of a person she is, and he will not allow her to touch him. If he does allow her, we shall be able to declare that he is no prophet."

The woman went quietly about her task as the meal went on. When she came to Jesus and knelt down by his feet, it came over her that she was touching the body of one who had never known a stain of sin. Her heart was broken with grief. She kept on at the task, but Jesus could feel her tears falling silently upon his feet.

The Pharisee meantime was chuckling and nudging those about him in triumph.

"Simon," said Jesus at length from the foot of the table, "I would like to speak to you."

"Pray do, Rabbi," said Simon condescendingly.

"Once there were two people who were in debt to a money-lender. One owed twelve million dollars, the other seventeen. As they could neither of them pay him, he forgave them both their debts. Which of them, do

you suppose, will feel the greater love for him?"

"Why," said Simon, puzzled, "I would think the one to whom he forgave the greater debt."

"Precisely," answered Jesus.

Then turning gently toward the woman he continued:

"You see this woman here. I came into your house. You did not give me any water for my feet, but she has wet them with her tears and dried them with her hair. No kiss of greeting did you give me, but she, since I sat here, has not ceased to kiss my feet. You did not sprinkle even my head with oil, but she with perfume has covered my feet."

"And," he said, smiling upon her, "you may be sure she is greatly forgiven, because she has loved greatly." And as she went away, he added, "My blessing go with you."

"But, Simon," he added sternly, "those have been forgiven little who love but little."

And rising up, he left Simon and his companions, saying in frightened wonder,

"Who is He—this One who is even forgiving sins?"

Then the stern friends of John, who had been waiting for him and who were naturally rather angry that he should seem to be lounging at a feast while their leader was in jail, stopped him.

"John the Baptizer has sent us to you, sir,

to ask: 'Are you the Coming One after all, or are we to look for someone else?' "

Jesus made no reply at once. The people who were in trouble were already crowding the strangers away. After an hour, when he had helped them all, he came over to where John's bewildered friends were standing.

"Go back to John and report to him what you have just noticed and heard—the blind are regaining their sight, the lame are walking, the lepers are being healed, and the poor have the Glad Message told to them. And tell John: Happy is the man who will keep faith with me."

"What do you think of John?" asked one of the fishermen of Jesus when these delegates had gone.

"What did you go into the desert to see?"

"A reed waving in the wind?"

"If not, what did you go out to see?"

"A man clad in rich clothing? Ah, but those live in kings' palaces. (Not in kings' dungeons.)

"What then did you go to see?"

"A prophet!" you say.

"Yes, indeed! more than a prophet. There is no one born of woman greater than John!

"And yet," he added to those who heard this enthusiastic eulogy. "When I think of what you are hearing and seeing, a little boy in heaven's kingdom seems to me greater than he."

We do not know what John said when he received Jesus' message. It was plain what Jesus' words meant. "If I am doing God's work, am I not doing his will? What matter the results?" His own noble heart answered to that appeal, for had he not done the right, careless of the result! And when he listened to that final challenge, "Happy is he who will keep faith with me," his figure straightened and his eyes glowed with resolve.

He might not fully understand Jesus, but he could be true to him.

You will read far in your histories before you will find a more heroic figure than his. Day by day his mighty brain was gaining dominion over the weak mind of the besotted king. If he would consent to ignore the sin with Herodias, power, freedom, glory were his. Perhaps he would become prime minister, even king. He did not need even to alter his own opinion. All he had to do was to keep silent on the subject.

But he would not do it. He would not honor the woman with a look when she swept through the palace corridors, and if the king ever mentioned her name he would roar out at once, "It is a sin for you to have her!"

This—for he knew her cruel fury—meant death.

She watched like a tigress for the hour when she could crush him.

Never were the gayeties at that old stone

palace so constant as now. Each day had a new form of pleasure, which lasted late into the night. The king, sated or tired, almost forgot his captive.

A holiday had closed with an all-night banquet. The king and his guests were heavy with wine. The entertainment had already been varied and entrancing. The hour was late.

Suddenly the curtains parted at the end of the room, opposite the throne. The music crashed and then was still.

A little girl was standing alone in the open space, graceful, slender, shy. It was the queen's only child.

The guests, among whom were some Jewish chieftains from Galilee, were flattered by this unusual honor done them, and hailed her with a cheer.

The torches were brought into a half-circle about her, and she began to dance.

She was full of health and life and as graceful as a fawn. Her Roman teacher would have been proud of her. They had seen hired women dancers already that night, but to watch this little innocent was like coming suddenly upon some wild creature in the woods at play.

As he saw how she was pleasing his guests, the king looked at her with proud love. When she finished amid a storm of applause, he called her, and she ran to his arms.

"What present must I give you, little one?" he said fondly. "Name it now and you shall have it, if it be even a share of the kingdom."

"Let me ask mother," she answered joyously, and she ran out.

Her mother had been all the time just behind the curtains.

There was a moment's waiting. Then the mother came in leading her daughter. Evidently the little girl did not want that for which her mother had ordered her to ask.

But the mother insisted.

"Give me," at last she said almost sobbing, "the head—of—John—here—at once, on a silver tray."

Hideous boon!

The great room grew still.

The king was sobered. The horrible woman had tricked him.

Should he rise and disown the thoughtless, fatal promise?

But she held him with her pitiless eyes. The company was watching.

She was the stronger.

He shook himself, gave a hoarse laugh of shame, and made a sign to his executioner.

In a trice the ghastly head, its long hair dripping with blood, glowered on the silver tray, and was placed by a kneeling slave before the shrinking, frightened child.

Herod was never again the same man.

The gray stone palace seemed ever haunted

by the ghost of John and it was soon deserted. When he heard of Jesus in the far north moving here and there with what seemed supernatural power and influence he shrieked out, "Who is this that I hear such things of? It is John, whom I murdered! He has risen from his grave!"

And Revenge, as well as Remorse, did not forget him.

The father of his lawful wife overcame him in battle. When the woman who had been his ruin influenced him to go to Rome to ask Cæsar for a royal crown, Cæsar discovered his shameful record, deprived him of his throne, and drove him into lonely exile.

John's friends took up his broken body and gave it burial. Then, homeless, friendless, they came and followed Jesus.

XIII

REJECTED

BEFORE they arrived the news reached Jesus and the Twelve.

The Twelve were dumbfounded.

It was as when a man wakes from sweet sleep and dreams, to find a brigand at his throat.

Their summer's dream was over.

They had been sure of John's release, because they felt that Herod did not dare to brave the anger of his people by killing their hero. And now his corpse was stretched, as it were, across the very doorway of the new kingdom.

And if John, why not Jesus?

If Jesus, which of themselves next?

Jesus was not taken by surprise. He had known since his days in the desert that it could not often be summer sunshine in his life. He was ready.

Still his great heart was torn with grief. The strong giant, his boyhood's hero, was fallen. That fearless face was still, that voice of duty was hushed forever. The man who

had unselfishly helped him when he began his work could never help him again.

Late that evening, John's shattered followers arrived.

Before sunrise Jesus called at each home and awakened his friends from their troubled sleep.

"Come," he cried, "let us get away, before people are up, to some lonely spot by ourselves, and rest awhile."

It was a welcome word. Simon and John and the other fishermen cleaned out the sailboat, the others got breakfast, and soon they were off.*

There were perhaps about sixteen aboard as they stole quietly from the Capernaum shore, Jesus and the Twelve, the two friends of John, and a boy, Simon Peter's son, perhaps, who had slipped on under the shelter of Jesus and who sat with him at the tiller. Jesus was fond of boys, and one or more of them was very likely to be found wherever he was.

They had been together in Galilee nearly a year now, and the springtime had come again. They made an easterly course with a fair wind, and as they drew near the solitary beach,† the green hill-slopes, dotted with wild flowers, and the thick shade of the trees by the water looked very pleasant. They had eaten their lunch on the water, because they had

*See Note 22.

† See Note 23.

planned a walk up into the country and wished to carry nothing with them. About sunset they expected to return, and by dark they would be home to supper.

But, as usual, they were interrupted.

The boat was hardly drawn up safely on the sand before they heard voices along the shore and saw white garments moving among the trees.

Within an hour one of the largest companies which Jesus ever met had surrounded him. They had seen his boat on the lake, and they had hurried around the shore to overtake him. There was always a crowd now in Galilee wherever Jesus was known to be, but the presence in the town of a great many pilgrims on their way to the Passover from foreign lands would account for this unusual and restless concourse. And, as in most congregations that gathered around Jesus, the proportion of men was unusually great.

Jesus pressed back his private grief and his disappointment, and even walked up to meet and welcome them as if they had been invited guests. He could see at a glance that most of them were entire strangers to him. It was not a congregation of believers. It was a rabble.

The busy, wearying day dragged on. From one noisy group to another he went, telling the Good News of his kingdom and healing the sick. As fast as one company departed,

another came in. There was not a moment to stop, even to eat.

The crowd was restless. It appeared that they were in the mood of demanding something. The death of John had changed them entirely. The feeling of loving reverence which he had always met in Galilee was all gone. These men seemed to think now that Jesus was about to escape or deceive them, and that they must force him to declare the date when he would seize his kingdom. His teachings during the day left them dissatisfied and uneasy.

"Oh, we have heard all this before," one was heard to murmur. "It is nothing but love and peace and goodness. What has all this to do with our kingdom? And now John is dead and Herod has gotten his courage again, and, unless a leader arises, we shall all feel the tyrant's power more than ever."

Jesus knew all they were thinking.

As the heat of the day grew intense, and the people got weary, they became even more restless. They were hungry as well as tired.

"Send them off," the Twelve kept urging Jesus. "It is getting dark. There is no food here. Let them separate to the villages and farmhouses about here and get lodging and victuals."

"We don't need to send them away. You feed them," said Jesus.

"We?" answered Philip.

"Yes," said Jesus, "where can you buy bread, so that they may all eat?"

"Buy?" said Philip. A place to buy was out of the question, but the cost was even more impossible. "It will take at least thirty-five dollars' worth of bread, and then no one will have more than a morsel."

"Nevertheless, it is for you to feed them," insisted Jesus. "How many loaves have you?"

Now that boy had stayed close to Jesus all day, helping sick people to secure his attention, and repeating over again Jesus' sayings to those that were deaf or did not hear. Sometime he intended to be a disciple himself. The story is, that he became one later and grew to be a bishop, and that his name was Theophorus, "one who carries God in his heart." When he heard Jesus ask this question he was off like a flash and rummaging under the boat seats.

When he came back with the little bundle of lunch that had been left over, his uncle, Andrew, stopped him and asked him what he was doing. Then he turned to Jesus in apology:

"The boy here, sir, says he has five barley loaves and two herrings. But what are these among so many people?"

"Order the men to sit down in companies," said Jesus.

The Twelve arranged the entire crowd in

groups, like military companies, and I dare say many of the men regarded this as the beginning of the organized military movement of the new revolution.

But when they were all quiet he asked the blessing and the meal began. How he did it nobody knows, but he gave bread and fish to the disciples and they carried food to the crowd.

It was Passover time, the nation's birthday. He was going away from them, it is true, but not to escape or forsake them. He knew they would not let him stay. But before he went, he wanted them all to sit down as his guests at a feast which should mark the birth of the new nation, the Kingdom of Human Brotherhood. Ancient Israel had been fed thus by God. So should the new Kingdom have its beginning, an out-of-doors festival for all the people.

Can you not seem to see that great multitude on the hillslope? They looked—so Peter many years later told his friend John Mark, who wrote one of the accounts of this day—in their garments of scarlet and yellow and blue, against the background of the grass, like great flower-beds. Can you see Jesus standing in their midst, with his arm on his boy-friend's shoulder, like the father of his people?

They sat facing the sunset, and even as they were eating they saw the sun drop down be-

hind the mountain beyond the lake, whereon he had taught them the Blessings. In the clear evening light they could discern, clear across those waters, which the wind was now tossing into surge, the white villages, where were their homes, and where Jesus had so often visited them. And they did not know that this mountain and those villages would not see him any more before his death.

The generous feast stirred their excitement beyond control. Like us they did not know whence he had furnished this bounty. The fragments Jesus was already dividing among the poorest for to-morrow. How fine to have a Bread-king, who would thus feed them every day! No more work, no more poverty, no more taxes! And they crowded around him shouting wildly, "Our king! Hail to the king!"

Jesus smiled sadly, but shook his head.

The disciples were as excited as the others. Judas Iscariot said to him passionately, "Sir, you will throw away a great opportunity unless you act at once." Simon Peter was hardly less urgent, tho more self-controlled. Jesus quietly forced the Twelve into their boat first, because he saw that he could never master the mob until they were away.

Then he turned back to the crowd. Those who came by boat he reminded that a storm was coming and that they could not make too much haste home. To those who had wives

and children with them he suggested the perils of the darkness, and got them started reluctantly upon the pathway back. Thinking they could persuade him in the morning, even the leaders, recognizing the dangers he pointed out, consented to leave him for the night.

And when the darkness had shut down and the winds were abroad, and the stars were clear and sharp in the cloudless sky, Jesus was left on the hillside alone.

XIV

THE MEN HE MIGHT HAVE HAD

THE temptations of the desert had come back again: "Use the loaves to help your own success," and "The kingdoms of this world are yours, if you will only fall down and worship Satan."

This time the world itself was urging him to yield. "Be our king!" it cried. "We need you!"

But the inner Voice said, No.

The next day was the Sabbath, and he walked into the little stone meeting-house in Capernaum, which a pious Roman captain had built, and gave them his decision. The place was crowded, for they were all looking for him. Jesus was as calm as if nothing had happened. He was even smiling. He came as their neighbor, not as their king.

"You want me," he said, "not because I showed you a token of God's love, but because you ate my loaves and were no longer hungry."

"But," they cried, "our fathers had manna to eat in the desert." They remembered this, as Americans remember Bunker Hill. Over

the front door of this very meeting-house was carved a pot of manna.

"Yes," he said gently, "but it was not Moses that gave you heavenly bread. Our heavenly Father it is that gives you the real Bread from Heaven."

"Then, Master," they all said hungrily, "give us real bread always."

Just so, you remember the lazy Samaria woman had said, "Give me that living water, so I shall not have to come to draw."

"That Bread of Life am I," said Jesus. "Those who come to me will never be hungry, those who believe in me will never be thirsty forever more."

"You!" they cried incredulously. "Isn't this Jesus, Joseph's son?" they said to each other. "How is it that he says he came down from heaven?"

As long as Jesus offered his gifts they were glad, but when he offered himself they refused the best of all gifts.

And from this time most of the people of Capernaum, his home, and gradually of all Galilee, turned against him. Great numbers that had followed him here and there were no longer seen in his company.

Jesus knew it would be so. But he loved the Galileans and it grieved him.

"Do you, too, want to leave me?" he said to his Twelve one day.

"Whom should we go to?" asked Peter.

"But don't you *want* to go?"

"No, Master," answered Peter stoutly, disappointed tho he was at Jesus' action across the lake, "it is you who have the words that give us life."

"But," said Jesus sadly, thinking of what Judas had said the night before, "altho I chose the twelve of you, yet even of you one is an enemy."

Then he told his friends to load their haversacks full, for they were to start on a long journey.

Again he said good-by to his mother, for this was to be a half-year's absence. He spoke a kindly farewell to his brothers, who were now living in their own homes. But I am afraid they did not answer him cordially.

They regarded themselves as the religious ones of the family. They were going to Jerusalem to the Passover feast and they probably thought it very sinful that he should be tramping off in just the opposite direction.

Northwestward he led the Twelve into the mountains of upper Galilee. They wondered at him, as day by day they went farther from home, and finally passed the boundary line of their country and were over in Phenicia.

It was getting into the summer, but the walking was pleasant on the wind-swept tablelands and in the shadowed ravines.

They covered two hundred miles that summer.

They visited Tyre and Sidon, those magnificent old capitals of that heroic race, which, like sea gulls, had swept every sea and touched the shore only to find nests for their young.

They looked with amazement at the crowded masts in the harbor of Tyre* and the heaps of varied merchandise along the wharves from every country under heaven. They stood face to face with black Moors, tawny Egyptians, dark-eyed Spaniards, and a race they had never seen before—the flaxen-haired Saxons. They walked upon the cliffs of Sidon and looked beyond its temples and royal tombs, its groves and gardens and its fisheries of the purple limpet, far over the blue sea, whose waters, they knew, swept Greece and Rome and Africa and the Pillars of Hercules, and met the great ocean beyond the setting sun, where lay the fabled islands of the Hesperides and the lost continent of Atlantis.

The Jews are not good sailors, but these fishermen found fine company in those old salts who lounged on the quays and who told such fascinating tales of the sights in far-off lands. In the excitement of these novel experiences, I presume that, like boys who first see the ocean, they longed to take one long voyage to make such discoveries for themselves.

This was just what Jesus wanted when he brought them to these foreign shores. Not

* See Note 24.

only would he have them forget the disappointments of Galilee, but he wanted them to begin to listen with sympathy, even with admiration, to the thoughts of other races, so that when they themselves became his messengers to other lands they would be able to deal with their peoples with wisdom and understanding.

Already, while his influence among his own people was growing less, the dauntless Commander was planning his world-wide campaign.

But it was not easy to accomplish this. The fishermen were very willing to admire the courage of these deep-sea sailors, but when it came to religion, they regarded them as only "dogs." That was the word they used for all foreigners. It had always been a matter of special displeasure to them that when some of these Tyrians had come to Jesus in Capernaum he had received them so kindly and taught them patiently.

One story only is told us to prove how ingenious Jesus was in showing the Twelve their own narrow-mindedness, by letting them see the nobility and sweetness of nature of the very people whom they despised.

One day he was resting in a Tyrian lodging house. His wonderful teachings had already made him so well known that he could not be hid. It was a woman who found him out, the first who had needed bodily help. She was

not of the noble Phenicians, she was of the old aboriginal Canaanite race, that had settled the land before the Jews did, just as the Indians did our own country. But she was an intelligent woman, even able to use the Greek language.

She had come in behalf of her little daughter, who was insane. Jesus determined to let this be a test of the human sympathy of his friends.

"Have pity, my lord!" she cried.

But he deliberately turned away from her and left the house.

The poor woman followed him, begging earnestly for his help. Surely the disciples would entreat him, out of mere human kindness, to comfort her.

But no. They were pleased that he ignored this "heathen," and they even urged him to send her away.

"Lord, help me!" she shrieked in despair.

Jesus had overheard some of the conversation that his friends had been having with the Tyrian sailors, in the course of which Peter in his blunt fisherlike way had told the Tyrians that they were only the street dogs that roamed outside the households where the true children of God had their home.

So he quoted Peter to the woman.

"I have been sent," he said, as he turned back to her, "only to the wandering sheep of Israel's fold. Let the children have enough

first, for it is not fair to take the children's loaf and throw it to the household puppies."

Was there a twinkle in his eye as he spoke, or did she notice that he did not speak of her race coarsely as homeless street dogs, but as the pets which the Tyrians kept in their houses?

With keen mother wit she answered, "Yes, Lord, but the puppies often feed on the scraps that fall from their Owner's table!"

Ah, that was a keen answer! "Dogs" they might be, but God was the Owner and Maker of them all.

"Well said!" cried Jesus with hearty pleasure. "What splendid faith! Let it be as you will. Go home. Your daughter is well."

Splendid faith indeed!

The only other time he had ever been able to use such warm terms of praise had been a few days before in Capernaum. And then it was to another foreigner.

The captain of the Roman city guard, the man who had built the Jews their meeting-house, had a favorite slave, a boy, who was sick.

He sent by the officers of the Jewish church to Jesus this message:

"Sir, my man-servant is lying ill at my house with a stroke of paralysis, and is suffering terribly."

Even the Jews in this instance urged him to come, for they said, "The man really de-

serves your favors, for he is devoted to our nation and he built us our meeting-house.”

Jesus started at once to his home. But when he was close by, the captain sent out one of his own friends with another message:

“Sir,” he said, “I am not of importance enough for you to come under my roof. That, indeed, is the reason why I did not think myself fit to come to you. Just say the word and the boy will get well. For I know how it is: I myself, a man under the orders of others, have soldiers under mine, and if I say to one, ‘Go!’ he goes, and to another, ‘Do this!’ he does it.”

It was then that Jesus had exclaimed again: “Splendid faith! Never in any Israelite have I met with faith like that.”

Jesus insisted on meeting this gallant soldier, and after praising him warmly he said, as he did to this Tyrian woman, “Go home, sir. It shall be according to your faith.”

I can seem to see Jesus standing on the cliffs of Tyre that summer evening looking across the great sea and murmuring to himself what he had said in Capernaum regarding that Roman captain:

“Many will come some day from the West as well as from the East and take their places at table beside Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, while the heirs of the kingdom will be banished into the darkness outside.”

Such were the men he might have had, and as he gazed toward Greece and Rome and the nations beyond, did not the temptation come to leave his own bigoted countrymen and carry his Gospel himself to the outer world that needed him and seemed so ready to welcome him? Did he foresee clearly then that the march of his kingdom was to be ever westward, and that the language of Greece, the throne of Rome, the heart of the Saxon, yea, of their children, the Saxons of the undiscovered America beyond the seas, would be subdued beneath the sway of his Gospel?

You will hear it said that Jesus was no patriot.

The best answer to that is his next action. Deliberately he turned his back on these opportunities in other countries which were so attractive and hopeful. Back again he went to try to help his own people, who he knew had rejected him, and were beginning to hate him.

First he led his friends eastward through the deep gorge of the rushing Leontes River, up over the Alpine range of the Lebanon, to where on some clear September day they looked down the long eastern slopes to Damascus, the Treasure City of the East, the Queen of the Desert.

Mohammed, you remember, likewise once looked down on this same city, and sighing, "Man can have but one Paradise—mine is

not here," turned away. So Jesus turned from this earthly Paradise toward his own people.

Still he lingered, as long as the impatience of his followers would let him, among foreign places.

He had, as the map shows, been bounding a great circle in this journey. He completed its circumference by passing southward along the curve of it that lies east of the Jordan.

Beginning at the north with Damascus and reaching southward east of the Jordan, there was a group of important cities which had formed a federation for defence against invaders. They were called The League of the Ten Cities, or The Decapolis.

They were mostly Greek towns. The beautiful ruins of their pillared temples and forums are still seen to-day.

Jesus had the rare accomplishment of knowing the Greek tongue, having picked it up with much pains when a youth at Nazareth.

Do you remember the giant whom Jesus delivered and sent as a missionary through their region, his native land? Bravely and well had he done his work, and so when Jesus himself came among these people he received a cordial welcome.

But the Twelve were not interested in these foreign folk, and at length, in the early fall, he brought them home to their friends in Capernaum.

XV

THE KING IS SEEN IN HIS GLORY

ALL this time the foes of Jesus had been gathering.

Who were they?

Not the Galileans. They had refused his teachings because he would not lead them in revolution. But they wished him no harm.

Not the Samaritans, for he was the only Jew who had ever dared to be their friend.

Not the Judeans, for they had met him only during the few weeks while he was helping John.

His foes were at the capital.

Those law-teachers and priests hated him because he had attacked their unlawful and tyrannous traffic in the temple courts. They were afraid he would rob them of all their ill-gotten gains.

The Pharisees, Jewish Puritans, hated him because he would not obey all the petty and foolish ceremonies with which they had overloaded the Old Testament law. Why, they even objected because Jesus rubbed the heads of wheat off the stalk with his fingers when he was walking through the fields on Sabbath

afternoons, because they said it was work. Grinding grain, they called it! And when people in suffering were brought to him on Sunday they were horrified because he relieved their pain at once.

Jesus once drew from his experience as a carpenter a humorous illustration to show these men how ridiculous it appeared for them to make so much of little things, when they had entirely forgotten about the great things.

“Why,” said he, “do you scrutinize so particularly the splinter in your brother’s eye, and pay no attention at all to the *timber* that is in your own eye? How can you say to your brother, ‘Brother, let me assist you to get rid of that splinter in your eye,’ while you yourself do not even see the timber in yours? Out with that timber from your own eye first! Then you can see clearly enough to take the splinter from your brother’s eye.”

The Sadducees, aristocratic free-thinkers, many of them priests, who had always been opposed to the Pharisees, agreed with them for once in hating Jesus, because he stood up for the poor and because his teachings threatened their positions of privilege.

Now the power of Israel was in its capital, Jerusalem. So here the wealth and strength and leadership of the nation were at this time gradually uniting to crush this one innocent man.

We read to-day of "graft" and greed and political corruption in our American cities. Did you ever think that those three were the monsters that, so long ago, brought Jesus Christ to his death?

Jesus knew they would accomplish it.

Such a fate could be resisted by organizing the country people against his foes, but that would mean civil war. Back in the desert he had decided to conquer men's hearts, not their bodies.

It could be prevented by turning to some other country, where multitudes were ready to receive him. But this he felt would be cowardice in deserting his trust.

He could keep on as before, fighting for the few who would accept in their hearts his kingdom of love to God and service for man.

That meant death.

We have seen Jesus as the gentleman, the friend, the helper of those in trouble. But he was more. He was "God's man," obeying God's Voice, trying to be to men what God is, to show our Father's full love to his children. Love costs. And in doing God's will, Jesus must pay the utmost cost. Because he loved men, he must die for them. Every step toward Jerusalem was a step toward death.

And yet he would take them, every one.

Even in the desert the right way had seemed dark and dangerous. Now it was no longer dark. It was deadly.

Almost any man will dare a heroic death if he is brought suddenly into a great emergency. The very need of instant action leaves no time for fear.

The greatest hero is he who sees death far ahead, knows he can escape it if he chooses, thinks of it day after day, and then deliberately walks on and meets it face to face.

This is what Jesus did.

He started now from Capernaum, as soon as he could get the Twelve away. And this time they went north again, up the Jordan valley, to Herod Philip's Cæsarea,* the new northern capital which the king of the north country had builded upon the very shoulder of lofty Mount Hermon. It was a city of true Roman magnificence, at the northern outpost of Israel and the sources of the Jordan.

On the way he taught the village people, who, like those east of the river, were largely of foreign descent.

He stopped one day to rest in the shade. He was seated on a mossy stone. His friends were reclining around him. It was peaceful and still under those mighty cedars. The world seemed far away. Suddenly Jesus made it seem very near again.

"By the way," he said, "who do people outside say that I am?"

That question must have been asked in the hearing of these twelve men a thousand times,

* See Note 25.

if it had been once, during the past two years.

Do you know, it is a question that is usually answered easily enough. Did any one ask, "Who is Herod Philip?" instantly the answer would be, "He is king of the north country." "Who is Herod Antipas?" "King of Galilee and Perea." "Caiaphas?" "He is our high priest." Even "Who is Simon Peter?" "Why, he is a fisherman of Capernaum."

But who is Jesus?

People could not agree.

The Twelve reported what they were saying.

"Some say, John the Baptizer."

"Some say, Elijah."

"And some, Jeremiah."

"And others say, Another one of the old prophets, perhaps Moses, come back again."

"But what do you say?" insisted Jesus.

There was a long pause.

Had they not wrestled together over this question during all the months that they had walked behind Jesus over those northern hillslopes? Had they not been forced to dismiss one after another of these popular answers? What did they have in their place? Did they all agree?

Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot had joined Jesus because they believed he would lead an insurrection against Rome. His cousins James and Jude had hoped to advance

their own prospects in life by the good fortunes of their distinguished relative. John and the older James, altho they were truly his friends, also hoped for high offices in the new kingdom they expected he was about to establish. Andrew believed in him because of what the prophet John had said about him, and his brother, Simon Peter, believed in him because he had learned to love him. Matthew and Nathaniel and Thomas were perfectly unselfish in their devotion. They trusted him, but they did not understand him.

You get out of patience with the Twelve because they were so slow to believe what we all believe now about Jesus. But we have to remember—what might not be true of you and me, if we were in their places—that even when they did not believe, *they stood by him!*

Jesus was waiting for their answer.

Finally, Simon, who had paused, not to be more certain, but to make his words more plain, said solemnly,

“You are the Christ, the Son of the Living God!”

Jesus grasped him eagerly by the hand. To find a man who understood him gave him the gladdest moment of his life.

“Happy man!” he exclaimed, “Simon, son of Jonah. You did not get this from men. This came to you from my heavenly Father. And I will tell *you* again who you are. You are the Man like Rock, and upon such rock

(the carpenter is speaking) I will build my church, and the Powers of Death shall never overcome it! And to you, Peter, I give the keys. You shall be Chancellor of the Kingdom."

But a rock can be something else beside a good foundation stone.

That very day Jesus went on to tell them all what end he foresaw for himself as the close of his work for men: those law-teachers and the priests and the Pharisees would conspire against him in Jerusalem, and there he must die.

As they all started on, Peter, who was walking beside him, drew Jesus to him and began to remonstrate with him. The new Chancellor thought he might as well give his king a little wise counsel. His loving heart, too, could not bear this terrible fear.

"God help you, Master!" he said in broken tones, "That shall never be your fate."

Weakness of soul is not to be borne even from one's staunchest friend.

He swung Peter's hand from his shoulder, and, turning, flashed upon him this sentence:

"Out of my way, Tempter! Now you are a stumbling-stone to me. You look at things in man's way, not in God's."

It was a hard moment for Jesus when the voice of his strongest friend was raised against his great decision.

He called the others up to where they two

were standing, and said sternly, "If a man wants to go always where I go, he must renounce self, and take up his Cross every day, and follow me."

The word "Cross" does not strike us to-day with any peculiar force, but it was then a horrible word. It was the punishment used only by their Roman tyrants for the most shameful crimes. When Jesus spoke thus, it was as if he had said: "If you follow me, every day you must walk behind me on the way to the gallows!"

Seeing how shocked they looked, he instantly added this kindlier promise: "But believe me; some of you who stand here will certainly not die until you have seen God's kingdom come in power."

About a week later the lonely hero prepared his soul for death.

He left nine of his friends in a village at the foot of the mountain, and took Peter and John and James with him. These three, the Man of Rock and the Sons of Thunder, he felt he could trust.

They had all seen the kinglike crest of this sacred mountain from almost every point in their native country, but they had never approached it before.

Soon they left the vineyards around the villages, passed the many little shrines to Roman and Grecian gods that peeped from many a ravine or crowned the crests, and

crossed the snow-worn gravel beneath the loftier peaks above.

It was the late autumn, and the forest-paths were as golden as the halls of heaven. The plains below were carpets of Oriental splendor.

When night fell, the four strong climbers had ascended far into the rarer atmosphere, and they ate their supper beside some icy brook that gushed from the snow-line, just above.

From this silent eyrie they could look up to the snowy summit and see off as far south as the Holy City itself. They could plainly discern the little lake whereon were their homes. They looked from the waste beyond Damascus at the east to the Great Sea, now touched with the glory of the sunset. But they were so far above all these earthly scenes that they felt themselves in another world.

The unaccustomed air made them drowsy, and soon the three fishermen were rolled up in their heavy sheepskin cloaks beside the camp-fire, and were at once asleep.

But Jesus was thrilled, rather than overcome, by the star-decked sky, the snowy plains and the silent world below. He seemed to be looking down on all his past life.

Did he question it all? Was it a new temptation?

At midnight the fishermen heard voices, and sprang up half-awake.

Jesus towered in the moonlight above them. Never had his splendid physique looked more heroic. In the wondrous glow of moon and snow, his face and long, white cloak seemed dazzling with splendor. He was talking, talking about his death. And he was not talking to himself. He seemed to be debating, questioning, answering. They were sure that they saw others with him. The conversation in the valley suggested to them that they were the two ancients, Moses and Elijah.

The prince, who had gone down to become the leader of a nation of slaves, and the prophet, who had given his life to a thankless people, were witnesses to the glory of a life of love. The two patriots who had not failed to find noble successors—in the commander Joshua and the healer Elisha—could tell him that such lives as theirs and his could not finally perish. The man who had passed from earth by the kiss of God, and the one who had gone up in a chariot of fire, could say that death is nothing to be feared.

And as they talked, the face of Jesus glowed with even more unearthly beauty. Whatever the struggle of those hours, Jesus had triumphed. This hour he stood on the mountain summit of his life's joy.

Even while the disciples were looking and listening, one of those billowy clouds, which nearly always rests upon the summit, rolled

down like a flood of snow, and the thunders rolled from peak to peak.

Now, indeed, they had seen the real glory of God's Son, happy in conquering death, beaming with life immortal. And they fell upon the ground and hid their faces with fright.

When the cloud passed they could see no one but Jesus. He was now close beside them, and he said with his usual cheeriness, "Up! Don't be afraid."

After it was all over, Peter remembered with shame that he had babbled something about building some leafy tents,* so that the guests of the vision might remain, as if he could confine heaven in a mountain-shepherd's hut.

So, Jesus went down the mountain strengthened, not for translation, but for crucifixion, to which he was to pass, not in company with two saints, but between two murderers.

Together they walked down to meet the rising sun. At the old bridge over the Jordan, at the foot, they found a jeering crowd, gathered around a helpless boy, whom their friends who had stayed below had tried in vain to relieve.

Sharp was the contrast to their eyes, that had just been blinded by a heavenly vision. But if they had had sight to see, it was an even more glorious thing to watch how pa-

*See Note 19.

tiently Jesus bent down among his limphhearted disciples and cured the young sufferer. For the valley, not the mountain, is man's home. But the brook that gives men drink in the valley has its source on the mountains. So, altho they did not speak of this night until after Jesus' death, they never forgot it, and when that death came, and even when they faced danger and death themselves, they were comforted by what Peter called "the Voice from heaven, when we were with Him, in the Holy Mount."

That Voice, to which Jesus had listened all his life, had said,

"This is the Beloved, my Son, who pleases me so well. Listen to him."

XVI

NEARING THE HOLY CITY

Now he began to talk about going to Jerusalem. He spoke often these days about the cost henceforth of his service to himself and to those who followed him.

One day a young man, noble and rich, came rushing to him and fell on his knees, and asked to be numbered with the Twelve. The faces of his friends lighted up at the idea of receiving such an influential ally.

Jesus looked at him with tender regard, and then he turned to the dark, seamed faces of those faithful few who had followed him for three years through storm and sun, favor and fury. It took a great soul to measure up to those giants.

"Go!" he said solemnly, "and sell everything that you have and give to the poor. Then come and follow me."

But he was very rich. And he rose hesitatingly from his knees and turned and was soon lost in the crowd.

Then Jesus looked again at his disciples.

"With what sore striving shall they win to heaven that have the riches!"

They were astonished at this new idea. But Jesus said again:

"My children, what sore striving shall it be to enter God's kingdom. It seems easier," he added with a wry smile, "for a camel to get through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into God's kingdom."

"Then who can be saved!" they exclaimed.

"And we?" interrupted Peter sadly. "We laid down everything and have followed you."

"Yes," answered Jesus heartily, "and nobody who has, like you, left home or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or land on my account, and for the sake of my Good News, shall fail of a hundred times as much, even now in the present—tho not without persecutions—and, in the Good Time Coming, life enduring. But," he added, "many that were first shall be hindmost, and many of the hindmost shall be first."

This remark gave encouragement to a wish that had long been cherished by two of his friends.

John and James, the brothers for whom he felt the highest trust and love, came to him when he was alone, led by their mother, who was also one of those good women who had been helping him in Galilee. With unusual respect they bent low before him as if he were a king.

"What do you want, madam?" he asked Salome courteously.

"Sir," she said hesitatingly, "I want you to do for us whatever we ask you."

"What is it you want me to do for you?"

"I want you to say that in your Kingdom these two sons of mine shall sit, as viceroys, one on your right side and the other on your left."

Was it not a joy to hear this warm confidence of his nearest friends in his success? But did they realize what that "success" meant?

"You don't know what you are asking," he responded warmly.

"Are you fit to drink the cup that I have to drink?"

"Yes," the two young men shouted, thinking he meant the wine cup of royalty, "we can."

"You shall indeed drink my cup," he said sadly, thinking of the sufferings they should bear for him, "but as to the seat—that is not mine to give. It belongs to those to whom it has been assigned by my Father."

With such new sternness as this Jesus faced the great struggle of his life. All around him was danger. His Twelve were true, but just now even the two best had shown that they understood him no more than children, and that they were thoroughly selfish. They had ceased to be a help to him. He was complete-

ly alone. As they walked behind him, striding straight on to what they restlessly feared was some disaster, they were amazed at his silence, and when they looked into his uplifted face they grew afraid of him. He was going to the front. The Captain was hastening to the firing-line.

There is an old legend that wherever Jesus walked, by night or day, a light followed and surrounded him. Certain it is that from the time when he turned his face toward Jerusalem, while he was no less human and loving, the light of the Transfiguration seemed to grow and hover about him continually.

He seemed to regard Death as some mighty warrior with whom he was even eager to have a duel. They were astonished one day to hear him exclaim as he pressed his hand to his brow: "Oh! this baptism that I am to be baptized with!—how I feel shackled until it is accomplished!"

Yet never was he more thoughtful in planning to do all his work well than now, with his martyrdom fully in sight.

Three things, he told them, he had to do before his death.

First, he must reach just as many of his countrymen with his message as possible.

Second, he must make one more appeal for loyalty to Jerusalem, the city that was the heart of Israel.

Third, he must prepare the Twelve to carry

on his work after he was gone from their sight.

He did the first thing by multiplying himself by eighty-two. Just before he left Galilee he chose seventy more messengers, whom for this special purpose he added to the Twelve.

Into every city or hamlet which he expected to visit he sent them before him to prepare the people.

Their marching orders were much the same as the Twelve had received at first, only they were not limited to the Israelites. Into despised Samaria they went, and there Jesus followed, finding, however, that his old friends there would have nothing to do with him, because he would not promise to leave the Jews and live with them. This so angered John and James (the Thunderers) that they urged Jesus to smite the narrow-minded wretches with fire from the sky. Which, of course, Jesus did not propose to do. All up and down the tableland east of the Jordan they wandered, among its mixed population of shepherds, and he was never far behind them. From Jericho up to Jerusalem they climbed, through the dangerous desert of John and the temptations, and Jesus, tireless, climbed close to them.

The proclamation they carried was so simple that they could easily learn it. How many have been comforted by it since then!

“Jesus says:

COME TO ME, ALL YOU WHO ARE TOILING
AND MOILING WITH HEAVY BURDENS,
AND I WILL REST YOU!
TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU, AND LEARN FROM ME,
BECAUSE I AM MEEK AND GENTLE-HEARTED,
AND YOU SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.
FOR MY YOKE IS EASY
AND MY BURDEN IS LIGHT.”

It was the message of a carpenter-king. The yokes he had made for the water-pots in Nazareth had eased those who had burdens to carry up the hills. The Yoke of his royal Law of Love would make easy all the burdens of people who worked and were tired.

“Come to ME,” he said.

Once it was *it*, the kingdom, now it was He, the King. It was time for men to see that to have the kingdom which he taught they needed only to follow him.

To wear a crown and possess a kingship is not to be a king. To be a king is to have men who believe in you. So Jesus was already a king.

The Seventy came back triumphant.

“Sir,” they said, “even foul spirits submit when we use your name.”

He smiled with joy.

“Ah!” said he. “I have dreamed of the Tempter himself fallen like a lightning flash from the sky.”

He saw now that his work could never die. The name of not one of the Seventy has been remembered, but that single message of Jesus told even by unknown men has transformed the world.

Do you believe that?

"The world is not all good yet," you may say.

But what was Jesus' world?

It had not a hospital for the sick. There was no shelter for friendless old people or little children. It had not a single skilled physician. Human life was very cheap. The weak were often exposed on mountains to die. Prisoners were killed for a thousand petty crimes, or tortured or left in hopeless dungeons at the mere nod of the emperor. Rome's favorite sport was the killing of slaves in the arena. Every nation hated every other one. Wars were continual. Women were burden-bearers. The majority of the human race were bond-slaves. Except in Israel, there were no real homes. The world had its noble and generous spirits, but for the most part it was a world of cruelty and hatred and sorrow.

Do you need to be told how it has changed since then?

Can you think of any institution of kindness and mercy that has come that has not come because of Jesus? Most of them have even borne his name.

And now as to his approach to Jerusalem.

His own brothers, ever since the people had tried to make him king after the great supper by the lake, seem to have felt that Jesus had made a great mistake. Their visit to the Passover probably persuaded them that the Jerusalemites were ripe for revolt. There he could recover his lost chance. Such must have been their motive—for certainly they could not have meant him real harm—when, on their return, they came to him and said:

“Go on, now; march up to Jerusalem to the harvest-feast, so that those who believe in you there may see the signs you do.”

But Jesus told them sadly, as he had once told his mother, “It is not time for me yet. Your time is always ready.”

They went on without him, but a few days later he went up quietly, through Samaria, with the Twelve.

The priests and the Pharisees had already decided to destroy him.

Some of the Pharisees who were not sharers in the plot met him and warned him to leave the city at once or he would be killed, either by their own rulers or by Herod.

When he heard the name of the murderer of his friend John, Jesus’ face kindled.

“Go to that fox!” he thundered out. “Say to him: Take notice! I am going to drive out evil spirits to-day and to-morrow. On the third day I shall complete my work. Then

I must go on my way, because 'a prophet must not die outside of Jerusalem!' "

In Jerusalem? What! In God's Holy City? Yes.

"O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "She who kills the prophets and stones the messengers sent to her—Oh, how often I have longed to gather your children round me, as a hen takes her chickens under her wings, and you would not come!"

But he refused to run away.

You must remember that Jesus was quite unknown in the capital. Only during the few days when at an earlier Passover he was helping John had he ever taught there, and his brave cleansing of the temple had been soon forgotten.

The common people at once became interested in him.

"He is a good man," one shopkeeper was overheard saying.

"No, no," said his conservative neighbor. "He is leading people astray."

Just then Jesus himself passed by their store booths.

"Why are you all trying to kill me?" Jesus asked them.

They were astonished, for they had not heard of these plots of their rulers.

"You must be crazy," they replied. "Nobody wants to kill you."

And one of them began to say to the other,

“This is not the one, is it, that they are eager to put to death? Why, here he is, speaking out boldly, and they do not say anything to him. Is it possible that our leaders have found out that he is really the Christ? But, then, we all know where *he* came from. Does the Christ come out of Galilee? Doesn’t the Scripture say that it is of the race of David and out of Bethlehem, the village to which David belonged, that the true Christ is to come?”

And the other added, “But when the Christ comes will he be able to give more signs of his mission than this man?”

They began to feel some confidence in Jesus.

In the meantime the rulers had sent policemen to arrest him.

Their council, called the Sanhedrin, was in session when they returned empty-handed.

“Well,” said Hanan “the vulture,” the high priest’s father-in-law, their real leader, “Why haven’t you brought him?”

Said the Roman captain with a blush, “No man has ever spoken like this one!”

“What!” replied Hanan with a sneer, “you aren’t going to be one of his converts, are you? Have any of us gone over to him, or any of the Pharisees? As for the rabble—they are cursed, anyway.”

But some of the rest said, “What are we going to do? For this man does show many

signs of his mission. If we let him alone like this, everybody will believe in him, and then the Romans will come in, after he has stirred the people up, and will rob us of our temple and our nation."

Then the high priest himself spoke.

"You don't know anything about it. You don't seem to realize that it is for our advantage that one man should die, for the people, instead of the whole nation being destroyed."

At that point the member who had learned to believe in Jesus the day when he cleansed the temple took courage and spoke out.

"Sir," said he, "does our Law pass judgment on a man without first giving him a hearing, and finding out what he is doing?"

Caiaphas was very angry.

"Ah! You are a Galilean, too, are you?" he flung back at him. "Look in your Scriptures! You will find that no prophet is going to arise out of Galilee."

A few of these councillors, influenced perhaps by Nicodemus' words, did stop on the way out to listen to Jesus.

Had any conqueror ever come to his capital city as Jesus did?*

When Napoleon, fresh returned from his victories across the Alps, awaited his election by the people as emperor, he had already crowded Paris with his soldiers. When nobler Cæsar came home from his successes against Pompey, he won the heart of Rome by

* See Note 28.

four magnificent triumphs, commemorating in turn his victories in Gaul, Egypt, Pontus and Africa. But when Jesus came to claim Jerusalem's allegiance, he offered the city nothing but himself.

The two shopkeepers, mentioned above, went up to the temple one day to hear him talk. This was what they saw:

The priests in their flowing, white robes bound with their wide, bright-colored silken girdles, and led by their chief, adorned with his jewelled regalia, swept majestically across the grassy terrace, but they met no armed soldier and no display of pomp or power. A brown-haired peasant, speaking the distinct country dialect of the north country, was seated among a few friends, dressed in coarse garments like himself, talking to a group of the poorer people of the city. He seemed like a shepherd, not like a king.

Here, where the learned doctors had taught him when a boy, he taught, but not as they. He was telling the people stories. Napoleon and Cæsar had entered their capitals with armies to win power for themselves. Here was Jesus, single-handed, forgetful of self, pleading only for the rights of God and the rights of man.

The two shopkeepers happened by when he was telling one of his favorite stories about "How Poor People Appreciate God's Kingdom."

“Once upon a time a king was giving a great dinner, a bridal-feast for his son. He invited many people and sent a servingman, when it was time for the dinner, to tell the invited guests to come, as things were quite ready.

“But they all alike began begging to be excused.

“The first man said to the servant, ‘I have just bought a field and I am obliged to go and look at it. I beg you politely to present my excuses.’

“The next one said, ‘I have bought five pairs of bullocks and I am on my way to try them. I beg you politely to present my excuses.’

“But the next one said brusquely, ‘I am just married—and I can’t come.’

“On his return the servingman repeated all these answers to his master.

“Enraged at them, the owner of the house then said to his servant. ‘Go out at once into the streets and alleys of the town, and bring in here the poor and the crippled and the blind and the lame.’

“Pretty soon the servant came again and said, ‘Master, your order has been carried out. And yet there is room.’

“‘Go out,’ said the king, ‘into the roads and hedgerows and make people, both ill and well-favored, come in, so that my house may be filled. For, I tell you all, not one of those

men who were invited shall have a taste of my dinner.'—And thus the bridal had its guests."

There was a quiet laugh around the entire company. One shopkeeper nudged his fellow. Everybody saw the point. The Pharisees had by their pride and attention to their petty observances really excused themselves out-of-doors from the Father's feast, while they, themselves, because they knew they were needy, might be wise enough to enter.

The Pharisees were furious.

Then Jesus continued, as he saw how exultant the people felt:

"But the king, coming around to see his guests, spied a man, lacking a wedding garment. Says he to him, 'Friend, how came you here without your wedding garment?' And he had nothing to say. Then said the king to his servitors, 'Bind him hand and foot and cast him out into the darkness.' There is the weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The two shopkeepers looked at each other more soberly. The point was toward them now. It was not enough to get in, then. One must be fit for the feast of the kingdom.

The Pharisees rushed at him as soon as he had finished.

"You are a Samaritan!" said one of the councillors savagely. "You are crazy!"

And it made them so angry to hear him that they actually collected a mob about the

temple, armed with stones, to kill him at once, without a trial.

You can see how much justice could be expected from this kind of a court.

But quite a number of the common people believed in what he said.

He left the city when the festival was over, but, two months later, at about Christmas, he came boldly in again, at the next national festival, that of the Rededicating of the Temple.

He was walking in the shelter of the Colonnade of Solomon, when a company of the rulers met him again. They were a little more respectful this time. It may be that his wonderful success in winning people had made them wonder whether he might not really become, under their own management, a patriotic deliverer from the Romans.

"How long are you going to keep us in suspense?" they asked. "If you really are the Christ, tell us frankly."

"I have told you," said Jesus, "and you do not believe me. All the things I am doing by my Father's authority bear testimony to me. The Father and I are at one."

"Blasphemy!" they shouted furiously, bending down to snatch stones again to kill him.

They could not scare him.

"I have done many good actions in your

presence, with the Father's help. For which one of them are you going to stone me?"

"It is not for any good action. It is for blasphemy. You keep making yourself out to be God."

"I said, 'I am God's son,' " he answered quietly. "Even our Law has this statement in one place, 'Ye are gods.' If those to whom God's words were spoken were said to be 'gods,' why do you cry out against me, our Father's spokesman, when I merely say, 'I am God's son?'"

Do you see what he meant?

"I am God's son, yes, and every man is meant to be a child of God."

That was what Jesus stood for. That was all he wanted men to see.

But greed and meanness had made these men so afraid that they were going to lose something if the world should believe such teaching that they were bound to kill its teacher.

So, again they drove him from the city.

Again the leaders had disowned him, but the common people, as in Galilee, were even more eager to hear him.

When he was driven from the Holy City he carried out his third plan. In a little unknown hamlet, near the desert, and across the Jordan, in the pastures of Moab, and in the valley of the Jordan, close to the place of his baptism, he kept the Twelve near him until

*See Note 26.

his last Passover, warning them patiently of the sorrow that was to come—which they could not believe—and telling them what to do after he was killed.

Had not Jesus really failed?

Judea had never paid him attention. Galilee, and even Samaria, had already rejected him. Jerusalem was not deeply moved.

He had the Twelve, a few Galileans, a few foreigners. There were not six hundred persons on his side. And soon he was to die, and was this the measure of his "kingdom?" What was to prevent his being entirely forgotten?

Do you realize how little Jesus seemed to worry about being remembered? He built no temple, organized no society, wrote no book. He did not even appoint any one to write his biography. His company had a treasurer, but no secretary. Indeed, who was there among them all, unless it was Matthew, who was competent to write a memorial of Jesus?

But it is not how *many*, it is how much men believe.

We have seen what God the Father could do with one Life that was all his own. What could he not do even with five hundred?

We look out to-day on a world that has been leavened with the life of Jesus, and we remember what he said:

"The Victory that conquers the World is your Faith."

XVII

THE HEIRS OF HIS KINGDOM

"COME, sister Ruth, it is time to get up."

It was a boy who spoke these words, and the drowsy listener was a baby of three or four.

Remember that she was not lying in a little white bed, in a sunny chamber, in our own country. She was curled up in a dark corner of a small room, on a brown mattress, that lay on a hard earthen floor.

Tho the little room was small and bare, it was clean and cool. Along the sides ran long shelves, and upon these the busy mother was already laying, folded up, the thin mats, upon which the family had been sleeping. Over these shelves were two cupboards, where food and dishes were kept. There were a few rushes spread on the floor, a lamp stood on a basket in one corner and in another the breakfast was spread on a low, square bench. The door was open, and the sky and fields looked pleasant outside. The father and older brothers were already at work out in the vineyard.

The little one awoke with a smile, as she saw her big brother bending over her.

"Come, baby," he said, "look! See how

bright the flowers are after the rain, and how fresh the air is. It is going to be a fine day for our journey, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes," answered the mother hurriedly, "it is a beautiful day, but we shall never get started at all if a boy I know doesn't get his sister ready."

Then the boy helped his little sister splash her face and hands with water and gave her the breakfast that was waiting.

There had been a great deal for the mother to do that day. Dinner must be prepared for the father and the two older boys, the lunch must be put up and the house must be left clean. Restless Ruth must be held still until her short, brown hair had been braided in three smooth strands, her little bright new tunic must be girdled carefully with the many-colored sash, the boy's jacket must be mended where it was last torn, and the mother must hastily arrange her own long, black hair and put on the neat blue gown which was kept folded on the top shelf for extra occasions.

All this time the mother's usually sunny face was clouded. Her husband had not been pleased with her proposed excursion.

"A foolish trip," he had said, and "you'll only have your trouble for your pains."

At length all was ready, and they walked from the open door into the sunshine. It was still early in the day, and the dew was not all gone, while a cool freshness still lingered in

the shade. The narrow pathway wound now along the deep bed of a brook, now over a bare headland, where brown-legged sheep were grazing, and then went zigzag through a grain field which was green with the softness of March.

Somehow the day grew happier as soon as they were out of doors, and when they ate their lunch beside the brook all the shadows of the morning had passed away.

It was not a very long journey that they had to take, and they walked very slowly, for the baby was not a very vigorous traveler.

The last part of the way was the hardest. Ruth, who had at first run hither and thither chasing butterflies—like them in her bright clothing and ceaseless flitting—began to take slower and more sober steps, and at length cried for her mother's arms. The boy, whose name was Joseph, took turns in carrying her, but before long they both of them got very tired with their sleepy burden.

At length they came to the end of their journey. Just outside a little village at a cross-roads were an old man and a lame man with a crutch, and a few women and children seated on stones beside the highway.

They were all looking down the road that led to the village.

Within a short time they saw a dust cloud and all sprang to their feet with eagerness.

As the dust rose nearer they could see who

was coming. A tall young man, followed by a dozen others of various ages, walked vigorously and swiftly toward them. He was singing.

Instantly it seemed as if the other roads were full of people, and quite a crowd soon collected.

Was he a physician? For the sick were being brought to his attention. Was he a teacher? For the people were crowding to ask him questions. Was he a soldier? For the strong men who surrounded him obeyed instantly his commands.

The mother had caught up her baby, who was just waking up, and Joseph stood, somewhat frightened, close beside her.

One of the older men who followed the youth spied a delegation of village councillors coming up the road to greet him. He elbowed his way ahead of his leader to make a passage for him.

"Away, woman," he said in a tone of authority, somewhat loud, to the mother who was peering up to the young man's face. "Do not be troubling the teacher with your children. He is tired."

The woman shrank back, grieved as a timorous child.

But instantly the teacher's hand was on Simon's shoulder.

"Suffer the little ones also to come unto me," he gently said.

All that Peter had seen was a tired, dusty woman of the humbler class, holding a baby with tear-stained cheeks close to her bosom, and an ordinary boy beside her. But Jesus saw more. He saw a loving mother who believed in his goodness and who fondly hoped that a word of blessing from the teacher might act, as the touch of the ancient prophets was wont to do, as a kindly spell over her dear ones. He looked at the children and he saw in their pure faces the hope of the world when all these older people were in their graves.

He took the baby from the mother's aching arms and he beckoned the boy to a seat on the stone beside him, near the roadway.

"These," he said to the other people who looked in wonder to see a rabbi folding a baby to his bosom, "these belong to the kingdom of heaven. Whoever does not take the kingdom as a little child does is never coming into it, and whoever does any harm to any of these little ones—it would be better for him," he added grimly, "if he had a millstone hung around his neck and he were dropped down into the middle of the sea."

Immediately the other mothers took courage, and he was soon surrounded by a whole flock of bairns.

As they drew near to him Jesus was heard to say,

"Whoever shall welcome one of such little

ones as these, for the sake of me, welcomes me, and he who welcomes me, welcomes Him that sent me."

He called them up to him one by one, and to all who were old enough to understand him he said a friendly or cheerful word. And upon the heads of all he laid his hands, and, looking up to heaven, asked a blessing for them.*

As mother and Joseph and the baby turned to their homeward journey, the shadows were already creeping across the valleys.

They stopped on the first small rise and looked back. The people were already scattering to their homes, and far along the winding road they could see the Lord Jesus hastening southward with his friends.

They did not know that he would be walking all night to bring help to the home of a friend far, far away. They did not know that he was on his way to meet the scourge and the cross for them and for all the world. But it was precious to all the world afterward to remember that his last farewell to Perea, beyond Jordan, had been to brighten all the future by blessing the children.

The road home did not seem long. The air was cooler and the dew was falling. And the mother's heart was so full of joy that she did not mind having to carry the baby, who already seemed more dear to her because the

* See Note 29.

Lord's hands had been laid upon her. And the boy Joseph was happy, too. He was trying to sing the marching song that he had heard Jesus singing, and he was thinking of the word Jesus had spoken in his ear, a brave word, about what he wanted him to try to be when he grew up and became a man.

It was not long, then, before they came in sight of the home cottage, with father standing in the door and the boys running to meet them.

How much they had to tell as they ate their supper!

Joseph told everything, except what the teacher had said to him. That was his own secret.

"And what did he say to you, sister Ruth?" asked the older brother David, laughing.

"Let me think," she answered, scowling up her dainty face. "He said, 'Happy—are the pure—in heart, because they shall see—God.'"

They were all still for a moment. It seemed like a special message to each one. Even the strong father was touched to tears.

That night the mother taught her little daughter to pray for the good teacher that he might be kept safe. In how many homes were little children and boys and girls praying for their dear friend every night!

Soon they were all abed. And the pale moonlight fell upon a sleeping household and

a resting world. But the Savior of men was tirelessly pressing on all night long to Bethany, where sorrow and death awaited his comforting. Tired mothers and little children had found rest in him—and he took his rest in God.

XVIII

THREE WHOM JESUS LOVED

FOR over two years Jesus had been homeless.

True, he had provided for his mother a comfortable house in Capernaum, and his brothers and sisters were all living with their own families.

But he himself was a wanderer.

When another rabbi one day thought he wanted to join him, he discouraged the lazy man of indoor study by saying whimsically, "Foxes have holes, wild birds have roosts, but I have no place of my own to lay my head."

But there was one place which now offered itself to him, for the few days that were left, as his home.

Bethany* was a small village, two miles east of Jerusalem, over the hill.

Here lived a well-to-do family, known in Jerusalem. The father and mother were dead, but there remained two grown sisters and a brother, a boy of about sixteen.

When Jesus got acquainted with them we

* See Note 27.

can not say. It may have been at his earliest visit to the city. But this we do know, that, like loyal Jews, they opened their house to visitors to the national festivals, and here Jesus was always entertained.

To the harvest festival, as we have seen, had come Jesus, a few months before he visited Perea. He spent this feast at Bethany and celebrated it at the home of his friends in accordance with the peculiar customs of his time.

The festival was a thanksgiving, not only for the harvests of fruits, olive oil and grapes, but also for the successful end of the ancient wanderings of their forefathers in the wilderness. So the whole week was spent by the men and boys living in booths made of leafy branches, which were supposed to resemble the shelters in which their forefathers had encamped. Jesus and young Lazarus lodged in a small booth in the garden and the sisters in the house. They all spent their leisure in the daytime in a larger booth in the courtyard.

While the Twelve and Lazarus were over in the city enjoying the festival, Mary, the younger sister, would sometimes sit in the shelter of the large booth and listen to Jesus. She was a young woman of brilliant mind and keen memory, and many of his sayings would have been lost to us if she had not remembered them and told them to others.

The first day that Jesus was there, Martha, the housekeeper, was making the greatest preparations to do honor to her distinguished guest. Mary, too, had helped with those preparations, but she thought she could honor him better if she forgot everything else but this too short opportunity to listen to him.

Everything seemed to go wrong with busy Martha that morning, and finally, as she was passing the open front of the booth where Mary sat, so much at ease, she snapped out, "Well, sir, you don't seem to notice that my sister has left me to do all this work alone."

There was no use getting angry at the tired woman. Jesus smiled in sympathy.

"Oh, Martha, Martha!" he said, "You certainly *are* anxious and bustling about many things to-day. But really only a few are necessary—or, indeed, one. Mary has made a good choice," he added kindly, "and it is one that will not be taken away from her."

It was Mary's good fortune to be present one day when Jesus first spoke to his friends words which are to-day taught to every Christian child in all the world. How many times afterward she must have told the story, in words, perhaps, like these:

"The Lord Jesus did not go up to the city until the festival was partly through. He was resting with us in his pleasant tent, open to the breeze, but not to the sun.

"Into our garden one day I came to show the way, and the Twelve followed me.

"We found him at prayer.

"His eyes were closed. His worn, tired face was shining. His hair, we began to notice, was streaked with gray. His lips, curved to a smile, moved slowly.

"We would not interrupt him.

"We knelt at a little distance and watched him, and when at length he gently opened his eyes, we exclaimed with one accord, 'Lord, teach us how to pray.'

"It was then that he taught us the prayer he had just been saying, which the world calls, The Lord's Prayer. We had thought before that prayer was a duty, but since we saw Jesus talking with our Father we have come to see that it is our recreation and our rest."

Mary had another story, strange and wonderful, to tell the world:

"After the Festival of Rededication in December it was no longer safe for Jesus to stay near Jerusalem. It would have brought danger to his friends as well as to himself. So he spent this time with the Twelve, by themselves, in solitary places in Perea and Samaria, where he could warn them what they were to do and suffer after his death.

"In March, about five months after the harvest festival, our brother Lazarus fell sick. As soon as sister Martha had seen his hot face

and felt his burning hands, her first task was to try to make him comfortable, and her next was to say briefly to me, 'Send for the Lord Jesus.'

"This was done at once, and with fresher courage we both turned to the anxious work before us. Martha is an excellent nurse, soft-footed and still, mistress of countless cooling draughts and home-made medicines, and all her skill was put into play, for she saw at once that he was very, very ill. And I did what I could to help the dear boy to rest and sleep. At first Lazarus tried bravely to get up, and when that was forbidden he lay quietly and talked and laughed with us gaily, for he did not know what it was to be unwell. As he grew weaker, Martha told him that she had sent for the great Physician, and he was much pleased. Martha worked on in her busy way, her lips close pressed, and I, when my part was done, sat on the battlemented housestop until night, looking wearily down the road, up which we longed to see Jesus coming. And Lazarus, when in a few hours delirium seized him, rent our hearts with grief, by calling incessantly the name of his friend, the teacher. And before daybreak he was dead.

"According to our custom, he was buried, at once, in the family tomb at the bottom of the garden. And we two sat silent, hand in hand, waiting for Jesus.

“ ‘If he had only been here, our brother would not have died,’ we wailed.

“ ‘But we did not blame him, only it seemed that we must see his face.

“ ‘The news reached Jesus, it seems, among the sheepfolds, far east of the Jordan. There was a whole day of necessary duty before he could even start. Then he spoke to the Twelve.

“ ‘We must go back into Judea again,’ he told them.

“ ‘Rabbi,’ they said earnestly, ‘the Jews were only just now trying to stone you. Are you going there again?’

“ ‘With drawn, sad face he said gently, ‘Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep. I am going there to wake him.’

“ ‘But if he is resting in sleep, he will get well,’ said Peter, misunderstanding him.

“ ‘Lazarus is dead,’ he answered softly. ‘Let us go to him.’

“ ‘Still they held back. It might mean death to them all.

“ ‘Then Thomas, an obstinate fellow, hard to convince, but trusty and brave, said impulsively.

“ ‘Come! Let us all go, and die with Jesus.’

“ ‘The fourth day after our brother was buried, Martha was coming up the garden-walk from the tomb, when she saw a figure

pass silently and swiftly under the arbor. It was John.

“‘Jesus is near!’ he said, ‘Come out quietly and meet him.’ For a company of our relatives and friends from Jerusalem was sitting about the house-door, lamenting.

“‘A little way up the hill she met Jesus, who had hastened on ahead of the others.

“‘Oh, Master!’ she burst forth the one thought of those past long days: ‘If you had been here, my brother would not have died!’ And as she looked into his deep eyes and majestic face, she added in unreasoning dependence, ‘Even now, I still feel that God grants you whatever you ask him.’

“‘But, Martha,’ said Jesus with a strange note of courage, ‘your brother is going to rise again.’

“‘I know he will,’ she said confidently—‘at the Resurrection of the Last Day.’

“‘I am the Resurrection!’ he said. ‘Those who believe in me will never die.’

“‘Yes, Master,’ she said, ‘I have learned to believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, the very one that was to come into the world.’

“She hurried into the house, where I sat, holding the precious spikenard, with which—I knew not why—I had still hesitated to anoint my brother’s body.

“‘Mary,’ she whispered to me gently, ‘the Master is here and he is asking for you.’

"I, too, clasped his knees and spoke the same fruitless wish as my sister.

" 'Where have you buried him?' Jesus asked me at once. He could not bear to enter the house where he had once been so happy.

" 'Come, Master, and see,' I answered.

"Down beneath the arbor and through the flower-beds among which he had walked so often, we led him, the other mourners following at a distance.

"He stood a moment at the stone door of the tomb, over which I had hung garlands of flowers from the garden and field.

"The dear memory of the boy he loved, our heart-broken grief, overcame him.

"Jesus burst into tears.

"The mourners, who had never seen Jesus give way to any sorrow, whispered to each other, 'How he must have loved him!'

"He whispered to Martha, 'Have the stone door rolled open.'

" 'But, Master,' she whispered back, horrified that Jesus should wish to look upon the body that had already changed so much, 'You forget that he has been dead four days.'

" 'Believe in me,' he said calmly, 'and you shall witness the glory of God.'

"His form stirred as if with an inbreathing of divine majesty, he looked upward, whispered a sentence of thanksgiving, and then with a loud voice said,

" 'Lazarus, come here!'

“And out from the dark cave, wrapped in white, our boy came, and knelt at the feet of Jesus.”

A few days after this Jesus came up to his last Passover.

Few expected him, for it was becoming known that the leaders had determined that Jesus must die. But he came, openly and boldly, and nearly a week before the great day of the festival.

In the largest house in Bethany he was given a dinner. Martha was now a bride. The wedding, which had been interrupted by her brother's sickness, had been celebrated with joy, and the husband, one of those whom Jesus had cured, was as eager as she to do honor to their benefactor.

It was a family gathering, and the Twelve were also included in the invitation.

Jesus occupied the seat of honor, and at one side of him was Simon, the host, and at the other reclined Lazarus. Martha, eager as ever to be hospitable, served her guests, with Mary as her helper. Was there ever a happier home than this on that springtime evening, with the dearly loved boy, snatched from the gates of death, seated close to the Master?

But, as Mary stood at one side and watched the laughing company when her work was done, a deeper grief than any she had yet known blanched her face.

Jesus had told her, as he had told the Twelve, that he was about to die, and that the time was near, even at this Passover. The others felt the danger, but they trusted their Master's power so much that they felt sure he was going to turn his hazard into a more startling triumph.

But as she looked upon his tired yet tranquil face, his faded, travel-worn garments, and his feet, hardened and sore with his long and loving pilgrimages, she realized that this man of sorrows was very near his death.

She rushed to her own room in tears. As she dried her eyes and started to return, something she saw gave her a fresh thought. She had accidentally laid her hand upon the little white jar of priceless spikenard that had been bought for her brother's body. A sweet impulse seized her.

She returned to the dining-room and knelt at Jesus' feet, behind his couch, so softly that no one noticed her.

But suddenly the rarest of perfumes filled the whole chamber.

She was pouring the cruse of liquid gold over his hair and covering his hot feet with the cooling ointment.

A look of glad pride was in the eyes of Martha and Lazarus when they knew of their sister's generous act. The disciples of Jesus were touched by the love to their leader thus displayed. John, especially, sat smiling, tho

tears ran down his cheeks like rain. And the face of Jesus shone with unaccustomed radiance.

But it was not so with all.

Judas, the fellow Judean of Martha and Mary, had no kinship of spirit with them. With a voice intended to be politely insolent he leaned across the table and snarled:

“Why has the perfume been wasted like this? It could have been sold for more than thirty pounds, and the money given to the poor.”

Meanness expressed always arouses more meanness, and instantly there was a murmur of voices that caught up the mock benevolence that concealed real avarice.

Then Jesus said quietly but incisively to Judas,

“Leave her in peace. Why do you grieve her thus to the heart? A deed bonny and sweet to my eyes is this that she has done for me. You always have the poor with you and whenever you like you can do good to them, but”—here he paused—“you will not always have *me*. She has done what she was able. She has come beforehand—thus to anoint my body for my burial.”

Then, laying his hand softly on her bowed head he said,

“And do you know that, wherever in the whole world the Good News is proclaimed,

even this that she has done will be told in her memory."

The joy—which the harsh words of Iscariot had interrupted—again flowed on. The evening closed with singing. The Twelve left the house, chanting one of the Passover Psalms, and Jesus stood in the doorway on the hill with the two sisters and Lazarus and watched his sturdy Twelve walk down the path in the soft paschal moonlight, until he could only barely hear the closing words of their hymn:

"Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of his faithful.

* * * * *

I will pay my vows to the Lord

* * * * *

In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem."

XIX

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

A COMPANY of priests was standing in the priests' court of the temple on Sunday of the Passover.

They were talking about Jesus.

The marvelous deed at Bethany was already known. Lazarus had already been visited and even threatened with death unless he should preserve silence. The incomprehensible teacher had been heard of here and there near the city, but he had already been warned that the Sanhedrin would not endure any attempt by him to make a public appearance at Jerusalem. But with all this bravado there was considerable anxiety among the rulers. Too well they knew the power that Jesus had already won among the people, even at Jerusalem. The only question—the question of their own very safety—was, How would he use it?

They said to each other, "What do you think? Is it possible that he will not come to the festival?"

Even while they were talking, an unusual stir was heard in the outer court, and a throng

of people was seen pressing out of the Eastern, or Beautiful, Gate.

They hastened to the stairway, and, climbing to the portico* roof, they looked off across the valley.

They saw a most remarkable sight.

That morning early Jesus had come from Martha's home to the nearby camping-place of his friends, and had said quietly to John and James:

"Go over to the village facing you and you will soon find an ass tied up there, with a foal by her side. Unfasten them and bring them to me. And if anybody says anything to you, you are to say, 'The Teacher requires them,' and he will send them at once."

This command produced the greatest excitement among the Twelve.

"Their leader was going to ride into his capital!"

The word soon spread among the great company of Galileans, many of whom were still faithful to Jesus. Among them were his mother and his brothers, who were on their way to the festival.

When Jesus finally left the home of Martha on foot he found the roadway lined with many familiar figures. As he mounted the ass, a graceful white animal, entirely unbroken, the enthusiasm grew, and their fear of the rulers was so far forgotten that a number began to shout snatches of the Passover hymns. The

* See Note 12.

excitement was so great that they did not stop to notice that he was not assuming the rôle of an invading conqueror. For, if he had wished to do that he would have chosen a war-horse, not a beast of peaceful burdens; he would have dressed in armor and carried a sword. Instead, he wore his faded peasant's cloak, and his riding the ass implied not that he was an invader, but that he was a king already crowned, who was riding home to his capital in peace.

As they went on over the top of the hill by the southern roadway, still out of sight of the city, the pilgrims camping on the mountains rushed up from before and on either side to meet the procession.* It was only when the whole company had rounded the hill and come out on a ledge of rock, that the city of David sprang into view,† and it was then that the curious priests on the temple portico saw the cause of all the tumult.‡

They saw Jesus in the midst, distinguished by his white cloak and the white beast, pausing at this first view of the Holy City. Close to him stood his Twelve. All around was a great multitude, some of whom had snatched palm branches from the gardens on either side, others of whom, lacking any other tribute, had spread their cloaks in the road as a carpet before his progress.

"See!" shouted one of the priests on the

* See Note 31. † See Note 30. ‡ See Note 32.

portico roof to the rest, pointing with his arm to the mountain-side crowded with people. "You have made no headway. Look! The whole world has gone after him!"

The meaning of the procession was as plain as words can speak. A Jewish king was coming again to his capital as if, without bloodshed, the days since David had been obliterated!

The captain of the temple-watch sounded the "assembly" to his company, and the meager city garrison in the fort close by was posted in readiness for an uprising from within, or a concerted attack from without the walls.

Even among those who walked beside Jesus there were some of the Pharisees who foresaw at once the peril of the situation. A single false step on Jesus' part and there would be a massacre.

Already the cries of the multitude, at first mere expressions of wishes of good-luck or hilarious shouts of "Hosanna!," had grown to one united and fearful roar.

"Blessed is the One who is Coming—our King!" and,

"God bless him! Blessed is the kingdom of our Father David!" the people were shouting.

"Teacher!" yelled the Pharisees in alarm, close to his ear. "Keep your followers still! There will be murder!"

But Jesus knew that when the mob better understood his purpose, there would be no bloodshed.

Already his face had taken on a deeper sadness. As they rounded the mountain, and saw the gray city rising out of the deep chasm beneath them, surrounded by its ring of iron hills, the whole assembly was struck dumb by the sublimity of the scene. There, terrace on terrace, within the ancient walls of stone, climbed houses, palaces, fortresses and public buildings, while in front of all, the gem of which the rest was but the setting, shone the Holy House, beneath the splendor of the noon-day sun, a mass of snow and gold.

And now, they thought, all this was to be snatched from Rome by one blow, and, according to the psalms of old, through those "everlasting doors" of stone "the King of Glory" was to enter in.

With one accord the great assembly on the hillslope looked toward their king and awaited his action. Would he raise his hand now and cause the walls to crumble that he might ride over them, or would he rather, as many of them expected, suddenly expand the Holy City by a miracle until it should cover all Judea?

There was not even upon his face a look of jubilation.

Instead, his head was bowed in his hands.

They were not womanish tears of weakness;

he was wailing aloud, as men in those days wailed for the dead. And amid his cries they heard him prophesying—what took place in the lifetime of many of them—the awful destruction and slaughter of the city by the Romans.

It was an angry, a completely disappointed company that trooped down the hill. When Jesus dismounted at the spot where beasts of burden were denied admission to the city, all the crowd but the Galileans had deserted him. And when the alert and alarmed Roman captain with the anxious priests by his side leaned over the portico by the city gate and asked who this was under escort, even they forgot all about their tributes to his royalty and faltered out tamely, "It is the prophet—Jesus—from Nazareth—in Galilee."

This was, on the whole, the bravest deed in Jesus' life. It was needful to do just what he did. In some way he must enter the Holy City. He claimed to be king of the kingdom of God, the kingdom which all his people expected and which none of them understood. Should he go in alone? That would deny his kingship. Should he lead in an army? That would prove him a traitor to the real kingdom of heaven. The only other way was to claim the kingship and claim it for just what it was, the kingdom of peace and love and sacrifice, and let the world think of him the worst it chose.

He made his claim, and he never feared the consequences. Whether he should fail never troubled Jesus, but only whether he should do his work well.

That night the Twelve were utterly disheartened. They had secured arms, begun the organization of companies and sounded the people as to their readiness for a patriotic uprising. And now their Master had made all this work of no account. The priests and Pharisees were jubilant. Jesus had lost the confidence of the multitude. The populace did not wish him to come to any harm, but if he could be detached from his faithful Twelve and hurried to trial and sentence, the rulers could put him out of the way before the multitude had time to interfere.

That very night the way to do this began to open. Judas Iscariot, who had come to Jesus chiefly because he believed that Jesus was going to bring in Israel's restoration to power, was so chagrined at the events of this day, so angry at Jesus for what he thought was a betrayal of his own sacrifices in giving up his life to become a companion of those rough Galileans, so disappointed to find that he was never to cut any figure in the world, that he determined to have revenge.

The Twelve had already begun to distrust him, because of his petty dishonesty with their common purse. Any possible influence as their leader and spokesman had been crushed

by Jesus' knowledge and rebuke of him at Bethany.

✕ A snake, when it is approached by one it fears, strikes, blindly and fiercely, and Judas, into whom the serpent spirit had entered, waited now in the company of Jesus only for one opportunity to strike him down.

XX

IN THE DEN OF THE WOLVES

IF ever a general had a reason for a retreat, Jesus had now.

He had witnessed for his kingdom, and thousands had seen and heard him. Now he might retire and wait for his nation to appreciate the noble faith he stood for.

Or he could meantime go to other lands. That very day a company of Greeks had come to him in the temple to entreat him to visit their country. Once more the gleam of victory among other peoples shone before him.

“No,” he replied. “The time is come for me to enter on my glory. Those who love their own lives, lose them. Yet I am indeed perplexed. . . . What shall I say? ‘My Father, bring me safe out of this hour of trial?’ No, for it was for this very thing that I came to this time. I must say: ‘Father, honor thine own name.’ ”

He would not flee, he might not even teach elsewhere, he must not give up his task. Here he must honor God, even if it cost him his all.

The next morning he walked directly into

the temple and, coming into the Foreign Court, saw again the crowd of hucksters buying and selling in the open court. Again he burst upon them and drove them, dumb-founded, from the gates, and as he returned with flashing eyes, into the Jewish Court, to say his prayers, a troop of choir boys, who were just coming from the service of morning prayer and who had seen his noble act, met him and hailed him with cheers.

“Hail to the Son of David!”

At the same moment several of the priests rushed out from their inner court to hush them, and angrily said to Jesus,

“Don’t you hear what these boys are saying?”

“Yes,” said Jesus boldly, shielding the frightened lads with his arm, “and did you never read in the old song these words, ‘Out of babes’ and sucklings’ mouths Thou hast produced Thy perfect praise?’”

The next day, Tuesday, he was again early in the temple, which was now so full of his open enemies, planning his death, that it was a very den of wolves.

While they were awaiting the right chance to spring upon him, they determined to undermine him still further with the people by outwitting him before them all.

Out to the pleasant grassy terrace where he loved to walk and where there was always a

company of pilgrims, they sent their keenest and most skilful debaters.

One after another they came at him with sudden questions, which they were sure would cause the simple, uneducated Galilean to show either his ignorance or his helplessness.

The Pharisees sent their committee. They chose the most honest as well as the most brilliant teacher of the law they could find, to examine Jesus.

"Teacher," said he, "which is the great command of the Law?"

This was not a quibble. It was a test as to whether he knew his Old Testament.

When Jesus answered, he summed up in two sentences all the laws of his kingdom.

Jesus said to him, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.* This is the great and first command. And a second like unto it is this, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* On these two commands hang the whole law, and the prophets."

Even the scribe who asked the question was carried beyond himself by such a magnificent reply.

"Well said, sir!" he exclaimed. "To do as you have spoken is indeed far beyond all burnt offerings and sacrifices."

Jesus was not accustomed to praise, especially from such a source. But he answered courteously and heartily,

"Sir, you are not far from God's kingdom."

But the Pharisees wished their representative had asked something else.

Then came to meet him the high priest, surrounded by a retinue of the Sanhedrin and the priests.

The people made respectful obeisance as this honorable procession of the gentry filed out. They seated themselves on the terrace.

Caiaphas summoned Jesus to stand before him, as if he were a culprit.

But he did not look like one, and he was not frightened.

The unlearned teacher from Galilee stood in his country dress before the shrewd and accomplished prelate, his white silk robe sparkling with the jewels of his office.

"What right have you," Caiaphas said sternly, "to act as you do? Who gave you this right?"

The religious leaders claimed that nobody had any right to teach religion without a license from themselves.

But had God never sent any teachers except the ones they had authorized?

"Sir," said Jesus quietly. "I also have a question to ask you. If you tell me, then I will answer you. It is about John's baptism. Was it from God or from man? Answer me that."

John had certainly been a staunch witness

to Jesus' authority, and John had never bothered to get a license for what he should say.

The question itself, indeed, was like a thunderclap. Instantly the priests began jabbering around Caiaphas.

"Why, sir," they said, "if we say 'from God,' then he will say, 'Then why didn't you believe in him?'"

"Yes," said others, "and if we say 'from man,'—look at the people! They believe John was a prophet."

Jesus stood quietly smiling.

Pretty soon two of the doctors, in a very shamefaced way, stammered out.

"We—we don't know."

"I, too," said Jesus, "refuse to answer you."

After they had all hastily slipped away, a group of Herodians, Jews who were toadies at the Roman court, came out here, where the onlookers by this time were awaiting with interest the sword-play of this keen and uneven duel.

"Teacher," they said, pretending that they were well-meaning citizens in perplexity, "we know that you are a true and loyal man, and that you honestly teach God's word and are not afraid of anybody. So, tell us your opinion. Is it well to pay taxes to the emperor or not? Shall we give or shall we refuse?"

They said to each other, "Now we've got him! If he says 'No,' we'll arrest him for

treason. If he says, 'Yes,' our patriotic common people will desert him."

He saw through their shrewdness. "You hypocrites!" he retorted bluntly. "Why do *you* ask such a question?"

He had no money, so he added, "Show me the coin with which this tax is paid."

He held up the silver shilling with the portrait side toward them.

"Whose head and title are these?"

"The emperor's."

The very fact that they used the emperor's coins showed that they owed something to his protection.

"Then what *belongs to* the emperor pay to the emperor—and pay God what belongs to God."

After that nobody cared to ask any more questions.

Those who were called the wisest, the wealthiest, the most religious people of the nation, had tried to trip up Jesus, and he had completely muzzled every one of them.

Then Jesus turned to the people who had been listening and said,

"These teachers and Pharisees have sat down in the chair of Moses. All things, therefore, they bid you do, practise and lay to heart. But don't you follow their example, for they preach but they don't practise."

He turned back to the Pharisees and thus fiercely addressed them:

“Woe for you! Rabbis and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You shut the kingdom of heaven in men’s faces. You neither go in yourselves nor do you let those who would go in do so. You are like tombs that have been white-washed and look lovely outside, while inside they are filled with dead men’s bones and filth. Oh, you hypocrites! You build tombs for the Prophets—and you are truly the children of those who murdered the Prophets. God sends you Prophets, wise men and rabbis. Some of them you will kill and crucify, and some you will flog in your meeting-houses and pursue from town to town. Ah! Fill up the measure of your forefather’s guilt! How can you ever escape being sentenced to the Pit?”

Were not these fearless words! The Pharisees slunk away utterly overcome, for they were every one true. And the people, seeing the victory of Jesus, surrounded him with congratulations. There were just a few even of the Pharisees, like this honest doctor who had last questioned him, who were convinced that Jesus was right, and that, tho he stood alone, he stood for the purity and goodness of the nation. But they saw that the forces that were against him were so strong and so hateful that they did not dare to defend him.

Jesus rose now to leave the terrace and the temple for the last time. He had said the whole truth, and his foes would never let him speak in those courts again.

His victory over their shrewd meanness had not made him happy, for it only showed how wicked man could be. But one little event occurred on the way out that so pleased him as to make up for all the bitterness of that day of battles.

He sat down for a moment opposite the chests where voluntary offerings were dropped by the people.

Pompous Pharisees sent their golden coins rattling loudly down into the boxes, and rich Herodians took the opportunity, when many pilgrims were passing, to toss in bags of money.

Just then a widow came by and quietly dropped in two "farthings" (about one-sixth of a cent).

Jesus said to Peter and John, as she walked away,

"There! this poor widow has put in more than all the rest. For the others put in something of what they had to spare, but she has put in all she had to live on."

As the Twelve climbed the hill at sunset, they turned and looked once more at their temple, whose walls now shone like amethyst in the evening light.

"What fine stones! What splendid buildings!" they exclaimed with admiration.

Then he sat down beside them and told them what was to come.

"That temple will be burned. That glori-

ous capital city will be thrown down. You yourselves will be driven, scattered, into every land, and even there suffering and bitter death will await you."

What a prospect of defeat!

But listen to the undaunted Nazarene. Sacred buildings might be destroyed, but, as he had told the Samaria woman, the true temple of God is man, and man, even without sacred buildings, can worship God. And man shall not perish.

"By and by," he said, "I, the Son of man, will come in glory and take my seat on my throne, and all the nations will be gathered before me, and I shall separate men like a shepherd, when he divides his sheep from goats."

"Then," he told them, "the faithful will be told that they shall now enter into possession of their eternal kingdom, because they have fed and clothed and visited and comforted their King, on earth. But these will answer in surprise, 'We do not know that we have ever done any such things.'

"Then the King will answer, 'Just so far as you did so to men, my brothers, however lowly, you did it to Me.'"

It was dark when they went over the hill-top. The stars were just peeping out. They did not understand at all what their Lord meant, but when, in the after years, the trials all came true as he had said, they remem-

bered, and, because he had laid down his life for them, they believed in him and his promise, they fought the Good Fight, they finished their course, they kept the Faith. And the whole world bows to-day in homage before those unconquerable heroes, the Apostles of the King.

XXI

A FEAST FOR REMEMBRANCE

WEDNESDAY was a busy day for Judas.

Jesus did not go to Jerusalem at all. He took much rest in sleep, he sat quietly on the housetop or walked alone in the garden and the fields, and when evening came he talked cheerfully with his friends of Bethany and with the Twelve.

He was gathering his strength for the last battle.

But Judas had slipped away into the city in the morning and hurried stealthily to the temple. In a small chamber there the high priest and his father-in-law and a few Pharisees and doctors were sitting in informal council.

Hanan was saying for the fiftieth time, "If we can only get him suddenly, away from his Twelve, we will destroy him."

But Caiaphas said, "We had better not try it at the festival, or there will be a riot among the people."

Hanan, however, urged that if it could be accomplished then, his death would make all the deeper impression.

At this very moment a servant entered and announced that a man was at the door who desired to confer with them.

"Show him in," said Caiaphas after a moment's hesitation. "If he knows nothing of this, remember, we are met on public business. But it may be that he brings us information bearing on this very matter."

It was Judas.

As soon as the conspirators looked at him they were amazed, because they recognized him as one of the most prominent of the Twelve.

Did he come with a message of conciliation from his Master?

Alas! no. He was now fully set on revenge. Jesus' defiance of the priests, the Pharisees and the Herodians on yesterday had caused him to see, what the rest of the Twelve, who were less acute, would not see, that Jesus must die.

Judas was confident that he had been betrayed by a deceiver. He would make peace with the slayers of Jesus and thus secure his own safety. He would show this Galilean who had defrauded him of a chance to make his life of some consequence that it was of enough consequence to be that Galilean's ruin.

The fever had so burned his soul that he was as one possessed.

It took but a few sentences from him for

all present to see that the easy tool to their opportunity was in their hands.

Jesus would soon return to the city. Judas could find out his movements in advance, he would inform them at once, they would arrest him quietly, and before the people had a chance to shout rescue for their persecuted deliverer they could be persuaded that he was only a condemned criminal, an enemy to the nation.

When it came to settling the price of the bargain, all in the room saw that they were dealing with a madman.

"The price of a slave! The price of a slave!" he kept crying in a querulous monotone.

And, as if he were a child to be petted and pleased, they weighed out to him at once the few pitiful coins, only about twenty-three dollars, which he hastily dropped into his bag, and then hurried furtively away.

The next morning, Thursday, the Twelve called early at Martha's door and asked Jesus, who was seated in the garden with his friends, if he had yet planned for the Pass-over celebration.

He called Peter and John to one side.

"You go into the city and make ready for us all," he said.

"Where shall we go?" asked Peter, who was surprised that Jesus should venture to

expose himself in the capital again at the very height of the feast.

Foreseeing what was to come, Jesus had already planned to celebrate the festival a day in advance, and had arranged a signal with a friend named Mary, who lived there, so that he might use her upper chamber with no danger to herself from those who might be seeking to arrest him.

"You go into the city," he said, and he indicated the street, "and there a man carrying a water-jar will meet you. Follow him. Wherever he goes in, you say to the owner of the house, 'The Teacher says: "My time is coming. Where is the room for me to eat the Passover with my friends?"' He will himself show you a large upstairs-room all ready, and that is where you are to make preparations for us."

Judas, who had resumed his outward calmness, insisted, as treasurer, on accompanying them, and so the three went away into town.

Judas Iscariot bought the Passover lamb and killed it, and after they had made the proper offerings at the temple the three went to the house, where the upper room was, to roast it.

The young man carrying the water-jar as a signal was easily found. He led them to the outside stairway and showed them the room. It had been conveniently fitted up with a low table in the center and three long

couches arranged in horse-shoe shape around it. Upon the table they arranged the lamb, the bitter herbs, the unleavened cakes and several cups of wine.

When night came they all, dressed in their humble best, went quietly over the hill together. Jesus, who knew that he would not return, lingered to say a word of loving farewell to each of the staunch friends of Bethany. Bethany was home to Jesus. From his home he went out to die. It was at Bethany, after the trials all were over, that he was last seen by men.

The young man who had showed the arranged signal in the morning, Mary's son, John Mark, met them at the corner and watched at the foot of the outer stairway until he was certain that the little company above had not been followed.

Two of the Twelve, at the suggestion of Peter, had provided themselves with swords, so that, in case they were attacked at the supper, they might defend themselves.

It was some sad premonition rather than any reason that caused them to do this, for the Passover, which was the Jewish New Year, was supposed to be the time when all malice and revenge were cleansed away from men's hearts as was the old leaven of the old year from their houses.

But that was not the case, even among the Twelve.

All the way into town the conversation among their different groups had been as to the way in which the kingdom would be proclaimed. For, while no one was so stupid as not to see the grave danger into which Jesus had come from having stirred up the enmity of the rulers, it was now the very end of the festival, which Jesus had plainly taught was to be the great one of his life. They had never listened when he had tried to tell them that it was at this time he would die for men. The glamour of Sunday's crowd was still in their eyes, and they argued that he who had fed the multitude and raised the dead could at any time at a single word become master of Jerusalem.

This discussion naturally led to excited talk, and heart-burnings about the relative rank which each would have in the new dynasty.

Simon Peter was favored by the majority as vice-regent because of his ability, which had been so generally acknowledged among them that he had usually been their spokesman.

But James and John stood by each other as brothers. "We," said they, "have been even closer to Jesus. We ought to share the office between us."

According to their law any company of friends might buy a lamb between them for this festival. In such a case they constituted for that occasion one family. It was as a

family of brothers, then, with Jesus as their father, or head, that they had now come together. Twenty-one short, busy, happy years had passed since as a boy in his own family he had first eaten the Passover.

But when the Twelve entered the room they were so excited with their dreams of a kingdom that they forgot, and, as if this modest chamber were a royal banquet room, they began at once to claim the seats of honor.

Jesus, of course, was offered the head of the table, which was the central place on the left wing, then John crowded in ahead of him, and Judas Iscariot displaced James behind him, while Simon Peter, who was of too big a mind to engage in this petty fracas, quietly went across and sat at the foot of the opposite table.

The Paschal supper opens with the blessing of a cup of wine, which is handed around to all. Then the head of the family rises and washes his hands.

After Jesus had washed, at the side of the room, they were surprised to see him return, in the garb of a slave. His cloak was removed, a towel was bound around his waist and he bore a basin of water in his hands.

Amidst perfect silence he came to John, and, kneeling on the floor behind him, he washed and wiped his feet. It was the customary service rendered to guests at a dinner, but they could not afford a servant, and

they were too proud to do any such menial act for each other.

This he did for John, then for Judas, then for James, and so for all the rest.

The Twelve grew more uneasy as the Lord went patiently around, fetching and carrying water, and kneeling beside each one. They felt as if they were young children being tended by their father.

When he had nearly finished he came to Peter, who was bursting with indignation.

"You? Master! Were you going to wash my feet?" he exclaimed.

"You may not understand now what I am doing," Jesus answered, "but you will learn by and by."

"Never!" cried Peter.

"But unless I wash you," replied Jesus, "you have nothing in common with me."

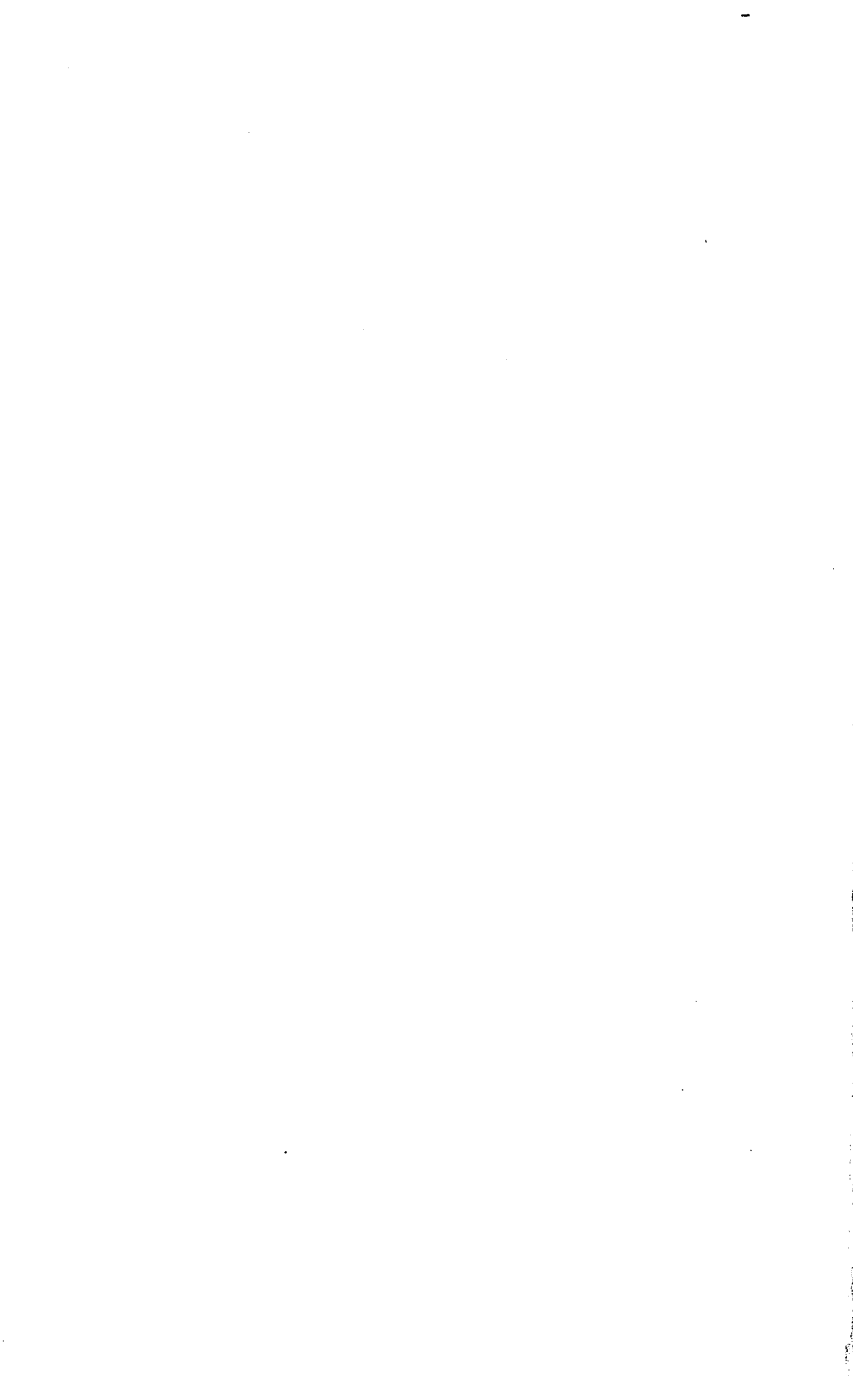
"Then, Master, not my feet only, but my hands and my head, too!" exclaimed Peter in earnest affection.

When he had put his cloak on and reclined again at the table he spoke to them again.

"Don't you understand yet what I have been doing? I have given you an example, so that hereafter you may do as I have done to you. The kings of the Greeks and the Romans are accustomed to lord it over them. But it is not to be so with you. On the contrary, those who are greatest among you must



From the painting by Ford Madox Brown
CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET



become like the youngest, and the Chief is he who serves.

"You are the men who have stood by me in my trials. Just as surely as the Father has granted me a Kingdom, shall I assign you places of power.

"Yet this very night they will strike down your Shepherd and all his Sheep will be scattered.

"Simon! Simon! listen. The Tempter demanded leave to sift you like wheat. But I prayed for you, Simon, that your faith should never fail. And I look to you, when you have returned to me, to strengthen your Brothers."

Simon Peter sprang to his feet.

"Master!" he exclaimed. "If every one else falls away from you, I never will. With you I am ready to go to the dungeon, yes, and to death, too."

The rest, too, excitedly raised their hands and swore an oath of unbroken allegiance.

"And yet, Peter," said Jesus sadly, "the cock will not crow to-morrow morning till you have three times disowned me."

Then, realizing that the fatal blow would be struck that very night and anxious for their own safety, he inquired anxiously if any of them were armed. He was relieved to learn that they were thus prepared.

It was but a few moments after Jesus had made his astonishing prophecy of Peter's im-

pending weakness that he made another sad forecast.

As they were eating, each reaching across the table in his turn, Jesus said,

“Look! The hand of the man that is betraying me is here beside me on the table!”

There was an incredulous cry. Every hand was snatched away. What! His own table-comrade? His guest? Each man looked at his neighbor with terror and thought of his own weaknesses with fear.

“It is not I, is it, Master?” they each asked in grief.

“It is one of you Twelve,” said Jesus.

Then, even Judas, with affected anxiety, said, over Jesus’ shoulder,

“It is not I, is it, Master?”

And Jesus whispered back, to show that he knew his treachery, “It is—even as you have said.”

Then Peter, eager to crush the traitor and prevent his plot, beckoned earnestly to John who faced him, leaning against Jesus’ breast, to try to find out which one it was.

He leaned back on Jesus’ shoulder and whispered,

“Who is it, Master?”

Jesus in a low voice said, “It is the one to whom I shall give this piece of bread after dipping it.”

The action was not an unusual one. The

father of the family at this time would dip a piece of bread with a bit of the lamb in the bitter herbs and hand it to his oldest son.

Jesus gave the morsel to Judas, whispering,

“Whatever you are going to do, make haste with it.”

The frightened traitor slunk from the room, before Simon Peter had grasped the meaning of what Jesus had just been doing. The rest thought that he had been asked by Jesus to go on some errand of mercy.

Outside, the sky was completely overcast, and it was through utter blackness that the traitor, his life saved by Jesus, and he himself expelled gently but firmly from the Twelve, rushed with rage through the city to the temple.

There he met Hanan, who, on the ground that he had gotten track of a dangerous revolutionist, had secured from Pilate, the governor, the promise of a cohort of soldiers. To these Hanan added a company of the temple police.

Judas, who had learned that Jesus planned to take the usual route back to Bethany, spent the evening in disposing various squads of men at convenient points along the southern route from the city.

After Judas had gone out, and the Pass-over meal was over, Jesus leaned across the

table and took some of the unleavened flat cakes and an untouched cup of wine.

They all looked toward him with anticipation.

He blessed God, broke the bread in pieces, and gave it to them, saying as he came to each,

"Take it and eat it. This is my body."

Then he took the wine cup and, continuing in prayer, he carried it to each one.

"This," he said, "is my Covenant-blood."

And when they had all eaten and drunk he said simply,

"Continue to do this for a remembrance of me."

It was the only time he ever expressed any anxiety lest he should be forgotten. As we have seen, he left no temple, book or organization. But temples, libraries and kingdoms since that time have perished and been forgotten, while that simple supper has survived as his eternal memorial. For, ever since that night, those who are of the family of Jesus have kept the custom, as he wished, and this household feast in honor of his life and death is still called: The Lord's Supper.

Before they left the room he told them again plainly about his death, using that term of special tenderness which had become of late his habit.

"My children," he said, "I am going to be

with you only a little while longer. You will look for me, but you can not come where I am going. Love each other! Love each other just as I have loved you. It is by this that any one will know that you belong to me—by the love you bear each other.”

“Where are you going, Master?” anxiously cried Peter.

“Where you can not follow now. But later you shall follow me.”

“Why can not I follow you now, Master? I will lay down my life for you.”

Then Jesus turned to the others and, as he saw their utter grief, he spoke those words that the whole world holds dear.

Have you ever been afraid to die? You need not be ashamed to confess it. Others, braver than you, have shuddered to think of the last hour. These Twelve were now looking over the brink of death. Jesus was to go over and out of sight. They would be alone. Then soon they, too, must go, and never return.

How would Jesus reassure them?

“Do not be broken-hearted. Trust in God. Trust in me, too.” Now hear the Teacher speaking as a carpenter: “There are many resting places in my Father’s House. I should have told you, had it not been so. I am going there to fit up a home for you. And if I do go and prepare it, I shall come back

again, and I will take you with me, so that you may be where I am.

“Now I am going to bequeath you something. It is called—Rest of Heart. I give it to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. In the world you will find trouble. But take courage—I have wrestled with the world, *and I have conquered!*

“Come, let us be going.”

It was midnight when they left the upper room.

Young Mark, who had been sleeping below, awoke as he heard them on the stairs, and, still anxious for the Master's safety, he caught up the linen bed coverlet, threw it over his tunic as a shawl and followed after. Had he not done so, the events of the next hour would not be known to us.

As they walked down into the Kedron valley, Jesus, seeing that they were still overwhelmed with grief, began one of the Pass-over hymns, and the rest, with faltering notes, at length joined in.

The woods were, as Jesus knew, full of soldiers. Judas was lurking near to pounce upon him. Was there ever a braver hour than when, as the great Shepherd led his sheep through the valley of the Shadow, he flung that song in the very face of death!

As they came to the last ominous words of the anthem:

“Bind the Sacrifice with ropes,
Even to the horns of the altar,”

Jesus turned aside into an olive orchard,*
which they had often visited, as their camping place for the night.

* See Note 33.

XXII

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE OLIVE ORCHARD

LISTEN to John Mark's story.

"The Twelve were quite exhausted with the day's excitement, and hardly had they reached the orchard before most of them were wrapped up, on the grass, asleep.

"But Jesus had already asked John and Peter and James to keep awake and stay near him.

" 'I am sad at heart,' I heard him say tenderly, 'sad even to death. Keep near and watch with me.'

"The clouds were now gone, and the full moon in all its glory shone down on the silver leaves of the olives.

"Jesus withdrew still farther into the shadow and threw himself on the ground in prayer. Even the chosen three could not withstand their drowsiness, and in a few moments they, too, had reclined against the trees, and they fell asleep.

"Seeing the Master lying still so long a time, I feared that he was in a faint and, stealing by a side path, I crept close enough to him to hear his voice.

“He was in terrible pain of heart. All the evening he had thoughtfully concealed his own grief from any of us. But he loved these men so much, tho they were so weak, and he was distressed to leave them. Still it was more than earthly partings that caused his agony.

“It was not the fear to die.

“What he feared was not death on the cross, but that he might die before he reached the cross; that he might fail just at the very last in his witness for the Father to men.

“‘Father,’ I heard him whisper, ‘if it is Thy pleasure, put this cup from me.’ But instantly I overheard him add quietly, ‘Only, not my will be done—but Thine.’

“Time and again he came back to where the three were, in unbearable need for their loving sympathy, and every time he found them asleep for weariness and grief. He looked upon them with pity—and said softly, ‘How soundly you sleep! Oh, rise, and be at prayer, that you enter not into temptation.’

“As he knelt again, I saw the sweat drop from his anguished face, and it was red with blood.

“But at length he won the victory. He quietly repeated the prayer that begins, ‘Our Father which art in heaven,’ and returned with calm face through the moonlight. Never from that hour through all the last dreadful day was his composure shaken.

“There was already the rustle of approaching feet, which marked time as if they were keeping step.

“‘Get up now,’ he said, hurriedly awaking each one of the Twelve. ‘We must be going. Listen! Look! my betrayer is close at hand.’

“Judas had tracked Jesus to his favorite resting place, had gathered the scattered squads from the hill, and was marching upon them with several hundred men, all armed, and carrying torches and lanterns.

“To cover the escape of his friends, Jesus hastened out to the entrance of the garden.

“Here he met Judas, who had eagerly pressed ahead.

“None of the soldiers knew Jesus, so the traitor had given them a sign.

“‘The man that I kiss will be the one,’ he had said. ‘Take him prisoner.’

“So he went up to Jesus at once and exclaimed, ‘Rabbi! I am glad to see you,’ and kissed him again and again, as if with eager affection.

“‘Friend!’ said Jesus, amazed at the meanness to which the traitor could go, ‘is it with a kiss that you would betray me!’

“Peter was the only one who made any defense. Indeed, they were overwhelmed by numbers. Several of them hardly escaped. I myself was easily found by means of the white coverlet, and it was only by leaving it in my pursuer’s hands that I got free.

“Seeing that by parleying with the soldiers he might be able to rescue all the Twelve, Jesus turned to the captain of the guard and said, ‘Who is it that you are looking for?’

“‘Jesus of Nazareth,’ he replied.

“‘I am he,’ said Jesus.

“The soldiers eagerly raised their torches so that they threw a bright light upon the face of Jesus.

“A look of awful power flashed from Jesus’ countenance.

“The soldiers, who had expected to see a frightened peasant, skulking among the trees, gave one glance at this gigantic and splendid figure and started backward.

“If a king might be known by his appearance, it was a king whom they were arresting.

“‘I am Jesus of Nazareth,’ he said again. ‘If you are looking for me, let these others go.’

“Satisfied that all of his fold were safe, the Shepherd submitted.

“And they loaded him with chains and brought him back to the city.”

XXIII

THE KING STANDS BEFORE KINGS

It was to Hanan's house that Jesus was led. He, more than his weaker son-in-law, the real high priest, had secured Jesus' capture.

John, who, as we know, owned a house at Jerusalem and who had some influence there, secured entrance for himself and Peter, and they heard the private examination of Jesus.

The serving-woman at the door noticed Peter's country brogue and said,

"Why, you are one of the man's *followers*, aren't you?"

Peter looked around in alarm and, before he thought, answered sharply,

"No, I am not."

Then, lest he should be questioned further, he stepped out into the courtyard and joined the soldiers who were warming themselves in front of a bonfire.

While this private examination was going on, messengers, sent hurriedly here and there, gathered a dishevelled minority of the Sanhedrin, and by two o'clock at night Jesus had been led, still shackled, across the courtyard

to Caiaphas' official residence, and the illegal Jewish trial had begun.

They had succeeded in their first plot: they had Jesus captive before the people were aware. The second plan was, to get him sentenced to death before the people found it out.

But was this easy to do?

Many witnesses had been held in readiness, who were now put forward against him, telling a confused story about a threat that Jesus had once made to destroy the temple, but their testimony was so trivial and contradictory that it was ridiculous. Nobody, it is true, not even his comrade John, said anything in his behalf, and the friendly councillor, Nicodemus, had not been notified of the meeting.

Finally, Caiaphas in despair tries his last move. He knows what Jesus claims to be. Probably he will deny it now that all other evidence has fallen through, but if he should confess it—ah! there is a chance.

The high priest stood up.

"Have you no answer?" he said sternly. "What have you to say to the evidence that these men are laying up against you?"

Jesus made no reply, as he had made none before to the helpless statements of the hired perjurers.

The high priest then continued: "Raise your right hand. Upon your oath now and in the presence of the Living God, tell us the

truth: Are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?"

Jesus might have denied, on the ground that these unbelievers had no business to hear the truth. He might have continued silent. Either course would have saved his life.

But he would not deny his mission, even to his murderers.

"I am!" he cried with hand upraised to heaven. "And ere long you will see the Son of man seated on the right hand of the Almighty."

"What profanity! What need we any more testimony!" cried the high priest in glee, and he tore his cloak in two, as if to show how horrified he felt at this monstrous statement.

"You heard his wicked words?" he shouted. "What is your verdict?"

"He deserves to die," they all yelled.

The Sanhedrin had long ago been deprived by the Romans of any power over men's lives, but in their cruel rage and triumph these venerable councillors rushed at him as if they would themselves execute the sentence of death forthwith.

Must I tell you what the leaders of his nation did that black night?

As he stood helpless with manacled hands, they spat in his face, they drew a cloak over his head, and then struck him in the face, yelling, "Ah! Now play the prophet. Tell

us who struck you then." And they even encouraged the brutal soldiers to beat him with their fists and staves.

Finally, tired out with their abuse, they went home to their breakfast.

As they were leading Jesus out across the courtyard again to the dungeon, Peter, who had waited in the firelight all this time in dumb and frightened anxiety, was at that very moment engaged in a dispute with the soldiers. Another lassie had come up to Peter, as he started for the door, and said to him,

"There is no use denying it. You are one of that fellow's followers. This man here," she said to the others, "was with the Nazarene—with Jesus."

"Woman," he said shamefacedly, "I don't even know him."

But another, a man-servant, affirmed positively,

"Why, he was undoubtedly with him. His very Galilean tongue tells on him. Are you not a Galilee man?"

Then one of the soldiers who had gone out to Gethsemane to arrest Jesus, came up close to Peter and lifted his chin and gazed into his face.

"Didn't I myself see you with him in the orchard?"

Then Peter in utter terror began to swear and to curse as in his old fisher days, and to shout,

"I never knew this man you are talking about."

It was just at this moment that Jesus, bound and bruised, was led across the open corridor connecting the two palaces. As he passed, he looked Simon Peter in the eye. At the same instant, on a nearby roost, a cock crew.

Peter was crushed as by a blow. The cock crowing—that look—the triple disowning!

It had all come out as Jesus had said.

The disgraced man rushed out into the morning light to hide his shame and bemoan his failure.

Judas Iscariot had been present through both hearings. "Now," he had thought, "the priests will soon show up this pretender!"

But he listened with amazement. Even his disordered brain could discern that the captive was perfectly innocent. When he saw Jesus rise in the old grandeur and once more proclaim his kingdom, amazement changed to bewilderment. Was he right? Were the leaders not only mistaken but malicious? Was the Messiah about to be murdered by his own people? Was he that Chosen One's murderer? Then, when they began their tortures and he saw the man who had stood by him so many times when others had deserted him, and even when he was unworthy of himself, suffering such agony, he could endure no longer. He rushed shrieking from the palace.

Before seven o'clock in the morning the Sanhedrin was called together in regular session in the temple. While they were waiting for Jesus, Judas again appeared before them, standing in the semicircle, about which they were sitting.

The madness had left him, but remorse had taken its place. Perhaps he hoped his confession would save Jesus.

With cold, white face he said, as he laid his purse containing the petty amount of the blood-money upon the desk before Caiaphas, "I have done wrong in betraying this good man to death."

"What is that to us?" asked Caiaphas with a sneer. "You must look out for that yourself."

Judas flung the bag upon the temple floor and fled away.

What he had done could not be hindered. He could not longer endure the horror of his own self. He could not live after his victim was murdered. That very morning, while the soldiers were nailing Jesus to his cross, he went out to a lonely field on the side of a hill south of the city, which he had intended to purchase with the blood-money, and hung himself. And before nightfall his hideous, broken body was found fallen from the parted rope at the bottom of a cliff by the roadside.

Like Hanan, the high priest offered the Sanhedrin no evidence, he allowed no defense.

He simply secured from Jesus another oath that he claimed to be the Christ and said, "Why do we want any more witnesses?"

Then, without any vote of condemnation, he hurried the captive over to the palace of the Roman governor.

They were by no means yet sure of their purpose. It was all very well to browbeat the fearful and hoodwink the ignorant in their own body, but Pilate would demand legal evidence. What did this officer of Rome care about blasphemy? All foreign gods were alike to him.

What charge could they make?

Pilate was not pleased to see them, for they were old trouble-makers.

According to their strict rules of ceremonial purity they could not enter a foreigner's house that sacred day, altho they could defile their own homes and hearts with malice and murder.

Pilate came grumbling out upon his porch to meet them.

"What is the charge against this man?" he said gruffly.

They were still perplexed as to what to say.

"If he had not been a criminal, we should not have handed him over to you," answered Caiaphas.

"Well," said Pilate, starting to go back into his house, "take him yourselves then, and try him by your own law."

"But we have no power to put any one to death," they confessed in impotent rage.

"Oh, that is what you want, is it?" said Pilate, as he entered his door. Then turning back he said to the soldiers guarding Jesus,

"Bring him in here."

Away from that noisy crowd he would soon find if there was anything at the bottom of this.

He seated himself and bade Jesus stand before him.

The evidence was repeated to him. He listened without interest to the confused and pointless testimony, until finally one sentence caught his attention.

"What's that?" he said. "King? What do you mean?"

He turned and faced Jesus and looked him over.

"Are you the king of the Jews?" he asked with a sneer.

Remember, Pilate had never heard of Jesus. That shows how much stir he had made in the world. It shows also how little interference he had ever met from the Roman authorities.

He looked at him impartially. He saw simply a Galilean peasant; not a wild revolutionist nor a hardened criminal. The man seemed perfectly harmless.

"Did you suggest that," answered Jesus

quietly, "or have other people said that to you about me?"

"Do you take me for a Jew?" Pilate answered crossly. "It is your countrymen and your own priests that have handed you over to me. What have you been doing, now?"

"My kingdom," said Jesus firmly, "is not one of this world's kingdoms. If it had been, of course my servants would have been fighting to prevent my being handed over to the Jews, but, as it is, my kingdom is nothing of that kind."

"So you are a king after all!" exclaimed Pilate.

"Yes. I am King, as you say," answered Jesus. "I was born for this, I have come into the world for this one thing—to bear witness to the Truth. Everyone who is on the side of Truth hears my voice."

"Truth!" asked Pilate scornfully. "What is that?"

He made up his mind that Jesus was a dreamer.

He came out to the waiting Jewish rulers and said, "Why, I don't find a charge by which this man can be held. I shall—"

With a shout they interrupted him. They had thought up an entirely fresh accusation.

"He is stirring up sedition by his teaching all through Judea, starting from up in Galilee and coming all the way down here."

"Galilee?" asked Pilate. "Then I will

send him to King Herod. He belongs in his jurisdiction.”

Herod Antipas, ruler of Galilee and Perea, the murderer of John the prophet, happened to be in the city at the time of this festival, and altho Pilate had not been on good terms with him, he thought he saw a chance here to win over an enemy.

Herod was delighted to meet Jesus, for he had heard much about him from John the Baptizer. He had forgotten his own superstitious fears, and it occurred to him that he might get this strange Galilean to do some of his magic for his entertainment.

But to the slayer of his heroic friend, Jesus would not condescend a word.

Finally the silly king lost his temper and determined to have some sport in one way if not in another. So he sent for some old clothes, and, dressing him up in a ridiculous dress of bright colors, he made a spectacle of him for his courtiers, and then sent him back in this way through the city streets.

If Pilate had done the just thing at first and released Jesus when he first saw that he was innocent, he would have saved himself much trouble. But within an hour Jesus was led back to him again and he had his decision to make all over.

The more Pilate talked with Jesus the more he was impressed by his innocence and the more he liked him. Jesus would not defend

himself, for he knew it was only a waste of words. When he declined to alter or repeat his straightforward answers, and Pilate, losing his temper in his anxiety to find some way to release him, said, "Why do you refuse to answer me? You don't seem to realize that I have power to release you and also to crucify you," Jesus answered, pityingly and forgivingly, "Yes, but it is the one who handed me over to you who has the greater sin to answer for."

Altho Pilate hated these treacherous Jewish rulers, he had always gotten along with them as peaceably as possible. At once another compromise suggested itself to him.

"This man you have brought before me charged with misleading the people. But I have examined him and found him innocent of every one of these things of which you accuse him. Nor has Herod succeeded otherwise. As a matter of fact, he has done nothing worthy of death. I shall have him flogged and then release him."

It was an outrageous decision. Flogging, which was done in those days by leathern thongs with iron ends, was so severe a punishment that culprits often died beneath the blows.

But Pilate hoped to win pity from them because of his sufferings and thereby save his life. How much simpler it had been to do the fair thing and release Jesus at once and drive

this wolf pack from his courtyard with his troops!

In another half hour Jesus was led again before them. His back had been striped with deep gashes, the blood was running from his body in streams, and the whole cohort of six hundred imbruted Romans had made sickening sport of him with all the fiendish cruelty they possessed.

Again Jesus and Pilate stood face to face on the raised portico.

Even Pilate was overwhelmed with contrition. The soldiers had thrown an old red war cloak over his bleeding shoulders, they had crushed a crown of sharp briars over his forehead and they had stuck a reed in his hand, to make him appear like a mock king. He was pale, trembling, fainting. But in silent courage and dignity he never seemed the true king of men that he was more than now.

As Pilate turned to look at him, the morning sun broke through a cloud upon the Savior's form. It lighted his hair and the country chaplet to a coronal of glory, starred with the rubies of his blood. It lit his eagle face and deep eyes with a touch of tender beauty. It fell upon the bound hands that had been so often put forth in mercy. It stole to the worn and patient feet, now entering upon their last journey.

And Pilate, as he looked, started back in superstitious terror, remembering the strange

dream that his wife had just told him, that a son of the gods was about to be killed upon the cross.

Pilate pointed to him in silence.

Then he said in brief eloquence:

“Behold! The Man!”

The real greatness of Jesus was manifest. Not eloquence, not deeds of power, not courage—great as they are and greatly as Jesus possessed them. The greatness of Jesus was love. No man ever loved like this man.

But the priests and rulers, who had been planning what to do next, burst forth with one hoarse, prolonged shout,

“Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!”

Stirred by the omen of the dream, thoroughly alarmed by the shoutings which seemed to portend a popular uprising, Pilate did only one thing more, weaker and more foolish than any other.

It was the custom then, as it is still in some countries, to give a free pardon to some notable criminal on every high festival day.

Pilate thought of one Jesus Bar-Abbas, a desperate murderer, who was really and plainly guilty of the very crime of which Jesus was charged.

Did these rulers want to show their patriotism? Here was the chance.

“I will set free Jesus, this so-called king of yours, and I will execute Jesus Bar-Abbas, the traitor,” he suggested.

The rulers, who had by this time gathered a rabble from the dregs of the city, instantly led them in yelling:

"No! Away with this fellow! Kill him! Release Bar-Abbas unto us."

It is a strange thing that the word "Bar-Abbas" means "son of the Father." They chose Jesus, the false "son of the Father," a rioter and murderer, instead of Jesus the true Son of God.

And as he still hesitated, a deeper cry burst upon his ears, bearing the menace that always caused him more terror than any other:

"If you let this fellow go, you are no friend of the emperor. Anybody who makes himself out to be a king is setting himself against the emperor."

"But what shall I do with this king of yours?"

They forgot even their untold hatred of Rome in their keener hatred of Jesus.

"We have no king but Cæsar," they cried. "Let this man be crucified."

Pilate could ill afford to have any complaint carried to Cæsar. Innocent as he might seem if he did justly in this matter, there were other deeds—pillage, injustice, even murder—of which he could not afford to let the emperor have knowledge.

Pilate was beaten.

But he must cover up his defeat somehow.

He did so in a weak and pitiful manner.

He sent for a basin of water, and, in memory of an old custom by which a judge thus dramatically washed off responsibility from himself, he washed his hands before them all, saying,

“I am not answerable for the bloodshed of this innocent. You look to it yourselves.”

And the leaders of Israel shouted in careless exultation, “His blood be on our heads, and on our children’s.”

XXIV

THE KING DIES FOR HIS PEOPLE

NORTH of the city, outside the gate, close to the road along which Jesus had walked so many times when coming in from Galilee, was the Hill of Execution,* or, as it was called from its gruesome shape, Golgotha, a name that means "Skull."

Thither they dragged Jesus.

It was now about nine in the morning.

First marched a Roman captain at the head of a squad of soldiers, carrying aloft on a pole the name and supposed crime of the victim. Pilate in his helpless rage had insisted on printing thereon this bitter insult to the Sanhedrin:

THIS IS
JESUS OF NAZARETH,
The King of the Jews.

Jesus and two thieves, who were also to be crucified that day, followed, bending beneath the cross-bars upon which they were to hang. A mixed crowd of rulers and rabble and curious spectators surrounded them. A few of

See Note 34.

Jesus' own friends, including his mother, the other Marys, Salome, the mother of James and John, and John himself, brought up the rear.

Jerusalem was now thoroughly awake.

One thing I must remind you just here.

It was not the Jewish people who murdered Jesus. It was only a small group of their rulers. The people simply neglected, wavered, were hesitant. They did nothing, while his foes were active. Neglect, not rejection, let Jesus die. The people were already murmuring at this atrocious deed of violence against their beloved teacher. But the men said, "What's the use? It is all over. It is too late. Already he has been condemned by our rulers, and can we rescue him from a regiment of soldiers?" But the women felt no such resignation, and from house-door and shop-window and the sides of the narrow streets they and their children looked upon him with streaming eyes of pity and bewailed him with loud laments.

He was going to the most shameful form of death and to the most agonizing. But he forgot his own anguish entirely. He despised the shame. At every step he turned from side to side, speaking tender and thoughtful words to these women, entreating them all to pray as never before for their doomed nation and for the welfare of their own little children.

The death of Socrates has always aroused

the sincerest admiration. Men have cherished the memory of the calmness of that venerable man, in drinking the fatal hemlock, after his condemnation by the highest law court of his nation, and dying with fearless dignity among his friends. But what shall we say of Jesus, so young, so strong, so beautiful, condemned without a show of justice, exhausted by loss of blood and sleep and food, nailed with spikes through hands and feet to a tree, exposed to heat and thirst and to the gaze of men, and deserted even by his friends, retaining to the last moment the very majesty of God?

It is a precious memory to those who love him that he was the same Jesus to the very end.

When he fainted by the city gate, and they forced a foreign Jew hurrying as a belated pilgrim to the festival to turn back and carry the shameful cross in his place, he walked beside the disappointed and embittered man and spoke to him with thanks and sympathy.

When they jolted his trembling body as the cross was dropped into the hole in the earth, he prayed God to forgive those who were murdering him, because, after all, they were ignorant of what they were doing.

He refused to stupefy himself with the drink which merciful women of the city provided for such cases, for he thought it was cowardly to die unconscious.

And while he was dying, the heartless Roman soldiers were carelessly casting lots in their helmets for his clothing, the only worldly goods he possessed. Even the seamless robe, which Mary, his mother, had woven for him in Capernaum, went to warm some barbarian sentinel as he guarded Israel's capital.

That mother, pierced to the heart with woe, clung to the foot of his cross, sharing, as mothers will, without a thought of herself, the shame of that dreadful day.

John was the only one of the Twelve who braved death to be present. Jesus the night before had saved all their lives in the olive orchard, but to-day they had forsaken him. This one faithful comrade he drew nearer by calling his name, and then he spoke also to his mother. The words were few and feeble, but, oh, so thoughtful.

"John. See! your mother.

"Mother, he will be your son."

And as long as she lived, John took care of her for Jesus.

He repeated snatches of those holy psalms which he had learned as a schoolboy and had loved all his life.

His divine demeanor so moved one of the thieves who hung by him, and who had even joined with the mob in yelling insults and curses at him, that, afraid to die, he begged Jesus to forgive him when he took possession of his kingdom. Jesus assured him that on

that very day he should awake with him in glory.

A weird shadow had been slowly settling over the earth all day. Soon after mid-day it grew dark as night.

Gradually the howls and curses of his enemies died away in terror, and only the sobs of the women, his friends, who knelt close by, could be heard. Even the Roman soldiers had ceased their dice-playing and drinking and were dumb with superstitious awe. The very earth seemed tottering in revolt against the slaughter of its king.

Those were six hours of mortal agony, but not a word of weakness came from his lips.

Crucifixion does not itself kill. It simply exposes the helpless sufferer to heat, thirst, fever and the wild birds of prey. These did not kill Jesus. He died of a broken heart.

But his last word to men was a cry of victory. "It is finished!"

Then, like a child who comes at night to his father's arms, he said softly, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

And he fell asleep.

The Roman commander, remembering legends of the passing of some of the ancient divine heroes, spoke the mind of the watching world, when he exclaimed, as Jesus breathed his last:

"Surely this man must have been a Son of God!"

The Jewish rulers who had killed Jesus were equally agitated.

Their victim's death had seemed like a coronation.

They returned to their council chamber in the temple, and in the brightening light of evening they saw a sight that caused them to tingle with terror.

The heavy temple doors were rolled open, the silken curtains of sunset colors that had always hidden their Holy Shrine had been torn apart by the earthquake, and even the foreign visitors, the heathen, were peering curiously within.

"What did that Galilean say one day on this very spot? 'I am the Doorway. No one comes to the Father except through Me,' and again, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

One of Jesus' secret friends, named Joseph, a member of the Sanhedrin, owned the garden at the foot of the Hill of Execution. He and Nicodemus asked Pilate for the privilege of burying the body of Jesus there in his new family tomb. While the soldiers were taking the body down from the cross they discovered that the cause of Jesus' death was a rupture of the heart.

But the rulers were so afraid, even of his senseless corpse and of his suddenly remembered word about "raising in three days the temple of God," that they even ventured to



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From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme

GOLGOTHA

Pilate again and besought him for a guard of soldiers to prevent after all some unknown, but impending undoing.

So the friends of Jesus buried him. And as they bore him to the garden tomb they marveled that so slight a body had sustained so unwearied a life. They laid it in cool spices and fair, white linen, cleansing its sacred wounds and washing away its stains, grieving in blind, tearful unfaith, yet comforted at even this ministration to the dear remains. After the Sabbath was over they proposed to come and embalm the body. When they had finished, the guard rolled against the entrance a huge round door of stone, which they sealed with the royal signet. And all night long the sentinels paced to and fro before the king's sepulcher.

That night was starlit and silent. John sat in his dark home soothing the gray-haired mother of Jesus. Simon Peter knelt in the agony of penitence in Gethsemane in the very spot where Jesus had prayed. The rest were scattered fugitives.

And wearily the hopeless Sabbath drew on.

XXV

THE MORNING OF HIS KINGDOM

CAN you begin to feel the grief of the friends of Jesus?

The Prince of life, that Heart of hearts, was dead. Hatred and shame had done their will with that shining spirit.

It seemed the end of everything.

But was there not a hope—just a glimpse of light in the tempest?

Could the King be defeated? Could his words of life live on and the Giver of life be dead?

What had He himself said? “I have wrestled—and *I have conquered!*”

How eagerly we read those fragments in the Resurrection Story and wish they were more than fragments.

The deserted tomb,* left by the Lodger-for-a-night—the One like a gardener, walking with blossoms in his hand—the Guest at supper, made known by his uplifted hand—

One tale is more complete.

* See Note 35.

Some of the fishermen had gone back to the lake.

They went out one night toward the farther side to fish for the large lakefish.

Everything hereabouts reminded them of their Lord.

Across the lake were their homes and his at Capernaum. Above and beyond they could dimly see in the moonlight the mountain where he had called them and taught them the Blessings. This very coast that lay close by through the fog was the one on which he had fed the multitudes. Farther south he had healed the Gadarene giant and preached in the Decapolis. The whole lake had been made sacred by his words and deeds when he had sailed with them upon its waters.

Toward morning they heard a cheery voice on shore shouting through the mist, "Lads, have you any fish?"

"No," they replied, wondering.

"Cast your net over on the other side of the boat, and you will find some."

And, sure enough, they did.

Where had this sort of thing happened before?

Who was it that knew the lakefish better than any of them?

John, of course, remembered.

"It is the Master!" he exclaimed.

In a flash Peter cried, "Here, John, hold this net. I'm going ashore."

He leapt out of the boat and swam the hundred yards to the strand.*

When the rest came in, pulling the laden net, as soon as they were close enough to get a glimpse through the fog, they could see him, sitting with Peter, beside a fire. Jesus was roasting some of the fish, like herrings, which he had caught off the shore with hook and line for their breakfast. "Bring some of the large fish up," said Jesus to Peter.

So he ran down, and they laid these also on the coals.

They all sat in strange silence as they ate breakfast. The sun, athwart the mountain-tops, was just smiting through the mists.

There was Jesus putting the fish on pieces of bread and handing it about just as he had done so many times before when they had camped together, in those years beside the lake. And yet he was not the same. Between that supper in the upper room and this breakfast at the lakeside, between the agony and the triumph—something had intervened.

When they arose to go, Peter, according to his old-time custom, strolled along the beach beside Jesus. John was close behind.

Peter dreaded, yet he longed, to be alone with Jesus.

Jesus was the one to break the silence.

"Simon," he said, "are you more devoted to me than these others are?"

*See Note 36.

Peter was not so ready to boast of his loyalty as he had been the night of the betrayal, but neither was he willing to deny it.

"I am, Master," he answered heartily. "You know I love you."

"But, Simon, are you really devoted to me?"

Simon replied again as before.

Once more Jesus looked Simon keenly in the face. Three times Simon had disowned him. By a three-fold confession he must atone.

"Simon, do you honestly love me?"

Peter was pained and grieved.

"Master," he cried, "you know all. You can see that I love you."

"Then," said Jesus, pointing to the others, "Tend my sheep."

Do you remember how Jesus had told Simon that he was to be Chancellor of his kingdom? Had he forgotten? Was he mistaken?

No, you begin to see. Jesus had said, "The Chief is he who serves." Simon was to be the first great Servant and Comforter of the Brotherhood of Followers.

But Jesus had still more to tell him.

"When you were a boy, Peter, you could run wherever you would. But by and by men will take you up and carry you where you would not go."

This puzzle meant that some day he should

be carried to a violent death. The story is that later he, too, died upon a cross.

"Still will you follow me?" asked Jesus.

"With my whole heart I will," he answered, undaunted.

Then, turning to John, who was coming up nearer, Peter put his arm affectionately upon his old friend's shoulder, and, remembering how dear he, too, was to Jesus, he said,

"And, Master, this man: what about him?"

But Jesus would not tell him.

"Never mind about him," said Jesus gently. "It is enough for you to follow me."

It is in the account of Jesus' life which came to us from this same John that we have this lakeside story.

There he leaves Jesus, walking on, with Peter and himself, "alive forevermore."

And thus we love to think of him still, walking with those that love him, according to that last word, which Matthew tells us he said, "I shall be with you always."

For if we have Jesus, we have not only Hero and Friend, but "God with us," the King of Glory.

The Twelve waited in the supper-room until, touched with the flame of his Spirit, they went forth to disciple the world. "They did not wish him back, because they knew that he had never gone away."



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"IF THOU SEEK HIM"

From the painting by Ferdinand Pauwels

Those saintly men and pure-hearted women of the Christ Day passed away. Others in unbroken rank have succeeded them—martyrs, heroes and confessors.

The kingdom has gone on without ceasing. Wherever Love is there it reigns.

And at the heart of this Kingdom still dwells our King. Saints who have had visions have seen Jesus in glory. He was not at rest or forgetful. He was standing—by his throne—in expectant eagerness, watching and awaiting his soldiers doing his will.

Thus his kingdom sees Him forever—the expectant Christ.

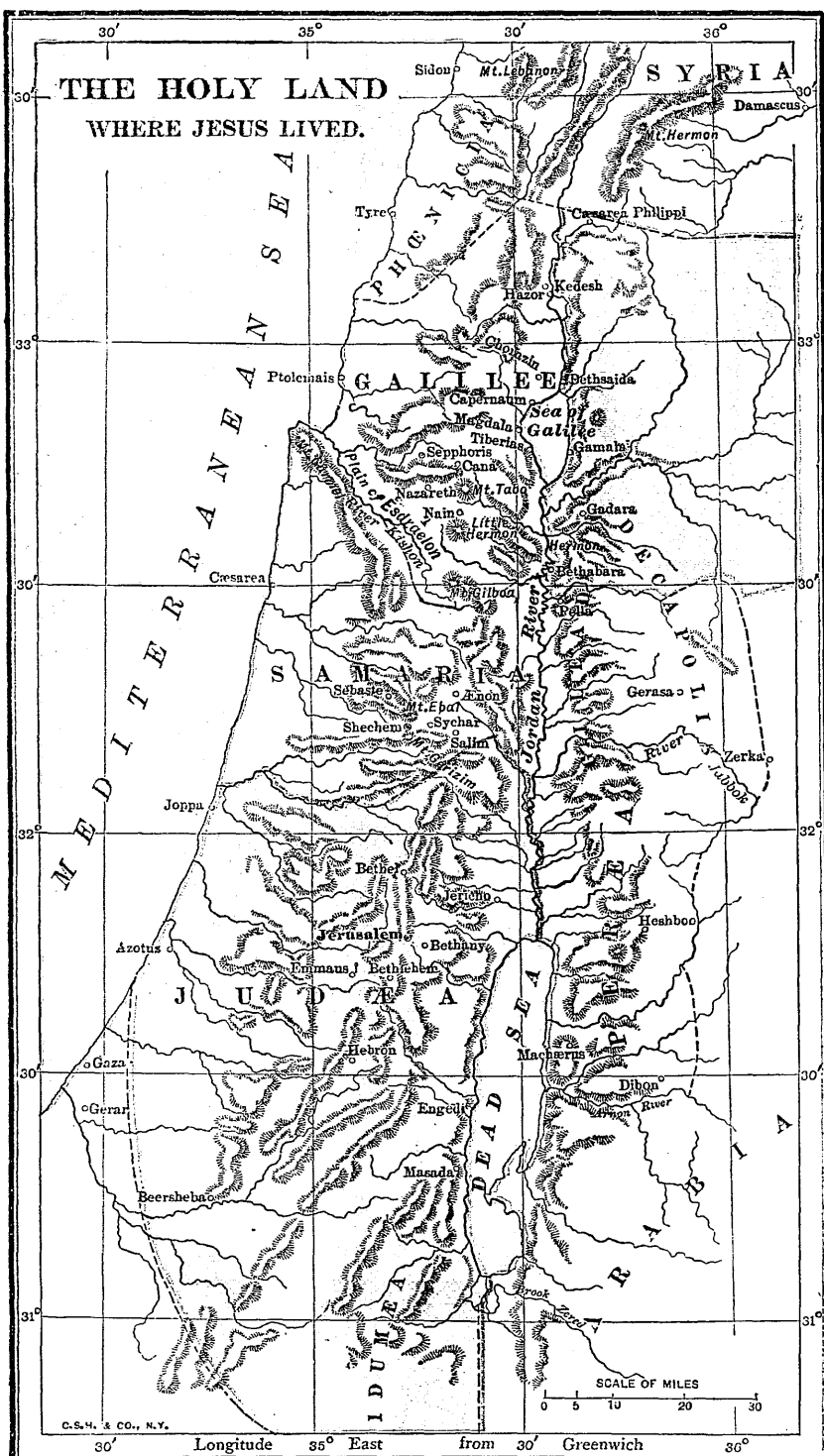
For, what he expects of all, he expects of each. To each one of us who walks beside the sea of life Jesus still comes, and his message is the same as to Simon Peter of old—no less, no more:

“FOLLOW ME.”

NOTES

NOTES

THE HOLY LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED.



NOTES

Note 1. Following the Footsteps of Jesus

In order to make the life of Christ perfectly real, it seems necessary to know more about the places in which He lived. In the main part of this book we have made a chronological study of the life of Christ. The purpose of these notes is to make a geographical study. Beginning with note 1, the reader is supposed to enter the Holy Land at Joppa, which is the most frequent landing-place of pilgrims to-day, and to take the consecutive journey to the different sites connected with the life of Jesus, traveling in the same order as the events of that life. These descriptions are outlines of those places as they appear to-day. The best means, outside of a visit, for making these places real to us has been prepared by Underwood & Underwood, who have made stereographs of the places described in notes. These thirty-six photographs are numbered to correspond with the numbering of our notes. It will be helpful to the reader if, before reading each note, he turns also to the map of the Holy Land and finds the exact location of the place which is described.

The traveler to the Holy Land, as you will see by the map, approaches it from the west, coming directly to the long, straight coast line which reaches unbroken from Tyre on the north to Gaza on the south. Altho he can see only the harbor of Joppa, the whole land is before him, from Galilee and the Lake of Galilee on the north to Judea and the Dead Sea, seventy-five to one hundred miles to the south, with the Mediterranean Sea washing the shore line on the west. As the traveler looks eastward to Joppa from his steamer, across the reefs which choke the harbor, Egypt is three hundred miles behind him to

his right, and Asia Minor five hundred miles behind him to his left. Joppa, or Jaffa, anciently the only seaport of Jerusalem and Palestine, is a compact city of Mohammedans and Christians, which is built on a whaleback rise of rocky ground, the only eminence on the southern coast. The walls of its flat-roofed houses are of blue, pink, white and yellow, and sparkle in the brilliant sunlight. The tower of a monastery, the minaret of a mosque and an occasional palm tree break the sky-line. In this mooring, through which the passenger is taken in a small boat, once lay logs of cedar for Solomon's Temple, cut at the far north on Mount Lebanon and floated down the coast. In this town lived Doreas, and here Peter saw the vision that opened his heart to the world.

The traveler to-day, impatient to set foot on the Holy Land, must clamber down the side of his steamer and intrust himself to the fierce-looking boatmen who will row him through the breakers to the rocky landing place.

After we have landed here, we shall wish to go at once to Bethlehem, the place of our Savior's birth. We go along the roadway to the left, through dirty, narrow streets, past the huddled houses, amongst a mixed throng of Europeans, Egyptians, Northern Syrians, Palestine peasants, Bedawin of the desert, dogs and beasts of burden, until we reach the railroad station or the roadway of our departure. Straight before us stretches the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem. The people who come to Bethlehem usually lodge at Jerusalem. It is up hill all the way, rising twenty-five hundred feet in forty miles by a funny old-fashioned road. One can go in this way in five hours, or if he travels by camel spend two days on the way.

Note 2. The Main Street of Bethlehem To-day

On the map of Palestine find Bethlehem, a short distance southwest of Jerusalem. The little town is built on the eastern slope of a watershed, a part of Judea's tableland. It is twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea level,

and the air is clear and dry. It stretches along the hill-sides, and from its highest part we can see to the east as far as the Dead Sea, to the north the hills that hide Jerusalem. We approach it from the northwest, and let us suppose that just at the entrance to the market-place we pause and look back along the main street. It is only a long and narrow lane, which appears unusually clean for an Oriental street, but its only drainage is on the surface down to the gutters at the side. The soft limestone houses are not ancient, and they differ from that in which Joseph found shelter for Mary and her son in that they have two stories and outside balconies which were unknown then, but the flat roofs with growing plants and the small outside windows remind us of the houses of the olden time. Some of them have outside stairways, which were a common method in olden time of approaching the roofs. This lane is crowded with people; most of them are Christians. They wear the turban rather than the fez, and the women of Bethlehem to-day, as probably in the time of Christ, have a special local costume, with a stiff head-dress and peculiar cloak. The children have bright faces and are attractive, though they go barefooted and dress in rags. You can never look down a Palestine street without seeing at least one of the half-wild street dogs. It was along such a lane as this that Joseph and Mary came at the end of their long journey from Nazareth, and when they went to Jerusalem and returned, at the time when they presented Jesus in the Temple. Hither came the magi from Herod, and Herod's soldiers on their bloody errand.

Note 3. In Bethlehem To-day

As soon as we leave the main street of Bethlehem and turn southward, we find ourselves in the village square. It is at the east end of the town overlooking the valley, with its olive orchards, meadows and sheep-folds. From the outer windows of the buildings that surround the square, one can look down upon the field of the shepherds,

whence they came to visit the Babe who was to be their Savior.

The square to-day is filled, as it was on that day when Joseph came to be enrolled in the census, with camels and donkeys, the beasts of burden of the rich and the poor, such as those of the magi and of Joseph. The latter are loaded with firewood; the former having come a longer distance, are unladen as they rest. The buildings that surround the square to-day are of a better class than those usually seen in Palestine, for their owners are Christians, probably prosperous dealers in curios. Across the square is a ruined mosque, but the Mohammedans have not worshiped in Bethlehem for over seventy years. Just behind us is the entrance of the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Greek church in the world. Even to-day, among the tawdry trappings of the gold and silver lamps, the marbles and ivories, the brilliant flames and soft incense, one can see that the grotto of the nativity underneath the church is only an irregular cave in the rock. Here was the Inn of Bethlehem, a bare, open place like this, with a lean-to, already full of guests. In one of the mangers for cattle below the Babe was laid, amidst the slime and reek. Little did it look like the birthplace of a King.

Ere we go away from Bethlehem we shall not forget that once, perhaps across this very market place, ran the shepherd boy David as he came in from his father's pastures, and that Ruth may have walked here many times at morning and even when going to or returning from the barley fields of Boaz.

Note 4. The View from the Hilltop at Nazareth

From Bethlehem the holy family went down to Egypt and returned to Nazareth—which, as the map shows, is about ninety miles due north of Bethlehem—along the coast, past Joppa, so as to avoid the new Herod. We may imagine ourselves transported along the direct route over the tablelands of Judea and Samaria. Palestine, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts. Judea and

Samaria were two. The third and northern part was called Galilee. Nazareth was in lower Galilee.

It is a steep climb up into Nazareth, a hillside town whose slopes face southward.

If you should walk to-day to the roof of the English Orphanage, near the top of the hill at Nazareth, and look southward, you would see the same view that Jesus saw when He was a boy. Beyond, winding down into the Plain of Esdraelon, would be the path up which you had clambered into the town, the same road down which Jesus walked when he went across the valley. You can see from here to the south, as the text suggests, on the left the valley that leads up to Mount Gilboa, connected with the exploits of Gideon and Saul, and at the right the crest of Carmel where Sisera's army first debouched upon the plain. You are sixteen hundred feet above the Mediterranean. You can see the flashing reflection of a stream that is a branch of the River Kishon, which flows westward into the Mediterranean. As the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Jordan is here, a stream a few rods to the left, flows in the opposite direction into the Jordan. The sharp hill beyond, at our left, seems to mark a slice cut out of the range, as if on purpose to open up this glorious vista. That hill is by some called "the Mount of Precipitation," because they believe it was where the people of Nazareth tried to cast Jesus down. But it is so far away that it seems more likely to have been some steep place on this hill above the village on which we are standing. Nazareth is on every side but this enclosed by mountains as a flower is by leaves. The chalky limestone, which peeps through the verdure like snow, shows how scanty is the soil. You recognize the olive and the cypress. The fig, the mulberry, the lemon, the pomegranate and the almond grow in the gardens. This village is also the northern limit of the palm.

The houses below us lie in snowy whiteness. It is interesting to try to pick out one which resembles the house in which Jesus was brought up, which, of course,

is not standing to-day. Most of the houses still have flat roofs where the inhabitants can enjoy fresher air than in the stuffy streets, or watch the flocks and herds, or in summer lie down to sleep. The streets are narrow and not very clean. The houses on either side present a blank wall, which is broken here and there by little recesses used for shops and stores.

The house in which Jesus lived probably had only one or two rooms. It may have been built of stone like those to-day or of dried mud whitewashed. It probably had no window and no chimney. A hole in the roof and the open door answered instead. But as the people lived an outdoor life, even cooking outside in fair weather, the house was a sufficient shelter.

All the water, to-day, as then, for the entire village, must be brought from a large spring or fountain near the foot of the hill.

Note 5. The Fountain at Nazareth

We can come down from the hilltop through one of these narrow streets to the very fountain from which Mary used to draw water. The arch over it may be a modern one, but the fountain is the only one Nazareth ever had. This fountain is conducted from a spring above, over which to-day stands a Christian Church on the site where, it is claimed, the angel appeared to Mary. Just to our left is another church, which claims to occupy the spot where Jesus attended the synagog, and later preached His first sermon. The women of Nazareth have always been noted for their beauty, owing, it is claimed, to the blessing of the Virgin Mary. They dress like the women of Bethlehem, except that instead of a stiff head-dress, on each side of the face is a rouleau of silver coins fastened to a pad which is fitted to the head. It is to coins worn in this fashion that our Savior alluded in the parable of the Lost Piece of Silver. As the women come with their empty jars, they carry them on the side, then turn them upright as they take them away full.

They seem very heavy, but the women carry them with a light, graceful step up the steep lanes of Nazareth. The loaded donkeys on their way to Cana or Jerusalem or Damascus are seen to-day as then, and just beyond is the village Inn, an open court with a shelter at one side, as was the Inn at Bethlehem. A cattle market is often held there.

Note 6. The Sights in Crossing the Plain of Esdraelon

When the Nazareth cavalcade went down into the Plain of Esdraelon moving southward, the first streams they crossed would be flowing westward, but as they went onward to where the Plain slopes toward the Jordan the brooks would all be flowing eastward. This eastern end of the Plain has always been frequented by shepherds, some of whom have their homes beyond the Jordan.

To these streams they still come, as in the days when Jesus walked through, leading their sheep "by the side of still waters." They live wild, lonely lives, but, as in the time of Jesus, they are faithful to their flocks, still sometimes in this very Plain protecting them from the Bedawin robbers at the cost of their lives. They often carry the smaller lambs in their bosoms or under their arms in the folds of their cloaks. They find dogs indispensable for their assistance to protect from wild animals as well as from robbers. These dogs, like the neglected ones in the towns, are shaggy and savage. The sheep are usually white, but sometimes brown. In stormy weather they are sheltered in the hillside caves or in rough enclosures of stone. Even as in His day, the shepherds lead their sheep instead of driving them, and they know their sheep by name. The goats come down to the water with the sheep, but the flocks seldom mingle.

It was in the spring, when the ewes bring forth their young and the thick mud of the Plain has dried and produced its early crop of grass, that Jesus on his way to the Passover would pass through innumerable flocks. The fact that the first employment of his forefathers was that

of shepherds and that sheep were the customary victims of sacrifice, as well as because of the beautiful analogies they suggest, would help explain his frequent references to shepherds and sheep.

Very likely the sheep which the Nazareth men brought to Jerusalem for sacrifice came either from the Plain of Esdraelon or the sheepfolds of Bethlehem.

Note 7. The General Outlines of the Holy Land

Now that Jesus is going out into the world it is desirable to know the outlines of that little country which was to be the sphere of his work. The map, especially the relief map, becomes necessary here.

You notice first its four great divisions, strips of various heights all broadening toward the south. They are, from the left; the lowland plain, the tableland sloping gently down to the west and steeply to the east, the Jordan Valley and the highlands east of it. These divisions are cut in two, as you observe, by the Plain of Esdraelon, bounded on the south by the Carmel range, which at its western end juts out into the sea. How remarkable are the contrasts of elevation. Here, close to us, is the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea, and there, just beyond the little lake that is the source of the Jordan, is Mt. Hermon, nine thousand feet above it. The levels of these four strips vary so much in climate as well as in elevation that five out of the eight physical zones of the earth are represented within this tiny country. Between the Mount of Olives, two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea, and the valley of the Dead Sea, one thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet below it, twenty miles distance, one can find the pine and the palm, the cane and the wheat, the skylark and the grackle, the mountain wolf and the gazelle. The mountains around Jerusalem may be seen covered with snow, while the Jordan valley is green with tropical desert. North are the glaciers of Hermon; south is the steaming cauldron of the Dead Sea.

It is a little country. From Hermon's summit it is all visible. Nearly every high hill on the central tableland comprehends a view both of the Mediterranean and the Jordan, the western and the eastern boundaries.

It is interesting to notice how Jesus covered this land over and over again in his journeys. With the exception of the lowland plain, he seems to have gone into every part.

In his first journey to Jerusalem he comes directly over the backbone of the central tableland, past Tabor, Gilboa, Carmel, Ebal and Bethel.

When he went to his baptism he walked down to the Jordan valley at Bethabara and traced that stream down its deep, hot valley, nearly to the Dead Sea.

His temptations took him through the Wilderness of Judea, between the Dead Sea and Jerusalem.

When he returned to call his first friends he went up this valley to the Lake of Galilee and Capernaum, on the northwest shore, passing through Tiberias, the northern capital. Down this valley he came again with the fishermen to the Passover.

Then he made a circuit of Judea with them, possibly going even as far south as Hebron.

He went back to Nazareth and Cana over the tableland through Samaria.

His first year's ministry took him all about Galilee, with his headquarters at Capernaum. The Mount of Beatitudes is west of the lake.

When he had been rejected at Bethsaida he went into upper Galilee and Phoenicia to Tyre and Sidon on the coast and perhaps over the mountains eastward in sight of Damascus on the border of the great plains of the Assyrian desert. He returned home through the Decapolis east of the Lake.

After he had returned to Capernaum he went due north up the Jordan and climbed Mount Hermon, at the time of the Transfiguration.

Down the Jordan or over the tableland he went for the

last time to Jerusalem. Thence he is heard of in Perea, the region east of the Jordan, in Samaria and in the borders of Judea.

At the Passover at Jerusalem he gave his life.

Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Phoenicia, Decapolis, Upper Galilee, Perea, Jerusalem—all these in turn witnessed the working out of his systematic, orderly campaigns of testimony.

If you like to plot out the campaigns of your favorite military heroes, keep the map ever before you and master in the same manner the campaigns of Jesus.

Note 8. Jerusalem from near the place from which it was first seen by Jesus

There is a hill a little northeast of Jerusalem, now called Mount Scopus, but named by the Crusaders Mount Joy, because in their invasion of the Holy Land from Acre on the north it was the point from which they first caught sight of their coveted goal. This spot is not far from the old roadway from Nazareth, so that if we enter as Jesus did, this is the view he had, one which includes the whole of the city at once. From this viewpoint the northeastern corner of the city is directly before us, with the full length of the eastern wall stretching off to our left, and the northern wall more dimly seen extending off to the right. The city is seen to be built on a headland or tongue of land stretching southward, which drops down at the south into two valleys, the Valley of Hinnom on the west and south, and the Valley of the Kedron on the east. Since Jesus' day the city has been growing steadily northward and now there is as much of it outside as within the walls. The largest dome in the city is seen over the center of the eastern wall—the Dome of the Rock—and stands in the midst of the Temple area, on the site of the Temple. A white modern tower near the center of the city belongs to the German Church of St. John, and a short distance farther to the right are the two domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Jerusalem in those early days, as now, was a walled city, and the wall on the east side had, perhaps because it was nearest the Temple, been demolished and rebuilt oftener than any other. The present wall is about three hundred and fifty years old.

This wall rises at the further corner, its oldest part, to a height of one hundred and eighty feet above the ground. The rubbish that has gathered at the root is in places from sixty to ninety-five feet deep. The wall is now hemmed by extensive cemeteries, and this fact, with the sombre gray of the dome-roofed houses and the oppressive silence of the place most of the day, makes the city, upon approach, seem a most mournful place.

The "Dome of the Rock," which stands on the site of the Temple, is very close to this eastern wall. The city was probably then, as it is to-day, a collection of low, uninteresting houses with narrow streets, but it was the Temple that made it glorious. How its white marble must have shone beside the brick limestone and mud of the humbler houses! In Jesus' day the view of it was somewhat obstructed, however, on the side nearest to us by the Roman fortress of Antonia. West of that was probably the council house of the Sanhedrin. Still further west was the gymnasium and the lofty palace of the Asmoneans, built by the ancestors of the patriot Maccabees and used in the time of Jesus by Herod as his residence.

The gate which pierced this eastern wall nearest the Temple (seen nearest the Dome of the Rock from here) was the chief entrance to that holy place, and, as it opened into the path to the Mount of Olives and Bethany, which are east of the city, was the one used most often by Jesus. It is called the Golden Gate and is now sealed up. Nearer us in this eastern wall is St. Stephen's Gate, so-called because, according to a very ancient tradition, it was from this gate that Stephen was dragged by the mob, and just outside it he was stoned.

Over the hills that surround the city, to the southwest, lies Bethlehem.

Note 9. Where did John the Baptist Live?

On the way from Jerusalem to Jericho the traveler passes through a part of the Wilderness of Judea. Among the many brooks that plunge down the cañons of that waste of rock and sand is one called the Wady Kelt to-day, which many believe to be the Brook Cherith of the Old Testament. The region is that of the exile of Elijah. Up under the shelter of the perpendicular crags is a convent which claims to occupy the site of Elijah's shelter.

As John's hero was Elijah it would not be strange if this very spot, which has for generations been held in tradition as Elijah's Cherith stopping place, should have been his abode. The deep gorge, the brook and the path that follows it are along an old thicket-infested road. There is a cave above the convent: a good hiding place for Elijah and for a man who had many things to think out. Ah! how still it would be, and how lonely those tawny cliffs and somber bushes. Such a man would need to be a hunter and woodsman and naturalist, a Thoreau for simple living; a St. Francis perhaps in his communion with the beasts, but in his moral courage a John Knox who dared to stand before kings and queens and tell them the truth. You know how simple and direct and fearless often are those who dwell aloof and think on noble things.

Note 10. Baptizing in the Jordan To-day

Ten or a dozen miles east of the old convent in the Cherith canyon is the Jordan, and there, at the spot nearest to the road from Jericho to the river, is still pointed out the scene of John's baptizing. It is in the midst of a jungle of small trees and flowering shrubs.

How turbid and uninteresting is this River Jordan, which was the scene of Joshua's triumphant crossing, which is glorified in our hymnology as the symbol of the

Christian's death and into which Russian and Coptic pilgrims rush each year by thousands to wash their sins away! The bushes that line the shore have been torn away in the rapid fall of the river from its lofty fountain one thousand three hundred feet above in the Lake of Galilee. This is near the Dead Sea, you know, the deepest bowl in the earth's surface, one thousand two hundred and ninety feet below the level of the sea.

We should remember concerning this river, to which thousands of modern pilgrims come each year, that it was never to the Hebrews a sacred or beloved stream. It is unlovely, its shores were never thickly populated and it was never more than a boundary line to Israel.

The Russians to-day who are baptized in the Jordan are dressed in their shrouds, surrounded by spectators who wear the garb of the time of Jesus, and protected by Arab chiefs who have guarded them from the assault of other tribes down the dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho.

Note 11. The Plain of Jericho

Only four or five miles westward, across the plain from the traditional site of the baptism of Jesus, we may stand on the acclivity that leads up to the traditional mount of the temptation, and, therefore, get a part of the same view southeastward which Jesus would see if He climbed to the mountain top. Yonder to the right we have our first glimpse of the Dead Sea, and to the left, see the Jordan glimmer in the sun as it rushes to its grave in the Dead Sea. Still farther away, beyond the Jordan, stand the gray ramparts of the hills of Moab, which rise at the extreme left into Mount Nebo, the burial place of Moses, who from those mountains caught sight of the Canaan he could not enter. Could we see farther beyond the sea at the right and over the intervening cliffs, we would catch sight of Machaerus, Herod's castle, where John the Baptist suffered imprisonment and death. Looking nearer, we see the once fertile and palm-covered plain of

the Jordan, covered now only with stunted trees and bushes. It is a picture of the wreck of human glory. There have been at least three Jerichos. Where the plain rises near us into a higher plateau, over which a path runs, stood Old Testament Jericho. The few heaps there now are later than those of the walls which tumbled down at Joshua's attack. The aqueduct near us was probably here in Jesus' time, and stretches down across the plain to New Testament Jericho, which is at the extreme right and half way to the sea. Modern Jericho is to the left in the distance, a miserable village. We are over a thousand feet below the level of the ocean and over three thousand five hundred feet below Jerusalem. The climate is sultry and enervating. Jericho, though rich, has, because of its nerveless inhabitants, been the spoil of many captures. Smith says: "She never stood a siege, and her inhabitants were always running away. No great man was born in her, no heroic deed was done in her. She was only a pantry of Judea."

The Israelites came down over the mountains of Moab, at our extreme left, from their last camping place at Heshbon. They crossed the river near the traditional spot of the baptism of Jesus. Before them stood this Jericho, "city of palms," hidden by a forest of luxuriant foliage eight miles long, the capital of the district, which must be captured if they would make any further advance into the white limestone mountains of Judea, that stood like a rampart before them. Down the path before us, near ancient Jericho, is Elisha's spring, the only spring of good water anywhere near either ancient or modern Jericho. It was these waters that Elisha sweetened, and from here down to the river walked Elisha and Elijah at the latter's translation. From this well must have come the water upon Zacchaeus' table when our Lord was entertained here, and from this fountain the Herod who slew the infants of Bethlehem, and who spent his last days at Jericho, must have drunk.

If Jesus climbed to the top of the mountain behind us

He would have looked in every direction. The view reaches from Hebron to Bethel and Ramah on the west, and includes the Holy City. A temptation suggested by this mountain-top vision of all the kingdoms of the world would embrace Israel's history from its passage of the Jordan to its glory under Solomon when this height was the center and not the outpost of his extended domain. It would include Abraham and Moses and Elijah and Elisha and David. It would consider this narrow path from the Jordan as the roadway of prophets, priests, kings, crusaders and armies of all nations. Through this valley once moved the stately train of Cleopatra, here passed Herod's funeral and here camped some of our own forefathers on their holy quest to the sepulchre of Jesus.

Note 12. The View from the Eastern Wall, "the Pinnacle of the Temple"

If we return from Jericho to Jerusalem we can stand on the eastern wall of the city just about where "the pinnacle of the temple" was and look over the chasm of the Kedron.

Here we can see how deep is this gorge, or valley, of Kedron, which runs along this east side of Jerusalem. Yonder across the valley is the Mount of Olives. Beyond that hill lies Jericho and the Jordan from which we have come. The road farthest to the left leads to Jericho, and the roads running off to the right lead to Bethany, which lies just over this hill, believed to be the one over which Christ came from Bethany at the time of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. A small enclosure, containing tall, dark cypress trees, and a few old olives, down there where the several roads meet, is the Garden of Gethsemane, where later Jesus spent His last night of awful suffering. The modern tower at the top of the hill claims to occupy the site of the ascension. Thus the places of the Agony, the Triumphal Procession and the Ascension were all included in his view at his temptation.

Note 13. Life on the Shore of Galilee

When Jesus went up the Jordan from Jerusalem to Capernaum he probably passed through Tiberias.

Bethsaida and Capernaum have vanished, but the town of Tiberias, the capital and home of Herod Philip, remains, and in its busy life we can see what was the nature and toil of the fishermen who followed Jesus, and from whom He chose many of His friends and disciples. A moment's study of the life of the fishermen is appropriate here, because, with the exception of the brief ministry in Judea, the Master's life divides into four periods: the ministry in a human home, the ministry of service in Galilee, the ministry of teaching in Perea, and the ministry of atonement in Jerusalem, and we are really just now entering the second period, among the fishermen of Galilee, of which the Judean work had been but a brief interruption. A broad, stout fishing boat, with its curious sail, moored beside the old Roman fortress of Tiberias now, is such a boat as that in which Christ often sailed this sea, and from its stern preached to such a motley company as those on its shores to-day. The people are still many of them Jews. The fish that the fishermen catch now are the small fish, such as the boy brought to Jesus, not the large ones caught out in the depths of the lake. The lake still swarms with fish, but the inhabitants are too indolent to go out after them. In the time of Jesus, Josephus says that the fishing and the attendant commerce supported nine large towns on the lake shore, so that in his day the houses and hamlets must have been nearly continuous, at least on the western side. To-day all but Tiberias are obliterated, and the site of Capernaum is not even known.

The fortress of Tiberias is a reminder of its Roman palace, where reigned in Jesus' day Herod Philip, the mildest and best of the Herods. Perhaps because it was so largely a foreign city it is not mentioned in the gospels that Jesus ever preached in Tiberias.

Note 14. A Wedding To-day in Palestine

The wedding procession, says the Hastings Dictionary of the Bible, naturally fell into two parts. First, the bridegroom and his friends marched to the home of the bride. The attendant throng gave vent to its jubilant feelings in dancing and shouting. Then came the return, the escorting of the bride to the house of the groom by himself and his friends. The close of this journey at the bridegroom's gate is a scene we may witness in any Palestine street to-day. We may see the bride, in her gala array, mounted, carrying her husband's sword, used in the service to symbolize his authority, the groom and his friends are by her side, the women attendants of the bride are following behind. The rest are interested neighbors. Jesus at the feast would have been in the company of escorts to the bride, and when once within the house, would have been seated near the bridal party and "the master of the feast."

Note 15. The Region about Jacob's Well

If we should stand on the slopes of Mount Ebal to-day we could look over the top of the tableland of Judea as far south as Shiloh and even Bethel. The path that stretches southward, as the map shows, is approximately the one along which Abraham traveled from Shechem to Bethel. It is the road up which the wearied Jesus came on his way back to Nazareth. Returning to Galilee, Jesus stepped aside at Jacob's well, which may be seen in the white enclosure of the Greek monastery garden down to the left. He took the road to Galilee, close to the foot of the mountain, when he went on to Sychar. He passed Joseph's tomb (a white-domed building), which Jacob won from the Amorites with his sword and gave to Joseph. Here to-day Hebrews, Samaritans, Mohammedans and Christians face in four different directions and pray to the Supreme God. Shechem and Samaria, as you see by the map, are at the end of the path which passes out of sight between the mountains to

the west. A ruined temple within the more ancient temple of the Samaritans is still seen on the summit of Gerizim. There they claim Abraham went to sacrifice Isaac, and there they keep the Passover. Joshua's home was beyond the slope of Gerizim. It was amid these historic scenes, between the peaks of Ebal and Gerizim, that Joshua gathered Israel for the dedication of the land. There is a little Moslem chapel behind us which had once been a sacred place among the peasantry, and which may be the site of the monumental altar which Joshua erected. Gerizim, the mount of blessing, is sometimes represented by the poets as green, and Ebal, the mount of cursing, as bare, but both are equally bare to-day.

Note 16. Jacob's Well

As we descend into the little chapel which surrounds the mouth of Jacob's well, which is now several feet below the surface of the meadow we see in its center a round smooth stone well-curb, which marks perhaps the only place where we may be absolutely sure that Jesus once sat. The well at one time was one hundred and twenty feet deep, but so many stones have been thrown into it by pilgrims, that it is now not more than seventy-five feet deep. There is still plenty of water at the bottom, and, of course, every traveler wants a cool cup from the patriarch's well. You will perhaps see close to the well a water-jar and a copper pail with rope for drawing water from the well, and even a woman of Sychar with head-dress and veil who, as she sits by the well, will remind you, in her very manner, of the woman who sat there and talked with Jesus. This ruined chapel contains to-day a few hanging lamps and sacred pictures, and is taken care of by the Greek monks.

Note 17. Modern Lepers

Forty or fifty of these wretched people may generally be seen outside Jerusalem. They seat themselves by a wall near the Garden of Gethsemane. They are found in other parts of Palestine, living in pitiful seclusion, "afar

from the dwellings of men." Such horrible sights make plain to travelers to-day the awfulness of misery and sin to which Jesus ministered. These lepers to-day, with horrible, unintelligible sounds, beg from the passer by, but never attempt to come near him; yet Jesus touched them. The disobedience and ingratitude of the leper often marked his disfigurement as one of soul as well as of body.

Note 18. The Court of a Village House in Galilee

As Jesus comes back from Jerusalem and Samaria to begin his Galilean ministry, we want to know more about the house life of the people among whom he now made his home.

Some of the houses which stand to-day in Galilee resemble in their structure the homes of Jesus' day. They are built of substantial limestone masonry, and their arches have carven religious emblems. The house is a castle, forbidding and windowless without, but with plenty of social life in the grass-grown inner court, where the family live most of the time in fair weather. The flat roof covers an upper room, approached by a stairway on the outside. Goats, who furnish milk and meat, and whose skins are receptacles for wine, share the sociability within. They sleep with the cattle in the first story under the archways. Several families live together in these large houses. The number of children and dogs present suggest how noisy their family life must be. You will still see the woman grinding at the mill with her kneading trough near by, and others washing clothes, with an extremely frugal amount of water. The earthenware is dilapidated, and the waterpots remind us of those used in Nazareth and Cana.

Jesus probably taught when he was at home in a window or gallery of the second story overlooking the courtyard, and the people were around him and below. If the house where he spoke were a one-story one, he would sit or stand in the doorway and the people were both inside and without.

Note 19. Summer Houses and House Roofs in Palestine.

A study of the house roofs of Galilee to-day gives us new light on the outdoor life of the ancient Galileans. They are flat, made of small poles covered with brushwood and hardened clay. In springtime they often soften up and soak down into the house. It is easy to realize how men could climb up to them by the outside stairway and break them up when they wished to let their fellow sufferer down to where Jesus was.

Each roof, according to the ancient law, has a battlement for the protection of those who may rest on the roof or those passing below. Where the houses are near together it is possible to run from one roof to another, which gave rise to the saying, "Tell it upon the housetops."

Over the door, close to the ceiling, two or three small holes are sometimes left for smoke to pass out in weather which requires that the house door be shut. Chimneys are unknown.

Upon these roofs the people to-day often build shelters of green branches, which are open to the air but not to the sun. It was in such booths that the Israelites of the time of Jesus spent the Feast of Tabernacles, and it has been conjectured that seeing such summer shelters at Caesarea, where they are common to-day, suggested to Peter his wish to build three such "tabernacles" for Jesus, Moses and Elijah. The housetop thus was to Jesus the place of quiet thought and prayer and of converse with his friends. His talk with Nicodemus, with its reference to the springtime breeze, may well have been upon a Jerusalem house roof.

Note 20. From the Mount of Beatitudes to Capernaum

The twin peaks of Kurn Hattin, a dozen miles southwest of the supposed Capernaum, are commonly believed to be the mountain where Jesus spoke the Beatitudes. They are accessible to all lower Galilee, and the view from

the top commands the chief places of Jesus' Galilean ministry.

Here, where Jesus spoke His words of peace, was fought, in 1182, the last battle between the Crusaders and the Saracens, when the Christian kingdom of Judea passed away. The steep cleft in the range between the mountain and the Lake is called the Valley of the Pigeons, because of the multitude of pigeons that make their nests in its walls. Just beyond it is Magdala. The level place beyond, on the northwestern shore of Galilee, is the Plain of Gennesaret. Somewhere on that curve of shore lay Capernaum and Bethsaida, long vanished and lost.

Up through that gorge, which Herod just before Jesus' time had cleared of a nest of robbers, and through the fertile grain fields, Jesus must have often walked to the grassy slopes of his favorite mountain retreat. Here the Twelve and the multitudes gathered at his bidding. This is probably also that "mountain in Galilee" where he is said to have appeared after the resurrection.

Note 21. Nain and Mount Tabor in Galilee

The little village of Nain would never have been heard of if Jesus had not performed a deed of mercy near it. It lies up in the hill country a long way west of Capernaum and south of Nazareth. It nestles on the northwestern slope of the range of Little Hermon, and looks across the valley at Mount Tabor, the most beautiful hill in the Holy Land. Find it on your map, and note its relation to other familiar places in Galilee.

It is always easy enough to recognize Mount Tabor, rising, a perfect cone, out yonder to the northeast. There Barak quartered his army, and in that plain below vanquished Sisera. The Sea of Galilee lies a few miles away to the right of Tabor, and Mount Hermon, sixty miles away in the same direction. Nazareth is about seven miles due north, or to the left of Tabor. This town of Nain is near the road over the hills between Nazareth and Jerusalem. The Damascus road passed around to the left of

Tabor, but did not touch this little town. Two miles away on the road to the Sea of Galilee is Endor. Just over the hill behind us (Little Hermon) is the place where Jesus saw the shepherds watching their flocks. Nain, too, has a sheepfold, a ruined courtyard, where sometimes a woman, with her children around her, may be regarded as "the porter of the sheep." Only about twenty Moslem houses mark this site of little side-tracked Nain, which was probably never larger, and the only substantial building in the place is the Greek church, which commemorates the one golden deed that gives to Nain its interest.

The road from the Jordan over which Jesus came on His way from the prosperous cities to the isolated hill towns, to perform His miracle, lies away to the east of this village. There is a hill behind and to our right pierced with many rock-hewn tombs, and there our Savior met the wailing procession and the broken-hearted widow outside the village and gave her back her boy.

Note 22. The Fishermen's Boats of Galilee

The entire circuit of the lake is only thirty-five miles. Josephus said the population around its shore was one hundred and fifty thousand. Bethsaida was on the north-east shore, the Gadarene region was east and southeast of the lake. We can look across the lake from near the western shore in front of Tiberias clear to the Gadarene coast. We have learned something of each side of the lake, except the southern, which does not appear in the history of Jesus.

This Lake of Galilee is six hundred and eighty-two feet below sea level, and has a tropical climate with the most sudden and dangerous storms. The boats are, therefore, built broad of beam and with easily shifted sails. Some of the parables were spoken from the prow of such boats as those of the present to men who were as rugged as the Galilean fishermen of to-day. It was in as frail a

craft as these, on this very lake, that the wearied and indomitable Jesus slept until His disciples, used to such storms as they were, awoke Him in fright and implored His aid. Such boats were His ferry across the lake for works of mercy or periods of rest, and often Jesus helped hoist such sails or labored with Andrew and Peter at the long, slender oars. The fact that Jesus seems to have been regarded as the captain whenever he was aboard makes legitimate the inference in the third chapter that he was an excellent sailor and that his seamanship was learned when he was a youth at Nazareth. He learned how to catch fish, too, probably with both the hand-net and the boat-net. Seines were unlawful in these waters.

Note 23. The Northwest Shore of the Lake of Galilee as seen from near Bethsaida

The highland at the extremity of the plain of Genesareth, between its ruined towns and Bethsaida, gives the remarkable view westward of the chief scenes of Jesus' Galilean ministry such as was visible to those who followed Jesus to Bethsaida. See the map. In the distance are the mountains of Galilee. The great rent through the nearer mountain is the valley of the Pigeons, and through that valley we can see the traditional Mount of Beatitudes, upon which we stood (see Note 20) and looked down to this shore. Jesus' boyhood home, Nazareth, lies about twenty-five miles away beyond those mountains directly before us. Capernaum is supposed to have been situated on the shore somewhere behind us, the place where Jesus came to make His home for a whole year, the second year of His ministry. Chorazin was located up in the hills. What prophecy of Jesus has since then been fulfilled?

The feeding of the Five Thousand was upon such a strand and hillside as this. It was probably on a similar stretch of shore a few miles behind us near the entrance of the Jordan into the lake. We catch here the situation and the view which Jesus could have had in looking towards this shore from the "mountain" where He spent

that night in prayer; we are looking upon the shore where Jesus and His disciples landed the next morning.

Note 24. Tyre To-day

The journey of Jesus from Capernaum to Tyre and its location should be studied on the map. Little does it look to-day as Jesus saw it.

It can best be seen across the bay from a quay looking toward the shore and the east. This town was once the Venice of ancient times, the mistress of the seas. A ruined breakwater and some broken pillars are about all there is of it now, for the ancient prophecies have been fulfilled, and it is now only "a place for the spreading of nets." From the forests of Lebanon, through which Jesus came, were cut the cedars for Solomon's Temple by Hiram, and floated to Joppa from this port. You can see two sections of the ancient wall, and round columns in the water, black with moss, that long before Christ supported graceful arches and magnificent palaces. Paul came here on his last visit to Jerusalem, and somewhere on this strand the Syrian disciples knelt and prayed with him at his departure across yonder waters to the south.

Note 25. The Approach to Mount Hermon

Jesus approached Caesarea Philippi and Mount Hermon from Capernaum. His first view of both was, as the map shows, looking north. At the bottom of a deep gorge south of the city runs a stream that is one of the sources of the Jordan, which near here starts on its southward course. This brook, the clearest and most beautiful of the Jordan sources, proceeds from one of the largest springs in the world, bounding forth from it in full flood, able to sweep away horse and rider if they should fall over this low wall. The round knobs that project from the town wall to-day are columns from an older building thrust in to patch this structure, which was built in the time of the crusade by Turkish captives under the last of the Christian conquerors.

Mount Hermon "the sacred," whose lower slopes are close to the village gate, is the only mountain in Palestine that is snow-crowned all the year. It rises nine thousand feet above the sea. From its summit Jesus could see to the east Damascus, to the south all the scenes of his ministry, to the west the Mediterranean.

How beautiful it must have been to have rested alone with Jesus on that mountain side!

Up the path that now enters the ruined village Jesus probably passed with the twelve; yonder crest may as well as any other be the scene of the vision, and it may have been waiting where now stands the village gate that the father sought in vain for the disciples left behind and for his demoniac boy, to whom Jesus came with ready aid in what someone has beautifully called "the transfiguration in the valley."

Mighty as was the fortress of Caesarea, noble as was yonder snow clad peak, their associations to-day are entirely with this one visit of the Galilean Teacher.

Note 26. The Parable of the Good Samaritan

It is startling to find that not only are the scenes of Palestine to-day the same, and the activities again being reenacted as in Jesus' day, but that even the deeds mentioned in his parables or stories still occur. The student will be glad of one such evidence of the essentially picturesque and personal character of the Master's parables. At several times during His ministry Jesus was in Jericho, near the scene of His earlier temptations, and now when he came up from Perea he passed along the dangerous roadway from the Jordan to Jerusalem. The Parable of the Good Samaritan, which is undated, may have been spoken after his first visit to Jericho, Jerusalem and Samaria, and so have been suggested by all these places, and even by some recent actual occurrences, for thefts were constantly occurring there, as they are even to this day. For it was a life-like character study of the typical

priest and Levite of Jerusalem, and Jesus had found in Sychar of Samaria that there were really "good" Samaritans. A traveler who goes to-day down this very Jericho road will still take a chieftain to prevent being robbed, and he may be sure that the chief himself and his companions are also actually robbers, because the distinction between a guide and robber in this vicinity is still usually that of the same man when in and out of paid employment. With the substitution of donkeys for horses, the modern victim would have in costumes, faces and even in leathern wine-bottle the impression to the eye which Jesus gave to the mind when He told this story.

Note 27. Modern Bethany

Bethany, like Bethlehem and Nazareth, is on a hill-slope. It is now a wretched, squalid place. Down to the east runs the road leading from Jerusalem to Jericho. Far to the south stretches the way of the wilderness. Naturally the largest ruin in the town, two ruined towers at the south end, are pointed out as the house of Simon the leper, and the largest open ruin in the heart of the village is said to be the house of Mary and Martha. In and near Bethany to-day one still sees on the woman's brow the chain of coins from which the "one piece of silver," in Jesus' parable, spoken near by, was mentioned as being lost. On the sunny southern slope of Olivet one will also still get a fine impression of an orchard of figs, standing near the site, perhaps, of the very one that Jesus looked to with disappointment when he was walking from Bethany into Jerusalem. Bethany was probably named for its orchards, for it means "house of dates." The town has no history apart from Jesus, and nothing unique except the terraced walls that surround it. Lazarus' tomb is pointed out in the middle of the village, but the ancient rock tombs are further east beside the road.

Note 28. The Scenes of the Jerusalem Miracles

The miracles in Jerusalem were few, and, so thorough has been the destruction of the city, that the site of but one is now known. This is the Pool of Siloam. This ancient pool is south of the city in the Valley of the Kedron and fed from the so-called Fountain of the Virgin up the valley. The present surrounding wall was built three centuries ago by Sultan Soliman, but there is little change in the appearance from Jesus' time except that it was once less neglected and the water was more fresh and clean than now. In Nehemiah's day the pool was well known, for it was being repaired then, and in King David's time it lay in the midst of the Royal Garden, just below Solomon's palace. Across the valley is the village of Siloam, where Solomon built a temple of idols under the caves of Mount Moriah. Only a few rods south of it is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas is said to have plotted, and at its foot is the Potter's Field, bought with the price of his treachery. This pool is lined with maiden-hair fern and blossoms. Its waters flow out, and, after having been used by the city washerwomen, irrigate the gardens below, where once were the pleasant resting places of the Hebrew kings. A Christian church later stood over this pool. One of its broken pillars can still be seen in the water. Women still come with water pots from Siloam and Jerusalem and use its befouled water for drinking purposes. There is, therefore, as in the blind man's day, always some curious spectator on the path or climbing down the steep steps into the pool. How vivid the story all seems even now! Dr. Hurlbut puts it this way:

"How pitiful he must have looked, staff in hand, picking his path through the streets of the city! 'Here, blind man, let me wipe off those spatters of dirt!' 'No; leave them alone, the Master put them there, and I am going to wash them off in the Pool of Siloam. Can you show me the way?' That was his cross, his confession of Christ, a confession that every one must make in some

way, if he would be saved. Can you not see him slowly walking down that path, tapping with his staff the rocks on either side as he goes? Look at him clambering down those steep stone steps! Now he has reached the Pool. See him dipping up the water with his hands and washing off those brown earth stains from his face! Now he looks up with a startled, amazed expression. A light flashes from those eyeballs, no longer white as of old. The man can see! How strange the new sense of sight must have seemed to him! No doubt, from force of habit he shut his eyes, over and over again, and felt his way along the path as of old."

Note 29. Blessing Children To-day

It is a common sight in the Holy Land now to see a modern Greek teacher of Jesus' gospel giving his blessing to a group of children in the very village where Samuel was a child, and in which it is possible that Jesus blessed the baby ancestors of these little ones twenty centuries ago. We do not look for aught that shall remind us of the Master in the genial, dark-skinned ecclesiastic with his queer clerical cap and cloak and his prayer beads, nor do we find in the mothers' faces the reverence and eagerness with which the mothers of old brought their little ones to Jesus. But it has always been true in Canaan, since the days of the patriarchs, and even until now, that the blessing of a good father or teacher has been felt to have prophetic and protecting power. If Jesus walked down Ramah's street, mothers dressed probably like these of the present—for, as you see, each village seems to have and retain its local costume—came to greet Him; and children are always the same, and so when a loving mother lays upon the wrist of her squirming child an amulet, while other stolid babies with not over-clean faces sucking their thumbs peep in interested attitudes around the corner while the priest mumbles his benediction, they may remain for us typical of the children of Jesus' day.

Note 30. Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives

Let us suppose ourselves standing beside Jesus on the Mount of Olives, and let us so master the marvelous scene before us, that we may carry with us through life an accurate and vivid knowledge of the place where those remarkable events in the last days of Jesus' life occurred. Turn to your Bible Dictionary map of Jerusalem and locate all these places. Just this side of the eastern wall, but just beyond our vision at the right, is the probable site of the pool of Bethesda, and the utmost reach of our vision at the right includes the Damascus gate on the north by which Jesus entered the city from Nazareth. Calvary is at its north, a few rods away. Some distance down the valley beyond our vision limit on the left is the Pool of Siloam. Bethany is behind us, and Bethlehem five miles to the southwest. Below us is the modern seven-domed Russian Church, and beyond it, far down at the right, Gethsemane. Across the valley and under the city wall you see innumerable graves, once a Mohammedan cemetery. In the wall, almost in the middle of our range of vision and very close to where we were standing when we first looked from the eastern wall (see Note 12), is an elevation having a double arch under it. It is the Golden Gate, which the Turks have walled up because they believe that a conqueror, of the Christian faith, will some time enter here and dispossess them!

Through this gate the Mohammedans also believe the good will pass in to Paradise, after having crossed the Kedron "on that bridge which is sharper than the sharpest sword."

It was through the gate at this spot, you remember, that Jesus often passed on His way from or to Bethany. The portion of the city nearest us is the Mohammedan quarter which includes the Temple site; beyond it at the right in the Christian quarter is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Jewish and Armenian quarters are at our left, and beyond the Temple area.

The large enclosure just beyond the wall, longer from

north to south, is the place of the Temple enclosure, and the octagonal building, "The Dome of the Rock" (wrongly called the Mosque of Omar), stands where stood the Temple. On that plateau Abraham laid Isaac on the altar; that was Araunah's threshing floor which David bought for an altar place; before that altar Solomon stood, and Hezekiah prayed, and Isaiah beheld his glorious vision. There stood the second Temple, built by the returning exiles. There Christ came as a boy of twelve to question with the doctors, to drive out the money-changers, and at many other times. Around the Dome you see fountains and praying places. The Temple enclosure on the south was, perhaps, a little north of where we see it now. On the west it was probably bounded by the huge stones which now constitute the Jews' Wailing Place. In the extreme right-hand corner of the enclosure stands a tower on the site of the Tower of Antonia, where Paul was imprisoned and from whose staircase he addressed the throng. Perhaps that is where Pontius Pilate lodged and where Jesus was brought to trial. At the right of the Dome, near the center of the city, are the white wall and dome of the newly restored Church of St. John, dedicated by the German Emperor in 1898. It was the site of the headquarters of a knightly order of the Crusaders. A short distance to the right of the church is the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Away to the left is the Tower of David, the lower stones of the original structure being still in place, crowned by Maccabean, Roman and modern layers. That tower, instead of the Tower of Antonia, may have been the palace of the Roman governor. All these places burst at once upon the vision of the people who surrounded Jesus when they came out on this ledge of the Mount of Olives.

Solomon's own house and the royal courts once filled the space south of the wall at our left. Still farther south was the older part or "the city of David," and in that region stood the ark in its Tent of Meeting under David, and there tradition locates David's and Solomon's tombs.

Solomon extended the wall around Mount Zion, the southwestern hill, the Jewish and Armenian quarters of to-day, and there the increased population during his prosperity found its home. Ever since then the city has tended to grow continually north.

It was down to our left, where the two valleys that bound the city, Jehosaphat or Kedron on the east, and Hinnom on the south, meet, that David caused Solomon to be hailed as king, and up this valley below us he rode on King David's mule and sat down on David's throne.

It was of this historic occasion that the excited people were thinking when they hailed Jesus as "the Son of David."

From where we stand the prevailing color, except at sunset, when it is purple, is gray, except "the Dome of the Rock," which is of a faint metallic green. The walls are gray with a touch of orange. The houses are gray with a touch of blue. Unwatered, unshaded, unhallowed, it has been described as to-day "a city of stone in a land of iron with a sky of brass."

We go down into the valley now to study in a cosmopolitan holy feast throng of to-day the varied elements of the procession that followed Jesus.

Note 31. Throngs that Come up to Jerusalem To-day

The Mohammedans to-day counteract the influence of the great number of Christian pilgrims who come to Jerusalem before Easter by organizing Moslem pilgrimages to the reputed tomb of Moses, some distance from Jerusalem. The throngs that gather to-day among the old tombs on the slope outside the eastern wall of Jerusalem, on the very spot where the Passover throngs met Jesus on his way into the city, are as varied and cosmopolitan as those who then came up to the festival. And their appearance is much the same. True, here and there is a modern umbrella, carried by a continental tourist or a traveled Muslim, to keep off the hot April sun, but the flowing robes, the turbans, the loaded donkeys, look as

they did two thousand years ago. Surely the women with unveiled faces are not Mohammedans. The languages spoken are as diverse as on the day of Pentecost. Here an old sheikh, who looks much as we think of Abraham, sits among his large family. There a woman stands erect—it is always a woman—under a burden half her bulk, poised upon her head. Another is bringing up the hill a filled water-pot upon her shoulder. Some are preparing lunch. Some are trading, some gossiping. All are waiting—for what? Probably some petty detail of the week's celebration. But as we walk among them, the centuries disappear and we seem to be with those who wait for Jesus to ride down yonder hill and across the valley and up toward the Beautiful Gate of the temple.

Note 32. The Mount of Olives from Jerusalem

Not only is Jerusalem magnificently seen from the Mount of Olives, but the entire western slope of that mount is also clearly seen when one looks east from almost any elevated spot in the Holy City.

Let us fancy ourselves clear across on the western side of the town. Even from there we can see the path down which Jesus rode, and we can also look into the heart of the city of to-day which stands on the ruins of the recreant Jerusalem of old.

We are standing, let us say, on the flat roof of a large building, a hospice for religious pilgrims. It gives us an excellent view down into the ancient city itself. As we are in the Christian quarter, the nearer roofs are tiled and rather pointed, and not those flat surfaces which we saw in other places and which were universal here in Jesus' day. But the stairways to the roofs and the upper rooms remind us that somewhere near by—tradition says to our right (south) half a mile, in what is now called the Cenaculum, or David's Tomb,—the disciples were preparing twenty centuries ago to eat the Passover with Jesus.

The blind house walls are so massively laid that in pacing the more solitary streets you seem to be threading

the mazes of a huge fortress. The streets are never straight for fifty rods. Though narrow and overhung by the houses and by many archways, the brilliantly draped Orientals coming out into the sun from the dark doorways make a constant surprise of color.

You discover, of course, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the large dome in front of us and to the left, built on the site which Constantine believed to be that of the tomb of Jesus; and the modern Church of St. John, off to the right, where it was believed St. John lived, to which place he took Mary after the crucifixion and where were the headquarters of the Knights of St. John in the Crusades. In the distance, beyond "the Dome of the Rock," we can see the three paths that climb the Mount of Olives. Over the left one of these did David go when he went over the brook Kedron in flight from Absalom, and down a path farther to the right his greater Son rode on Monday of Passion Week. Over which of these roads did Jesus go most often those nights of the week when He went to Bethany to catch a brief rest with His best friends in His foster-home? And where on this mount, do you suppose, was delivered His mystic discourse about the last things?

Imagine this mountain crowded with camping pilgrims, the cavalcade of Jesus, coming around onto yonder ledge of rock and thence descending the hill, and you get some idea of the excitement from one end of the city to the other when he rode in from Bethany on Sunday of Passion Week. It did seem for an hour that the world had gone after him.

Note 33. Gethsemane

We have already located the little walled enclosure of Gethsemane in the Kedron valley just east of the gate in the eastern wall.

You know just where you are, for you can see the Golden Gate and the long stone ramparts just across the Kedron, and you are probably looking at the spot where the ancient pathways entered the city and the Temple at

its Beautiful Gate. Just where we stand at the eastern side is said to be the spot where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.

This enclosure, only one hundred and fifty by one hundred and sixty feet, is just over the bridge that crosses Kedron and at the crossing of the roads that lead up to Olivet. We have looked down upon it before, and know that in addition to its eight gnarled and hoary olives, which date back to the seventh century, it contains some mournful cypresses. Apparently, the garden once extended much farther up the valley, since it would seem that Jesus would have sought a more secluded spot for prayer; we are in its nearer and lower corner. The Romans are known to have cut down all the trees when they besieged the city, using many, perhaps some of the olives of Gethsemane for crosses for the stubborn Jews, but these are probably direct descendants and by only one remove from those which gave the garden the name of "Olive press." This enclosure is now tenderly cared for by the Latin Church and Franciscan friars, who, as you can see, cover every foot with flourishing blossoms and shrubs.

Note 34. "The New Calvary"

Recent Christian scholarship has turned somewhat from the site of the old Church of the Holy Sepulchre to some spot outside the city as the true place of the crucifixion. It is indeed startling to stand upon the housetop of an inn, that touches the edge of Jerusalem's northern wall, and find ourselves face to face with the bare, skull-like mound which has come of recent years to be accepted by the growing number of Christians as the true site of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus. The resemblance of the hill to a human skull is the most picturesque, though not the most convincing reason, for calling this Golgotha, "the place of the skull." But it may have been its use as a burial place rather than its shape that gave it its name. There are graves upon its summit, and the large opening at the right marks the so-called Tomb of Jeremiah. The

Jewish law (Lev. 1:10, 11) did name the place of execution as "northward." The early Jewish writings tell us that this hill had long been a place for the execution of criminals, and received the name "Place of Stoning." A reputable Christian guide told Dr. Hurlbut that the place has long been especially hateful to the Jews of the city, who always utter a curse when they pass it, though they know not why, and that their words translated are, "Cursed be the man who ruined our nation by calling Himself King." This place is also, as we know Calvary was once, a garden outside the city and beside a public way, the Damascus road. Beside that road, beyond the hill on the left, sleeps the Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, who believed that she discovered in Jerusalem the true cross and our Lord's sepulcher. Whether it be the veritable Golgotha or not, it certainly does give to the eye a reality of conception of the scenes of the Passion, for which one is grateful in a land where so many sacred spots have been concealed by obscuring shrines and buildings.

At the end of an enclosed garden at the bottom of the cliff is a small entrance to a tomb, hollowed out of the rock, which has been believed by General Charles Gordon and many others to be the very tomb in Joseph's garden in which the body of Jesus was laid.

**Note 35. The So-called "Tomb of Our Lord" at
"The New Calvary"**

Only one burial place was ever completed here, altho two others were left unfinished, and there is room for the forms of two angels, "one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain."

Standing here within a few rods of the place where Jesus was crucified, and looking into such a new-made tomb as that in which Joseph laid Jesus, if not the very one, can we realize the feelings of Mary and the women, of John and Peter, as they came hastily through the garden that Easter dawn and wondered at the unsealed

and open tomb and then turned in grief and went away, to find, each in his own time, the risen Lord?

A little northwest of this spot is a vast system of sepulchral caves which were used as tombs. Here at the opening of one of them may be still seen a great round flat stone and the groove below in which it has been rolled when the sepulcher was closed. The stone must be very heavy. When it rolls forward, too, it goes down an incline and drops into a niche. To roll it in its channel, and especially to roll it away from the tomb entrance, would require the strength of two men, and would be far beyond the power of women like those who came to the entrance of Jesus' tomb. Moreover, when shut, the tomb could be easily sealed, as we know our Lord's tomb was sealed when the watch was set.

Note 36. Where Did Jesus Meet the Disciples by the Lake?

It has been customary to suppose that Jesus met his friends at the retired place on the northeast shore, where he withdrew with them when he fed the five thousand.

Just here in this quiet cove is the spot pointed out where the seven disciples had been all night fishing, and where Jesus met them and welcomed them with the breakfast which He had caught and cooked with His own hands. From this shore, as we saw from a preceding standpoint (see Note 23), you can see, through the cleft hills at the west, the Mount of Beatitudes; and where else should be the "mountain in Galilee where the Lord had appointed them," upon which He should speak their world-wide commission, but this one where He had first proclaimed the laws of His kingdom and from which He could see almost all the scenes of His ministry! Thus the ministry, which began in Galilean homes in Nazareth and Capernaum by this lake, and wandered at times to Judea, Samaria, Tyre, Decapolis and Caesarea Philippi and which culminated at Jerusalem, completed its circuit by this last return to the lake in Galilee, which had been its center all these years.

**THE LEADING EVENTS IN THE
LIFE OF JESUS THE KING
WITH APPROXIMATE
DATES**

THE LEADING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS THE KING WITH APPROXIMATE DATES

After Stevens and Burton

THE BOY SOLDIER; in his Home

Jesus was born in Bethlehem—Christmas, B. C. 5.

He was exiled to Egypt—Late winter, B. C. 4.

He came to Nazareth to live—Sometime between
B. C. 2 and A. D. 4.

He visited his Capital—April, A. D. 7.

THE OPENING CAMPAIGN:

He was consecrated in the River Jordan—Summer
of A. D. 26.

He fought the Battle of the Wilderness, with his
great Adversary—immediately afterward.

He chose his first recruits.

He cleansed his Capital—April, A. D. 27.

He helped John, his ally in Judea and Samaria,
April to December, A. D. 27.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GALILEE: With the People

He lived among his People at Capernaum, December, A. D. 27, to the Summer, A. D. 28.

He chose his Generals and issued the Great Proclamation to his People—Early summer, A. D. 28.

He gave a Supper to his People by the Lake and refused an earthly crown, March, A. D. 29.

He retreated into Phoenicia and northern Galilee,
April to September, A. D. 29.

He was seen in his real Glory on Mount Hermon—
Autumn, A. D. 29.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PEREA: With his Generals
He trained his Generals to extend his Kingdom
—November, A. D. 29, to April, A. D. 30.

THE CAMPAIGN IN JERUSALEM:

With his Enemies
The King entered his Capital in triumph, April 2,
A. D. 30.

He was rejected by his Enemies and betrayed by
one of his Generals, April 6, A. D. 30.

He conquered the last Enemy, April 7, A. D. 30.
His Kingdom began its eternal victory.

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